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A COMEDY. IN THREE ACTS.

ACT II.

A beautiful afternoon in the gardens of the Pincian Hill in Rome. A view of St. Peter's in the distance.

SCENE I. WINTERBOURNE, MADAME DE KATKOFF, meeting from opposite sides. *He stands before her a moment, and kisses her hand.*

WINTERBOURNE. When, at your hotel just now, they told me you had gone out, I was pretty sure you had come here.

MME. DE K. I always come here as soon as I arrive in Rome, for the sake of that view. It's an old friend of mine.

WINTERBOURNE. Have you no old friends but that, and was n't it also — a little — for the sake of meeting one or two of them? We all come here, you know.

MME. DE K. One or two of them? You don't mean two — you mean one! I know you all come here, and that's why I have arrived early, before the crowd and the music.

WINTERBOURNE. That's what I was counting on. I know your tastes. I wanted to find you alone.

MME. DE K. Being alone with you is n't one of my tastes! If I had known I should meet you, I think I should n't have left my carriage.

WINTERBOURNE. If it's there, at hand, you might invite me to get into it.

MME. DE K. I have sent it away for half an hour, while I stretch myself a little. I have been sitting down for a week — in railway trains.

WINTERBOURNE. You can't escape from me, then!

MME. DE K. Don't begin that way, or you'll disappoint me. You speak as if you had received none of my letters.

WINTERBOURNE. And you speak as if you had written me a dozen! I received three little notes.

MME. DE K. They were short, but they were clear.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, very clear indeed! "You're an awful nuisance, and I wish never to hear of you again." That was about the gist of them.

MME. DE K. "Unless you promise not to persecute me, I won't come to Rome." That's more how I should express it. And you did promise.

WINTERBOURNE. I promised to try and hate you, for that seemed to be what you wished to bring me to! And I have been waiting for you these three weeks, as a man waits for his worst enemy.

MME. DE K. I should be your worst enemy, indeed, if I listened to you — if

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I allowed you to mingle your fresh, independent life with my own embarrassed and disillusioned one. If you have been here three weeks, you ought to have found some profitable occupation.

WINTERBOURNE. You speak as if I were looking out for a job! My principal occupation has been waiting for you.

MME. DE K. It must have made you pleasant company to your friends.

WINTERBOURNE. My friends are only my aunt and the young lady who is with her—a very good girl, but painfully prim. I have been devoted to them, because I said to myself that after you came—

MME. DE K. You would n't have possession of your senses? So it appears. On the same principle, I hope you have shown some attention to the little girl who was at Vevey, whom I saw you in such a fair way to be intimate with.

WINTERBOURNE, *after a silence*. What do you know about her?

MME. DE K. Nothing but that we are again at the same hotel. A former servant of mine, a very unprincipled fellow, is now in her mother's employ, and he was the first person I met as I left my rooms to-day. I imagine from this that the young lady is not far off.

WINTERBOURNE. Not far off from *him*. I wish she were farther!

MME. DE K. She struck me last summer as remarkably attractive.

WINTERBOURNE. She's exactly what she was last summer—only more so!

MME. DE K. She must be quite enchanting, then.

WINTERBOURNE. Do you wish me to fall in love with her?

MME. DE K. It would give me particular pleasure. I would go so far as to be the confidant of your passion.

WINTERBOURNE. I have no passion to confide. She's a little American flirt.

MME. DE K., *aside*. It seems to me there is a certain passion in that!

WINTERBOURNE. She's foolish, frivolous, futile. She is making herself terribly talked about.

MME. DE K. She looked to me very innocent—with those eyes!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh yes, I made a great deal of those eyes—they have the most charming lashes. But they look at too many people.

MME. DE K. Should you like them to fix themselves on you? You're rather difficult to please. The young lady with your aunt is too grave, and this poor little person is too gay! You had better find some one who's between the two.

WINTERBOURNE. You are between the two, and you won't listen to me.

MME. DE K. I think I understand your countrypeople better than you do. I have learned a good deal about them from my observation of yourself.

WINTERBOURNE. That must have made you very fond of them!

MME. DE K. It has made me feel very kindly toward them, as you see from my interest in those young ladies. Don't judge them by what they seem. They are probably just the opposite, for that is precisely the case with yourself. Most people think you very cold, but I have discovered the truth. You are like one of those tall German stoves, which present to the eye a surface of smooth white porcelain, without the slightest symptom of fuel or of flame. Nothing at first could seem less glowing; but after you have been in the room with it for half an hour you feel that the temperature is rising—and you want to open a window!

WINTERBOURNE. A tall German stove—that's a very graceful comparison.

MME. DE K. I'm sure your grave young lady is very gay.

WINTERBOURNE. It does n't matter: she has got a young man of her own.

MME. DE K. The young man who was always with them? If you are

going to be put off by a rival, I have nothing to say.

WINTERBOURNE. He's not a rival of mine; he's only a rival of my aunt's. She wants me to marry Miss Durant, but Miss Durant prefers the gallant Reverdy.

MME. DE K. That simplifies it.

WINTERBOURNE. Not so very much; because the gallant Reverdy shows a predilection for Miss Daisy Miller.

MME. DE K. Ah, then he *is* your rival!

WINTERBOURNE. There are so many others that he does n't count. She has at least a dozen admirers, and she knocks about Rome with all of them. She once told me that she was very fond of gentlemen's society; but unfortunately, they are not all gentlemen.

MME. DE K. So much the better chance for you!

WINTERBOURNE. She does n't know, she can't distinguish. She is incredibly light.

MME. DE K. It seems to me that you express yourself with a certain bitterness.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm not in the least in love with her, if that's what you mean. But simply as an outsider, as a spectator, as an American, I can't bear to see a nice girl — if she *is* a nice girl — expose herself to the most odious misconception. That is, if she *is* a nice girl!

MME. DE K. By my little system, she ought to be very nice. If she seems very wild, depend upon it she is very tame.

WINTERBOURNE. She has produced a fearful amount of scandal.

MME. DE K. That proves she has nothing to hide. The wicked ones are not found out!

WINTERBOURNE. She has nothing to hide but her mother, whom she conceals so effectually that no mortal eye has beheld her. Miss Daisy goes to parties alone! When I say alone, I mean that

she is usually accompanied by a foreigner with a waxed moustache and a great deal of manner. She's too nice for a foreigner!

MME. DE K., *smiling*. As a Russian, I'm greatly obliged to you!

WINTERBOURNE. This isn't a Russian. He's a Roman — the Cavaliere Giovanelli.

MME. DE K. You spoke of a dozen, and now you have settled down to one.

WINTERBOURNE. There were a dozen at first, but she picked them over and selected. She has made a mistake, because the man she has chosen is an adventurer.

MME. DE K. An adventurer?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, a very plausible one. He is very good looking, very polite; he sings little songs at parties. He comes of a respectable family, but he has squandered his small patrimony, and he has no means of subsistence but his personal charms, which he has been hoping for the last ten years will endear him to some susceptible American heiress — whom he flatters himself he has found at last!

MME. DE K. You ought to advise her — to put her on her guard.

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, she's not serious; she is only amusing herself.

MME. DE K. Try and make her serious. That's a mission for an honest man!

WINTERBOURNE, *after a moment*. It's so odd to hear you defending her! It only puzzles me the more.

MME. DE K. You ought to understand your countrywomen better.

WINTERBOURNE. My countrywomen?

MME. DE K. I don't mean me: I mean Miss Daisy Miller.

WINTERBOURNE. It seems very stupid, I confess; but I've lived so long in foreign parts, among people of different manners. I mean, however, to settle the question to-day and to make up my mind. I shall meet Miss Daisy at

four o'clock. I have promised to go to Mrs. Walker's.

MME. DE K. And pray who is Mrs. Walker?

WINTERBOURNE. The wife of the American consul — a very good-natured woman, who has a passion for afternoon tea. She took up Miss Daisy when they came; she used to call her the little Flower of the West. But now she's holding the little flower in her fingertips at arm's length, trying to decide to let it drop.

MME. DE K. Poor little flower! It must be four o'clock now.

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at his watch*. You're in a great hurry to get rid of me! Mrs. Walker's is close at hand, just beyond the Spanish Steps. I shall have time to stroll round the Pincian with you.

MME. DE K., *shaking her head*. I have had strolling enough. I shall wait for my carriage.

WINTERBOURNE. Let me at least come and see you this evening.

MME. DE K. I should be delighted, but I'm going to the opera.

WINTERBOURNE. Already? The first night you're here?

MME. DE K. It's not the first; it's the second. I'm very fond of music.

WINTERBOURNE. It's always bad in Italy.

MME. DE K. I have made provision against that in the person of the Russian ambassador, whom I have asked to come into my box.

WINTERBOURNE. Ah, with ambassadors I stand no chance.

MME. DE K., *smiling*. You're the greatest diplomatist of all! Good-by for the present. (*She turns away. Winterbourne looks after her a moment.*)

WINTERBOURNE. You decide more easily than Mrs. Walker: you *have* dropped me!

MME. DE K. Ah, but you're not a flower! (*Winterbourne looks at her an instant longer; then, with a little pas-*

sionate twitch of his stick, he walks off. Just as he disappears, Eugenio comes in at the back.) And now I shall have a quiet evening with a book!

SCENE II. MADAME DE KATKOFF, EUGENIO, *who enters hat in hand, with a bow.*

EUGENIO. It's the second time today that I have had the pleasure of meeting Madame.

MME. DE KATKOFF. I should like very much to believe it would be the last!

EUGENIO, *twirling his hat*. That, perhaps, is more than I can promise. We will call it the last but one; for my purpose in approaching Madame is to demand an interview — a serious interview! Seeing Madame, at a distance, in conversation with a gentleman, I waited till the gentleman had retired; for I must do Madame the justice to admit that, with Madame, the gentlemen do usually, at last, retire!

MME. DE K. It's a misfortune to me, since they leave me exposed!

EUGENIO. Madame is not exposed; Madame is protected. So long as I have an eye on Madame, I can answer for it that she will suffer no injury.

MME. DE K. You protect me as the butcher protects the lamb! I suppose you have come to name your price.

EUGENIO. Madame goes straight to the point! I have come to name my price, but not to ask for money.

MME. DE K. It's very kind of you to recognize that I have not money enough.

EUGENIO. Madame has money enough, but the talents of Madame are still greater than her wealth. It is with the aid of these talents that I shall invite Madame to render me a service — a difficult, delicate service, but so valuable that it will release Madame from further obligations.

MME. DE K., *ironical*. It's delightful to think of being released! I sup-

pose the service is to recommend you as a domestic. That would be difficult, certainly.

EUGENIO. Too difficult — for Madame! No; it is simply, as I say, to grant me an interview, when I can explain. Be so good as to name an hour when I can wait upon you.

MME. DE K. In my apartments? I would rather not see you there. Explain to me here.

EUGENIO. It's a little delicate for a public place. Besides, I have another appointment here.

MME. DE K. You do a great business! If you mean that I am to wait upon *you*, we may as well drop negotiations.

EUGENIO. Let us compromise. My appointment will end in a quarter of an hour. If at that time Madame is still on the Pincian —

MME. DE K. You would like me to sit upon a bench till you are ready to attend to me?

EUGENIO. It would have the merit of settling the matter at once, without more suspense for Madame.

MME. DE K., *thoughtfully, aside*. That would be a merit, certainly; and I'm curious about the exercise he wishes to offer my talents! (*Aloud.*) I shall stroll about here till my carriage comes; if you wish to take advantage of that —

EUGENIO. To take advantage is exactly what I wish! And as this particular spot is exceptionally quiet I shall look for Madame here.

MME. DE K., *as she strolls away*. How unspeakably odious!

EUGENIO, *alone a moment, looking after her*. She shall bend till she breaks! The delay will have the merit, too, of making me sure of Giovanelli — if he only keeps the tryst! I must n't throw away a card on *her* before I've won the game of him. But he's such a deuced fine gentleman that there's no playing fair! (*Seeing Giovanelli, who comes in at the left.*) He is up to time, though. (*Bowing.*) Signor Cavaliere!

SCENE III. EUGENIO, GIOVANELLI.

GIOVANELLI, *very elegant, with flowers in his button-hole; cautious, looking round him*. You might have proposed meeting in some less conspicuous spot!

EUGENIO. In the Coliseum, at midnight? My dear sir, we should be much more compromised if we were discovered there!

GIOVANELLI. Oh, if you count upon our being discovered! . . .

EUGENIO. There is nothing so unnatural in our having a little conversation. One should never be ashamed of an accomplice!

GIOVANELLI, *with a grimace, disgusted*. Don't speak of accomplices, as if we were concocting a crime!

EUGENIO. What makes it a work of merit is my conviction that you are a perfect gentleman. If it had n't been for that, I never should have presented you to my family.

GIOVANELLI. Your family? You speak as if, in marrying the girl, I should become your brother-in-law.

EUGENIO. We shall certainly be united by a very peculiar tie!

GIOVANELLI. United — united? I don't know about that! After my marriage, I shall travel without a courier. (*Smiling.*) It will be less expensive!

EUGENIO. In the event you speak of, I myself hardly expect to remain in the ranks. I have seen too many campaigns: I shall retire on my pension. You look as if you did n't understand me.

GIOVANELLI. Perfectly. You expect the good Mrs. Miller to make you comfortable for the rest of your days.

EUGENIO. What I expect of the good Mrs. Miller is one thing; what I expect of you is another: and on that point we had better be perfectly clear. It was to insure perfect clearness that I proposed this little conference, which you refused to allow to take place either in your own lodgings or in some comfortable café. Oh, I know you had your rea-

sons! You don't exhibit your little interior; and though I know a good deal about you, I don't know where you live. It does n't matter, I don't want to know: it's enough for me that I can always find you here, amid the music and the flowers. But I can't exactly make out why you would n't meet me at a café. I would gladly have paid for a glass of beer.

GIOVANELLI. It was just your beer I was afraid of! I never touch the beastly stuff.

EUGENIO. Ah, if you drink nothing but champagne, no wonder you are looking for an heiress! But before I help you to one, let me give you a word of advice. Make the best of me, if you wish me to make the best of you. I was determined to do that when I presented you to the two most amiable women in the world.

GIOVANELLI. I must protest against your theory that you presented me. I met Mrs. Miller at a party, as any gentleman might have done.

EUGENIO. You met her at a party, precisely; but unless I wish it, Mrs. Miller does n't go to a party! I let you know she was to be there, and I advised you how to proceed. For the last three weeks I have done nothing but arrange little accidents, little surprises, little occasions, of which I will do you the justice to say that you have taken excellent advantage. But the time has come when I must remind you that I have not done all this from mere admiration of your distinguished appearance. I wish your success to be *my* success!

GIOVANELLI, *pleased, with a certain simplicity*. I am glad to hear you talk about my success!

EUGENIO. Oh, there's a good deal to be said about it! Have you ever been to the circus?

GIOVANELLI. I don't see what that has to do with it!

EUGENIO. You've seen the bareback rider turn a somersault through the pa-

per hoops? It's a very pretty feat, and it brings him great applause; but half the effect depends upon the poor devil — whom no one notices — who is perched upon the edge of the ring. If he did n't hold the hoop with a great deal of skill, the bareback rider would simply come down on his nose. You turn your little somersaults, Signor Cavaliere, and my young lady claps her hands; but all the while I'm holding the hoop!

GIOVANELLI. If I'm not mistaken, that office, at the circus, is usually performed by the clown.

EUGENIO. Take very good care, or you'll have a fall!

GIOVANELLI. I suppose you want to be paid for your trouble.

EUGENIO. The point is n't that I want to be paid: that goes without saying! But I want to be paid handsomely.

GIOVANELLI. What do you call handsomely?

EUGENIO. A commission proportionate to the fortune of the young lady. I know something about that. I have in my pocket (*slapping his side*) the letter of credit of the Signora. She lets me carry it — for safety's sake!

GIOVANELLI. Poor Signora! It's a strange game we're playing!

EUGENIO, *looking at him a moment*. Oh, if you doubt of the purity of your motives, you have only to say so. You swore to me that you adored my young lady.

GIOVANELLI. She's an angel, and I worship the ground she treads on. That makes me wonder whether I could n't get on without you.

EUGENIO, *dryly*. Try it and see. I've only to say the word, and Mrs. Miller will start to-morrow for the north.

GIOVANELLI. And if you don't say the word, that's another thing you want to be paid for! It mounts up very fast.

EUGENIO. It mounts up to fifty thousand francs, to be handed to me six months after you are married.

GIOVANELLI. Fifty thousand francs?

EUGENIO. The family exchequer will never miss them. Besides, I give you six months. You sign a little note, "for value received."

GIOVANELLI. And if the marriage — if the marriage —

EUGENIO. If the marriage comes to grief, I burn up the note.

GIOVANELLI. How can I be sure of that?

EUGENIO. By having already perceived that I'm not an idiot. If you don't marry, you can't pay: I need no one to tell me that. But I intend you *shall* marry.

GIOVANELLI, *satirical*. It's uncommonly good of you! After all, I have n't a squint!

EUGENIO. I picked you out for your good looks; and you're so tremendously fascinating that even when I lose patience with your want of everything else I can't afford to sacrifice you. Your prospects are now very good. The estimable mother —

GIOVANELLI. The estimable mother believes me to be already engaged to her daughter. It shows how much she knows about it!

EUGENIO. No, you are not engaged, but you will be, next week. You have rather too many flowers there, by the way: you overdo it a little. (*Pointing to Giovanelli's button-hole.*)

GIOVANELLI. So long as you pay for them, the more the better! How far will it carry me to be engaged? Mr. Miller can hardly be such a fool as his wife.

EUGENIO, *stroking his mustache*. Mr. Miller?

GIOVANELLI. The mysterious father, in that unpronounceable town! He must be a man of energy, to have made such a fortune, and the idea of his energy haunts me!

EUGENIO. That's because you've got none yourself.

GIOVANELLI. I don't pretend to that; I only pretend to — a —

EUGENIO. To be fascinating, I know! But you're afraid the papa won't see it.

GIOVANELLI. I don't exactly see why he should set his heart on a Roman son-in-law.

EUGENIO. It's your business to produce that miracle!

GIOVANELLI. By making the girl talked about? My respect for her is in proportion to the confidence she shows me. That confidence is unlimited.

EUGENIO. Oh, unlimited! I have never seen anything like that confidence; and if out of such a piece of cloth as that you can't cut a coat —

GIOVANELLI. I never pretended to be a tailor! And you must not forget that I have a rival.

EUGENIO. Forget it? I regard it as a particularly gratifying fact. If you did n't have a rival I should have very small hopes of you.

GIOVANELLI. I confess I don't follow you. The young lady's confidence in Mr. Winterbourne is at least equal to her confidence in me.

EUGENIO. Ah, but *his* confidence in the young lady? That's another affair! He thinks she goes too far. He's an American, like herself; but there are Americans and Americans, and when they take it into their heads to open their eyes they open them very wide.

GIOVANELLI. If you mean that this American's a donkey, I see no reason to differ with you.

EUGENIO. Leave him to me. I've got a stick to beat him with!

GIOVANELLI, *uneasy*. You make me shiver a little! Do you mean to put him out of the way?

EUGENIO. I mean to put him out of the way. Ah, you can trust me! I don't carry a stiletto, and if you'll excuse me I won't describe my little plan. You'll tell me what you think of it when you have seen the results. The great feature is simply that Miss Daisy, seeing herself abandoned —

GIOVANELLI. Will look about her for a consoler? Ah, consolation is a specialty of mine, and if you give me a chance to console I think I shall be safe.

EUGENIO. I shall go to work on the spot! (*Takes out his pocket-book, from which he extracts a small folded paper, holding it up a moment before Giovanelli.*) Put your name to that, and send it back to me by post.

GIOVANELLI, *reading the paper with a little grimace.* Fifty thousand! Fifty thousand is steep.

EUGENIO. Signor Cavaliere, the letter of credit is for half a million!

GIOVANELLI, *pocketing the paper.* Well, give me a chance to console—give me a chance to console! (*Goes off at the back, while, at the same moment, Madame de Katkoff reappears.*)

SCENE IV. EUGENIO, MADAME DE KATKOFF.

EUGENIO, *perceiving her, aside.* The Katkoff—up to time! If my second little paper works as well as my first, I've nothing to fear. (*Aloud.*) I am quite at the service of Madame.

MME. DE K. My carriage has not come back; it was to pick up a friend at St. Peter's.

EUGENIO. I am greatly indebted to Madame's friends. I have my little proposition ready.

MME. DE K. Be so good as to let me hear it.

EUGENIO. In three words it is this: Do me the favor to captivate Mr. Winterbourne! Madame starts a little. She will pretend, perhaps, that Mr. Winterbourne is already captivated.

MME. DE K. You have an odd idea of my pretensions! I would rather pay you a sum of money than listen to this sort of thing.

EUGENIO. I was afraid you would be a little shocked—at first. But the proposal I make has the greatest recommendations.

MME. DE K. For Mr. Winterbourne, certainly!

EUGENIO. For Mr. Winterbourne, very plainly; but also for Madame, if she would only reflect upon the facility—

MME. DE K. What do you know about facility? Your proposal is odious!

EUGENIO. The worst is already done. Mr. Winterbourne is deeply interested in Madame.

MME. DE K. His name has no place in our discussion. Be so good as not to mention it again.

EUGENIO. It will be easy not to mention it: Madame will understand without that. She will remember, perhaps, that when I had the honor of meeting her, last summer, I was in the service of a distinguished family.

MME. DE K. The amiable Mrs. Miller? That name has stuck in my mind!

EUGENIO. Permit me to regard it as a happy omen! The amiable Mrs. Miller, as I then informed Madame, has a daughter as amiable as herself. It is of the greatest importance that this young lady should be detached from the gentleman whose name I am not allowed to mention.

MME. DE K. Should be detached?

EUGENIO. If he is interested in Madame, he is also a little interested in the Signorina. You know what men are, Madame!

MME. DE K. If the Signorina is as amiable as you say, I can imagine no happier circumstance.

EUGENIO. From the point of view of Madame, who is a little tired of the gentleman; but not from my own, who wish the young lady to make another marriage.

MME. DE K. Excuse me from entering into your points of view and your marriages!

EUGENIO, *abruptly.* Ah, if you choose to terminate the discussion, it was n't worth while to wait. (*A pause.*)

MME. DE K., *aside*. It was worth while to wait — to learn what a coward I am! (*Aloud, after a moment.*) Is Miss Miller in love with Mr. Winterbourne?

EUGENIO, *smiling*. I thought Madame would come to the name! (*Aside.*) It was the idea that fetched her! (*Aloud.*) Miss Miller is not, perhaps, exactly in love with Mr. Winterbourne, but she has a great appreciation of his society. What I ask of you is to undertake that for the next two months she shall have as little of it as possible.

MME. DE K. By taking as much of it myself? You ask me to play a very pretty part.

EUGENIO. Madame would play it to perfection!

MME. DE K. To break a young girl's heart — to act an abominable comedy?

EUGENIO. You won't break any one's heart, unless it be Mr. Winterbourne's — which will serve him right for being so tiresome. As for the comedy, remember that the best actresses receive the highest salary.

MME. DE K. If I had been a good actress, you never would have got me into your power. What do you propose to do with your little American?

EUGENIO. To marry her to a Roman gentleman. All I ask of you is to use a power you already have. I know that of late it has suited your pleasure not to use it: you have tried to keep Mr. Winterbourne at a distance. But call him a little nearer, and you will see that he will come!

MME. DE K. So that the girl may see it too? Your ingenuity does you great honor. I don't believe in your Roman gentleman.

EUGENIO. It is not necessary that you should believe. Believe only that on the day the Signorina becomes engaged to the irreproachable person I have selected I will place in your hands the document which I hold at your disposition.

MME. DE K. How am I to be sure of that?

EUGENIO, *aside*. They all want to be sure! (*Aloud.*) Nothing venture, nothing have!

MME. DE K. And if she never becomes engaged?

EUGENIO. Ah, then, I confess, I must still hold the document. (*Aside.*) That will make her work for it! (*Aloud.*) Why should you trouble yourself with irrelevant questions? Your task is perfectly definite. Occupy Mr. Winterbourne, and leave the rest to me.

MME. DE K. I must tell you — disagreeable as it may be to me to do so — that I shall have to make a very sudden turn.

EUGENIO. It will be all the more effective. (*Complacently.*) Sudden turns are the essence of fascination!

MME. DE K., *aside*. It's insufferable to discuss with him! But if there's a hope — if there's a hope . . . (*Aloud.*) I told Mr. Winterbourne, not an hour ago, that I wished never to see him again.

EUGENIO. I can imagine no more agreeable surprise to him, then, than to be told, half an hour hence, that you can't live without him! You know the things the ladies say! Don't be afraid of being sudden: he'll think it the more romantic. For you those things are easy, Madame (*bowing low*); for you those things are easy. I leave the matter to your consideration. (*Aside, as he goes off.*) She'll do it! (*Exit.*)

MME. DE K., *alone a moment*. Those things are easy — those things are easy? They are easier, perhaps, than paying out half one's fortune. (*Stands a moment thoughtful, then gives a little nervous gesture, as of decision.*) If I give him leave to come to the opera, I must go myself — to Italian music! But an hour or two of Donizetti, for the sake of one's comfort! . . . He said he would come back — from the wife of the consul. (*Looking about her, she goes out.*)

SCENE V. DAISY, then GIOVANELLI.

DAISY, *coming in with a certain haste, and glancing behind her.* It's a pity you can't walk in Rome without every one staring so! And now he's not here — he's not where he said he would be. I don't care. He's very nice, but I certainly shan't go and look for him. I'll just wait a little. Perhaps, if I don't walk round, they won't stare at me so much. I did n't say good-by to Mrs. Walker, because she was talking to Mr. Winterbourne, and I shan't go near Mr. Winterbourne again till he comes near me. Half an hour in the room, and never within ten yards of me! He looks so pleasant when he talks — even when he talks to other girls. He's always talking to other girls, and not even to girls — to old women, and gentlemen, and foreigners. I've done something he does n't like, I'm very sure of that. He does n't like anything — anything that *I* do. It's hard to know what he *does* like! He's got such peculiar tastes — from his foreign education; you can't ever tell where you'll find him. Well, I have n't had a foreign education, and I don't see that I'm any the worse for that. If I'd had a foreign education, I might as well give up! I should n't be able to breathe, for fear I was breathing wrong. There seem to be so many ways, over here; but I only know one way, and I don't see why I should learn the others when there are people who do like — who do like — what I do. They say they do, at any rate, and they say it so prettily! The English say it very nicely, but the Italians say it best. As for the Americans, they don't say it at all, and Mr. Winterbourne less than any of them! Well, I don't care so much about the Americans: I can make it all right with the Americans when I get home. Mr. Winterbourne is n't an American; I never saw any one like *him* over there. If I had, perhaps I should n't have come away; for over

there it would all be different. Well, it is n't different here, and I suppose it never will be. Everything is strange over here; and what is strangest of all is one's liking people that are so peculiar. (*Stands thoughtful a moment, then rouses herself.*) There's Mr. Giovanelli — a mile off. Does he suppose I wish to communicate with him by signs? (*Giovanelli comes in, hat in hand, with much eagerness.*)

GIOVANELLI. I have looked for you everywhere!

DAISY. Well, I was n't everywhere; I was here.

GIOVANELLI. Standing all alone, without a protector!

DAISY. I was n't more alone than I was at Mrs. Walker's.

GIOVANELLI, *smiling, slightly fatuous.* Because *I* was not there?

DAISY. Oh, it was n't the people who were *not* there! (*Aside.*) If they had known I was coming, I suppose there would n't have been any one!

GIOVANELLI, *in an attitude of the most respectful admiration.* How can I sufficiently thank you for granting me this supreme satisfaction?

DAISY. That's a very fine name to give to a walk on the Pincian. You had better put on your hat.

GIOVANELLI. You wish to escape notice? Perhaps you are right. That was why I did n't come to Mrs. Walker's, whose parties are so charming! I thought that if we slipped away together it might attract attention.

DAISY. Do you mean they would have thought it improper? They would have thought it still more improper to see me leaving alone; so I did n't say a word to any one — only mother.

GIOVANELLI. Ah, you told your admirable parent? She is with us, then, in spirit!

DAISY. She wanted to get away herself, if that's what you mean; but she did n't feel as if she could leave till Eugenio came for her. And Eu-

genio seems to have so much to do to-day!

GIOVANELLI. It's doubtless in your interest. He's a very faithful servant.

DAISY. Well, he told mother she must stay there an hour: he had some business of importance.

GIOVANELLI. Let us hope that his business is done, and that the patient Mrs. Miller is released.

DAISY. She was patient enough when I told her I should n't come to dinner.

GIOVANELLI, *starting, with an air of renewed devotion*. Am I to understand that you have consented to my little fantasy?

DAISY. Of dining at that old tavern, where the artists go?

GIOVANELLI. The renowned and delightful *Falcone*, in the heart of ancient Rome! You are a person of delicious surprises! The other day, you would n't listen to it.

DAISY. I don't remember the other day: all I know is, I'll go now. (*Aside*.) The other day Mr. Winterbourne spoke to me!

GIOVANELLI. My dear young lady, you make me very happy!

DAISY. By going to eat macaroni with you?

GIOVANELLI. It is n't the macaroni; it's the sentiment!

DAISY. The sentiment is yours, not mine. I have n't any: it's all gone!

GIOVANELLI. Well, I shan't complain if I find myself at table with you in a dusky corner of that picturesque little cook-shop, where the ceiling is black, and the walls are brown, and the floor is red!

DAISY, *watching him as he describes it*. Oh dear! it must be very lovely.

GIOVANELLI. And the old wine-flasks, covered with plaited straw, are as big round — are much bigger round — than your waist!

DAISY. That's just what I want to see. Let's go there at once!

GIOVANELLI, *consulting his watch*.

Half past four. Is n't that rather soon to dine?

DAISY. We can go on foot through the old streets. I'm dying to see them on foot.

GIOVANELLI, *aside*. That will be cheaper than a cab! (*Aloud*.) We should get there at five — a little early still. Might n't we first take a few turns round this place?

DAISY, *after a pause*. Oh, yes, if you like.

GIOVANELLI, *aside*. I should like my creditors to see! (*Aloud*.) Perhaps it does n't suit you: you're a little afraid.

DAISY. What should I be afraid of?

GIOVANELLI, *smiling*. Not of meeting your mother, I know!

DAISY. If I had been afraid, I should n't have come.

GIOVANELLI. That is perfect. But let me say one thing: you have a way of taking the meaning from the favors you bestow.

DAISY. The meaning? They have n't got any meaning!

GIOVANELLI, *vaguely*. Ah! (*Mrs. Costello, Miss Durant, and Charles Reverdy appear*.)

DAISY, *looking at Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant*. Unless it be to make those dreadful women glower! How d'ye do, Mr. Reverdy?

GIOVANELLI, *smiling*. I see you are not afraid! (*He goes out with her*.)

SCENE VI. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, CHARLES REVERDY.

Miss D. She has grown to look very hard.

Mrs. C. The gentleman looks soft, and that makes up for it.

Miss D. Do you call him a gentleman?

Mrs. C. Ah, compared with the courier! She has a different one every time.

REVERDY, *with the camp-stool, aside*.

A different one every time, but never, alas, *this* one!

Mrs. C. There's one comfort in it all: she has given up Frederick.

Miss D. Ah, she goes too far even for him!

REVERDY. Too far with other men: that's the trouble! With him she went as far as the Castle of Chillon.

Mrs. C. Don't recall that episode. Heaven only knows what happened there.

REVERDY. I know what happened: he was awfully sold. That's why he let you carry him off.

Mrs. C. Much good it did us! I'm very much disappointed in Frederick.

Miss D. I can't imagine what you expected of him.

Mrs. C. I expected him to fall in love with you—or to marry you, at any rate.

Miss D. You would have been still more disappointed, then, if I had refused him.

Mrs. C., *dryly*. I should have been surprised.

REVERDY, *sentimentally*. Would you have refused him, Miss Durant?

Miss D. Yes, on purpose to spite you. You don't understand? It takes a man to be stupid! If Mr. Winterbourne were to marry some one else, it would leave Miss Daisy Miller free.

REVERDY. Free to walk about with the native population? She seems to be free enough already. Mrs. Costello, the camp-stool is at your service.

Mrs. C. Give it to me, and I'll go and sit in the shade. Excuse me, I would rather carry it myself. (*Taking the camp-stool, aside to Miss Durant.*) If he proposes, mind you accept him.

Miss D. If who proposes?

Mrs. C. Our young companion! He is manœuvring to get rid of me. He has nothing but his expectations, but his expectations are of the best. (*She marches away with her camp-stool, and seats herself at a distance, where, with*

her eyeglass raised, she appears to look at what goes on in another part of the garden.)

Miss D., *aside*. Am I one of his expectations? Fortunately, I don't need to marry for money. (*Aloud.*) Cousin Louisa is furious with me for not being more encouraging to Mr. Winterbourne. I don't know what she would have liked me to do!

REVERDY. You have been very proper, very dignified.

Miss D. That's the way I was brought up. I never liked him, from the first.

REVERDY. Oh, he's a stupid stick!

Miss D. I don't say he's stupid—and he's very good looking.

REVERDY. As good looking as a man can be in whom one feature—the most expressive—has been entirely omitted. He has got no eyes in his head.

Miss D. No eyes?

REVERDY. To see that that poor little creature is in love with him.

Miss D. She has a queer way of showing it.

REVERDY. Ah, they always have queer ways!

Miss D. He sees it, but he does n't care.

REVERDY. That's still worse,—the omission not of a feature, but of an organ (*tapping his heart and smiling*), the seat of our purest and highest joys!

Miss D., *aside*. Cousin Louisa was right! (*Aloud.*) Do you mean that he has no heart?

REVERDY. If he had as big a one as the rosette on your shoe, would he leave me here to do all the work?

Miss D., *looking at her foot*. The rosette on my shoe is rather big.

REVERDY, *looking as well*. It is n't so much the size of the rosette as the smallness of the shoe!

Miss D., *aside*. Cousin Louisa is certainly right! (*Aloud, smiling.*) Yours, I suppose, is bigger than that.

REVERDY. My shoe? I should think so — rather!

MISS D. Dear, no! I mean your heart. Though I don't think it's at all nice in you to complain of being left with us.

REVERDY. When I'm left with you, I don't complain; but when I'm left with *her*! (*Indicating Mrs. Costello.*)

MISS D. Well, you're not with her now.

REVERDY. Ah, *now* it's very pleasant. Only she has got the camp-stool.

MISS D. Do you want it for yourself?

REVERDY. Yes; I have been carrying it for the last six months, and I feel rather awkward without it. It gives one confidence to have something in one's hand.

MISS D. Good heavens! What do you want to do?

REVERDY. I want to make you a little speech.

MISS D. You will do very well as you are.

REVERDY. I'll try it. (*In an attitude.*) Six months ago I had moments of rebellion, but to-day I have come to love my chains! Accordingly — (*Mrs. Costello starts up and hurries forward, the camp-stool in her hand.*) By Jove! if she hears me, she'll rivet them faster!

MRS. C., *seizing Miss Durant's arm.* My poor, dear child, whom do you think I've seen?

REVERDY. By your expression, the ghost of Julius Caesar!

MRS. C. The Russian woman — the princess — whom we saw last summer.

MISS D. Well, my dear cousin, she won't eat us up!

MRS. C. No, but she'll eat Frederick!

REVERDY. On the contrary, her appetite for Frederick is small. Don't you remember that, last summer, she left the hotel as soon as he arrived?

MRS. C. That was only a feint, to put us off the scent. He has been in secret

correspondence with her, and their meeting here is prearranged.

MISS D. I don't know why you call their correspondence secret, when he was always going to the post-office!

MRS. C. Ah, but you can't tell what he did there! Frederick is very deep.

REVERDY. There's nothing secret, at any rate, about her arrival here. She alighted yesterday at our own hotel, in the most public manner, with the landlord and all the waiters drawn up to receive her. It didn't occur to me to mention it.

MRS. C. I don't really know what you are with us for!

MISS D. Oh, Cousin Louisa, he is meant for better things than that!

MRS. C., *to Miss Durant, aside.* Do you mean that he has proposed?

MISS D. No, but he was just going to.

MRS. C., *disappointed.* Ah, you've told me that before!

MISS D. Because you never give him time.

MRS. C. Does he want three hours?

MISS D. No, but he wants three minutes!

REVERDY, *who has strolled away, observing them, aside.* Happy thought, to make them fight about me! Mutual destruction would ensue, and I should be master of the situation. (*Aloud.*) I am only a man, dear Madam; I am not a newspaper.

MRS. C. If you only were, we could stop our subscription! And, as a proof of what I say, here comes Frederick, to look after his Russian. (*Winterbourne comes in, with Mrs. Walker.*)

REVERDY. With the wife of the consul, to look after him!

SCENE VII. MRS. COSTELLO, MISS DURANT, REVERDY, WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER.

MRS. WALKER. Oh, you dreadful people, what are you doing here, when you ought to be at my reception?

MRS. COSTELLO. We were just thinking of going; it's so very near.

MRS. W. Only round the corner! But there are better reasons than that.

MISS D. There can hardly be a very good one, when you yourself have come away!

MRS. W. You'd never imagine what has brought me! I've come in pursuit of little Daisy Miller.

MRS. C. And you've brought my nephew to help you!

WINTERBOURNE. A walk in such charming company is a privilege not to be lost. Perhaps, dear aunt, you can give us news.

MRS. C. Of that audacious and desperate person? Dear me, yes. We met her just now, on the arm of a dreadful man.

MRS. W. Oh, we're too late then. She's lost!

MRS. C. It seems to me she was lost long ago, and (*significantly, at Winterbourne*) that this is not the first rendezvous she has taken.

WINTERBOURNE, *smiling*. If it does her no more harm than the others, Mrs. Walker had better go back to her teapot!

REVERDY, *to Miss Durant*. That's an allusion to the way he was sold!

MRS. W. She left my house, half an hour ago, without a word to any one but her goose of a mother, who thought it all right that she should walk off to the Pincian to meet the handsome Giovanelli. I only discovered her flight just now, by a lady who was coming in at the moment that Miss Daisy, shaking out her little flounces and tossing up her little head, tripped away from my door, to fall into the arms of a cavalier!

MISS D. Into his arms? Ah, Mrs. Walker!

MRS. W. My dear young lady, with these unscrupulous foreigners one can never be sure. You know as well as I what becomes of the reputation of a girl who shows herself in this place, at this

hour, with all the rank and fashion of Rome about her, with no more responsible escort than a gentleman renowned for his successes!

REVERDY, *to Miss Durant*. It's as if y . were here with me, you know!

MRS. W. This idea came over me with a kind of horror, and I determined to save her if I could.

MRS. C. There's nothing left of her to save!

MRS. W. There is always something left, and my representative position makes it a duty. My rooms were filled with guests—a hundred and fifty people—but I put on my bonnet and seized Mr. Winterbourne's arm.

WINTERBOURNE. You can testify that I did n't wince! I quite agree with you as to the importance of looking her up. Foreigners never understand.

REVERDY, *aside*. My dear fellow, if they understand no better than you! . . .

MRS. W. What I want of you dear people is to go and entertain my visitors. Console them for my absence, and tell them I shall be back in five minutes.

MISS D. It will be very nice to give a reception without any trouble.

MRS. C. Without any trouble—scarcely! But there is nothing we would n't do—

MRS. W. For the representative of one's country! Be charming, then, as you can so well. (*Seeing Daisy and Giovanelli come in.*) I shall not be long, for by the mercy of Heaven the child is guided to this spot!

REVERDY. If you think you have only to pick her up, we won't wait for you! (*He goes out with Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant.*)

SCENE VIII. MRS. WALKER, WINTERBOURNE, DAISY, GIOVANELLI.

WINTERBOURNE, *as the two others slowly come in together, not at first see-*

ing him. We shall have a siege: she won't give him up for the asking.

MRS. WALKER. We must divide our forces, then. You will deal with Daisy.

WINTERBOURNE. I would rather attack the gentleman.

MRS. W. No, no; there'll be trouble. Mr. Giovanelli, I should like a little conversation with you.

GIOVANELLI, *starting, and coming forward; very polite.* You do me great honor, Madame!

MRS. W. I wish to scold you for not coming to me to-day; but to spare your blushes, it must be in private. (*Strolls away with him, out of sight.*)

DAISY, *aside.* They have come to take me away. Ah, they are very cruel!

WINTERBOURNE. I had no chance to speak to you at Mrs. Walker's, and I've come to make up for my loss.

DAISY, *looking at him a moment.* What is Mrs. Walker doing here? Why does n't she stay with her guests?

WINTERBOURNE. I brought her away — to do just what she has done.

DAISY. To take away Mr. Giovanelli? I don't understand you.

WINTERBOURNE. A great many people think that you understand, but that you don't care.

DAISY. I don't care what people think. I have done no harm.

WINTERBOURNE. That's exactly what I say — you don't care. But I wish you would care a little, for your friends are very much frightened. When Mrs. Walker ascertained that you had left her house alone, and had come to meet a gentleman here — here, where all Rome assembles at this hour to amuse itself, and where you would be watched and criticised and calumniated — when Mrs. Walker made this discovery, she said but three words — "To the rescue!" But she took her plunge, as if you had been drowning.

DAISY. And you jumped overboard, too!

WINTERBOURNE. Oh dear, no; I'm

standing on the brink. I only interpret her sentiments. I don't express my own.

DAISY. They would interest me more than Mrs. Walker's; but I don't see what either of you have to do with me.

WINTERBOURNE. We admire you very much, and we hate to see you misjudged.

DAISY. I don't know what you mean, and I don't know what you think I want to do.

WINTERBOURNE. I have n't the least idea about that. All I mean is that if you could see, as I see it, how little it's the custom here to do what you do, and how badly it looks to fly in the face of the custom, you would be a little more on your guard.

DAISY. I know nothing about the custom. I'm an American; I'm not one of these people.

WINTERBOURNE. In that case, you would behave differently. Your being an American is just the point. You are a very conspicuous American, thanks to your attractions, to your charms, to the publicity of your life. Such people, with the best intentions in the world, are often very indiscreet; and it's to save the reputation of her compatriots that the fairest and brightest of young American girls should sacrifice a little of her independence.

DAISY. Look here, Mr. Winterbourne, you make too much fuss: that's what's the matter with you!

WINTERBOURNE. If I make enough to persuade you to go home with Mrs. Walker, my highest ambition will be gratified.

DAISY. I think you are trying to mystify me: I can tell that by your language. One would never think you were the same person who went with me to that castle.

WINTERBOURNE. I am not quite the same, but I've a good deal in common with him. Now, Mr. Giovanelli does n't resemble that person at all.

DAISY, *coldly*. I don't know why you speak to me about Mr. Giovanelli.

WINTERBOURNE. Because — because Mrs. Walker asked me to.

DAISY. It would be better if she should do it herself.

WINTERBOURNE. That's exactly what I told her; but she had an odd fancy that I have a kind of influence with you.

DAISY, *with expression*. Poor Mrs. Walker!

WINTERBOURNE. Poor Mrs. Walker! She does n't know that no one has any influence with you — that you do nothing in the world but what pleases yourself.

DAISY. Whom, then, am I to please? The people that think such dreadful things of me? I don't even understand what they think! What do you mean, about my reputation? I have n't got any reputation! If people are so cruel and wicked, I am sure I would rather not know it. In America they let me alone, and no one ran after me, like Mrs. Walker. It's natural I should like the people who seem to like me, and who will take the trouble to go round with me. The others may say what they like. I can't understand Italian, and I should never hear of it if you did n't come and translate.

WINTERBOURNE. It's not only the Italians — it's the Americans.

DAISY. Do you mean your aunt and your cousin? I don't know why I should make myself miserable for *them*!

WINTERBOURNE. I mean every one who has ever had the very questionable advantage of making your acquaintance — only to be subjected to the torment of being unable either to believe in you or to doubt of you.

DAISY. To doubt of me? You are very strange!

WINTERBOURNE. You are stranger still. But I did n't come here to reason with you: that would be vain, for we speak a different language, and we should n't understand each other. I only came

to say to you, in the most respectful manner, that if you should consult your best interests you would go home with Mrs. Walker.

DAISY. Do you think I had such a lovely time there, half an hour ago, when you did n't so much as look at me?

WINTERBOURNE. If I had spoken to you, would you have stayed?

DAISY. After I had an engagement here? (*With a little laugh.*) I must say, you expect a great deal!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at her a moment*. What they say is true — you're a thorough-going coquette!

(*Mrs. Walker reappears, with Giovanelli.*)

DAISY. You speak too much of what they say. To escape from you, I'll go anywhere!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne, while Giovanelli speaks to Daisy*. He's very accommodating, when you tell him that if Mrs. Miller gets frightened she will start off for America.

WINTERBOURNE. It's more than I can say of Miss Daisy!

MRS. W. Have you had no success?

WINTERBOURNE. I have had my ears boxed!

MRS. W., *to Daisy*. My precious child, you escaped from my drawing-room before I had half the talk we wanted.

DAISY. Are they all waiting there to see me brought back?

MRS. W. Oh dear, no; they've plenty to think about — with Mrs. Costello and Miss Durant.

DAISY. Ah, those ladies are there? Then I certainly shan't go back.

MRS. W., *alarmed*. Hush! They're relations of Mr. Winterbourne.

DAISY. All the more reason for my hating them!

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne*. You must excuse her; she is very wicked to-day! (*To Daisy.*) If you won't go home, then I'll stay with you here. Mr. Giovanelli, you promised me you would go to my house.

GIOVANELLI. I am at the orders of Mademoiselle.

DAISY. You may do what you please till dinner-time.

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Gracious heavens! is she going to dine with him? (*Aloud, to Daisy.*) We were interrupted, but I have a great deal more to say.

DAISY. More of the same sort? It will be a pleasure to hear that!

WINTERBOURNE. What's coming is a great deal better. — Do you dine at your *table d'hôte*?

DAISY. Oh, yes. Randolph likes the *table d'hôte*.

WINTERBOURNE. I will ask for a place there this evening, and, with your permission, it shall be next to yours.

DAISY. I'm very sorry, but I'm not sure of this evening.

WINTERBOURNE, *gravely*. That's a great disappointment to me. (*A short silence.*)

MRS. W., *to Giovanelli*. You promised me you would go to my house!

GIOVANELLI. As a man of honor, then, I must go. But I assure you, Mademoiselle (*to Daisy*), that I soon return.

DAISY. As soon as you like! (*Giovanelli walks away. To Winterbourne.*) Can't you come some other night?

WINTERBOURNE. Oh, yes, by waiting a little. But with the uncertainty of your stay in Rome, this would be always something gained.

DAISY. What will you do after dinner?

WINTERBOURNE. With your kind permission, I will adjourn with you to your mother's sitting-room.

DAISY. You are very devoted, all of a sudden!

WINTERBOURNE. Better late than never!

DAISY. You are just as you were at that castle!

WINTERBOURNE. So are you — at this moment. We can dream we are in that happy place!

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DAISY, *aside*. He can do with me what he will. (*Aloud, quickly.*) I'll tell them to keep you a seat!

WINTERBOURNE. I shall be indebted to you forever!

DAISY. Oh, if I don't see about it, they'll put you at the other end.

WINTERBOURNE. Next you — that's the point.

DAISY. Between me and Randolph! At half past six!

WINTERBOURNE. At half past six.

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne*. You can go about your business. I have something to say to her alone.

DAISY. Don't forget half past six!

WINTERBOURNE. Never in the world. At half past six! (*Walks away.*)

MRS. WALKER, *alone with Daisy*. And now may I be permitted to inquire whether you had arranged to dine with that Italian?

DAISY, *smiling*. In the heart of ancient Rome! But don't tell Mr. Winterbourne what I gave up!

MRS. WALKER, *aside*. I'll get you out of Rome to-morrow! (*Aloud.*) I must show you to the crowd — with me. (*Goes out leading Daisy.*)

SCENE IX. REVERDY, RANDOLPH.

REVERDY, *coming in just as the others pass out, and completing Mrs. Walker's phrase*. The wife of the American consul! The American consul is all very well, but I'll be hanged if I'll carry on the business! It's quite enough to do odd jobs for Mrs. Costello, without taking service at the consulate. Fifty carriages before the door, and five hundred people up-stairs. My companions may get up if they can! It's the first time to-day I've had a moment for a quiet smoke. (*Lights a cigar, and while he is doing so Randolph comes in.*) O Lord, the Old Man of the Sea!

RANDOLPH, *planted before Reverdy*. I say, Mr. Reverdy, suppose you offer me a cigar.

REVERDY. My poor child, my cigars are as big as yourself!

RANDOLPH. There's nothing fit to smoke over here. You can't get 'em as you can in America.

REVERDY. Yes, they're better in America (*smoking*); but they cost a good deal more.

RANDOLPH. I don't care what I pay. I've got all the money I want.

REVERDY. Don't spend it; keep it till you grow up.

RANDOLPH. Oh, I ain't going to grow up. I've been this way for ever so long. Mother brought me over to see if I would n't start, but I have n't started an inch. You can't start in this old country.

REVERDY. The Romans were rather tall!

RANDOLPH. I don't care for the Romans. A child's as good as a man.

REVERDY, *aside*. The future of democracy! (*Aloud.*) You remind me of the infant Hannibal.

RANDOLPH. There's one good thing: so long as I'm little, my mother can't see me. She's looking all round.

REVERDY. I was going to ask you if she allowed you to mingle in this human maze.

RANDOLPH. Mother's in the carriage, but I jumped out.

REVERDY. Imprudent little man! At the risk of breaking your neck?

RANDOLPH. Oh, we were crawling along — we have n't American trotters. I saw you walking about, and when mother was n't looking I just dropped. As soon as she missed me, she began to howl!

REVERDY. I am sorry to be the occasion of a family broil.

RANDOLPH. She thinks I am run over; she has begun to collect a crowd.

REVERDY. You wicked little person! I must take you straight back to her.

RANDOLPH. I thought you might like to know where my sister is.

REVERDY. At the present moment my anxiety is about your mother.

RANDOLPH. Daisy's gone on a bencher. If you'll give me a cigar, I'll put you up to it.

REVERDY. You're a vulgar little boy. Take me instantly to your mother.

RANDOLPH, *very sarcastic*. Would n't you like to carry me on your back?

REVERDY. If you don't come, I'll take you under my arm. (*Starts to seize him.*)

RANDOLPH, *dodging*. I won't come, then!

REVERDY. Blast the little wretch! I must relieve his mother. (*Makes another attempt to capture Randolph, who escapes, while Reverdy gives chase, and they disappear.*)

SCENE X. WINTERBOURNE, then MADAME DE KATKOFF.

WINTERBOURNE, *coming in alone*. Remarkable family, the Millers! Mrs. Miller, standing up in her carriage, in the centre of a crowd of Italians, and chattering to them in her native tongue. She falls upon my neck when she sees me, and announces that the gifted Randolph is no more. He has tumbled out of the vehicle, and been trampled to death! We institute a search for his remains, and as it proves fruitless she begs me to come and look for him here. (*Looking round him.*) I don't perceive any remains! He has mingled in the giddy throng, and the giddy throng may bring him back! It's the business of that ruffian of a courier! (*Seeing Madame de Katkoff, aside.*) Is she still here? (*Aloud.*) To meet you again is better fortune than I hoped.

MME. DE KATKOFF, *strolling in slowly, with an air of deliberation, and standing a moment thoughtful*. Will you do me the favor to dine with me to-night?

WINTERBOURNE, *startled*. To dine with you to-night?

MME. DE K. You stare as if I were

a ghost! It's very simple: to dine with me to-night, at seven o'clock, at the Hôtel de Paris?

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. It's a little awkward. (*Aloud.*) Do you dine at the table d'hôte?

MME. DE K. At the table d'hôte, with that rabble of tourists? I dine in my own apartments.

WINTERBOURNE. I supposed you had left the Pincian; I had no idea you were lingering.

MME. DE K. Apparently I had a purpose, which you seem quite unable to appreciate. You are very slow in accepting!

WINTERBOURNE. To tell you the honest truth, I have made an engagement.

MME. DE K. An engagement? A moment ago you were dying to spend the evening with me.

WINTERBOURNE. A moment ago you would n't listen to me.

MME. DE K., *after a pause*. My dear friend, you are very stupid. A woman does n't confess the truth at the first summons!

WINTERBOURNE. You are very strange. I accepted an invitation just after we parted.

MME. DE K. Send word you can't come.

WINTERBOURNE. It was from the young lady you recommended me so strongly to turn my attention to.

MME. DE K. Ah, she gives invitations?

WINTERBOURNE. I confess I asked for this one. They are also at the Hôtel de Paris, and they dine at the table d'hôte.

MME. DE K. A charming place to carry on a courtship!

WINTERBOURNE. It's not a courtship—however much I may have wished to please you.

MME. DE K. Your wish to please me has suddenly diminished. Apparently, I am to understand that you refuse!

WINTERBOURNE. Even when you are kind, there's something cruel in it!—I will dine with you with pleasure.

MME. DE K. Send word, then, to your little American.

WINTERBOURNE. Yes, I'll send word. (*Aside.*) That's uncommonly rough! (*Aloud.*) After dinner, I suppose, you'll go to the opera.

MME. DE K. I don't know about the opera. (*Looking at him a moment.*) It will be a splendid night. How should you like a moonlight drive?

WINTERBOURNE. A moonlight drive—with you? It seems to me you mock me!

MME. DE K., *in the same tone*. To wander through the old streets, when everything is still; to see the solemn monuments wrapped up in their shadows; to watch the great fountains turn to silver in the moonshine—that has always been a dream of mine! We'll try it to-night.

WINTERBOURNE, *affected by her tone*. We'll see the great square of St. Peter's; we'll dip our hands in the Fountain of Trevi! You must be strangely beautiful in the moonlight.

MME. DE K. I don't know. You shall see.

WINTERBOURNE. What will you do with the Russian ambassador?

MME. DE K. Send him about his business.

WINTERBOURNE. An ambassador! For me?

MME. DE K. Don't force me to say it; I shall make you too vain.

WINTERBOURNE. I'm not used to being treated so, and I can't help feeling that it may be only a refinement of cruelty.

MME. DE K. If I've been cruel before, it was in self-defense. I have been sorely troubled, and I don't pretend to be consistent. Women are never so—especially women who love!

WINTERBOURNE. I ask no questions; I only thank you.

MME. DE K. At seven o'clock, then.

WINTERBOURNE. You are very strange; but you are only the more adorable. At seven o'clock!

MME. DE K. You are not to come with me; my carriage is there. (*Aside, as she leaves him.*) Ingenuous young man!

WINTERBOURNE, *alone, standing a moment in thought.* "Women are never consistent — especially women who love!" I've waited three years, but it was worth waiting for! (*Mrs. Walker comes in with Daisy, without his seeing them.*)

SCENE XI. WINTERBOURNE, MRS. WALKER, DAISY, then EUGENIO AND GIOVANELLI.

DAISY. Well, Mr. Winterbourne, is that the way you look for my brother? You had better not come to dinner unless you find him.

WINTERBOURNE. I was just wondering which way I had better go.

MRS. WALKER. Mrs. Miller has pressed us into the service, and she wants every one to go in a different direction. But I prefer (*significantly*) that Daisy and I should stick together.

DAISY, *happily*. Oh, I don't care now. You may take me anywhere!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. Poor little thing! And I've got to disappoint her! (*Aloud.*) I suppose I had better separate from you, then.

EUGENIO, *arriving hastily*. Mr. Randolph has been found — by Mr. Reverdy! (*To Daisy.*) If I leave your mother a moment, a misfortune is sure to arrive.

MRS. W., *aside*. The misfortune, indeed, is his being found! (*To Daisy.*) If you will join your mother, I will go back to my guests (*seeing Giovanelli*) — whom Mr. Giovanelli has already deserted.

GIOVANELLI, *coming in*. Your guests have deserted me, Madame. They have left your house in a caravan: they could n't stand your absence.

MRS. W., *to Daisy*. I have offended all my friends for you, my dear. You ought to be grateful.

DAISY. The reason they left was not because you came away, but because you did n't bring me back. They wanted to glare at me.

GIOVANELLI, *with a little laugh*. They glared at me a good deal!

MRS. W. I'll admit that they don't like you. (*To Daisy.*) Let me place you in your mother's hands.

EUGENIO, *with importance*. I will take charge of my young lady, Madame.

WINTERBOURNE, *to Daisy*. Before you go just let me say a word.

DAISY. As many as you please — only you frighten me!

WINTERBOURNE, *aside*. I'm rather frightened myself. (*Aloud.*) I'm very much afraid I shall not be able to dine to-night.

DAISY. Not be able — after your promise?

WINTERBOURNE. It's very true I promised, and I'm greatly ashamed. But a most unexpected obstacle has sprung up. I'm obliged to take back my word — I'm exceedingly sorry.

MRS. W., *in a low voice to Winterbourne*. Ah, my dear sir, you're making a mess!

DAISY. Your obstacle must have come very quickly.

WINTERBOURNE. Only five minutes ago.

EUGENIO, *aside*. The Katkoff's as good as her word!

DAISY, *much affected*. Well, Mr. Winterbourne, I can only say I too am very sorry.

WINTERBOURNE. I'll come the very first evening I'm free.

DAISY. I did n't want the first evening; I wanted this one.

WINTERBOURNE. I beg you to forgive me. My own loss is greater than yours.

GIOVANELLI, *aside*. My friend the courier is a clever man!

DAISY, *thoughtful a moment*. Well, it's no matter.

MRS. W., *to Eugenio*. Please take her to her mother.

EUGENIO. I must act at my convenience, Madame!

DAISY. I'm not going to my mother. Mr. Giovanelli!

GIOVANELLI, *with alacrity*. Signorina?

DAISY. Please to give me your arm. We'll go on with our walk.

MRS. W., *coming between the two*. Now don't do anything dreadful!

DAISY, *to Giovanelli*. Give me your arm. (*Giovanelli passes behind Mrs. Walker, and gives Daisy his arm on the other side. She continues, with a sudden outbreak of passion.*) I see nothing dreadful but your cruel accusations! If you all attack me, I've a friend to defend me.

GIOVANELLI. I will defend you always, Signorina!

MRS. W. Are you going to take her to that drinking-shop?

DAISY. That's our own affair. Come away, come away!

WINTERBOURNE. I have done you a greater injury than I supposed.

DAISY. The injury was done when you spoke to me that way!

WINTERBOURNE. When I spoke to you? I don't understand.

DAISY. Half an hour ago, when you said I was so bad!

GIOVANELLI. If people insult you, they will answer to me.

WINTERBOURNE, *to Giovanelli*. Don't be rash, sir! You will need all your caution.

MRS. W. High words between gentlemen, to crown the horrors! (*To Eugenio.*) Go straight and ask Mrs. Miller if she consents.

EUGENIO, *smiling*. Mrs. Miller consents to everything that I approve.

DAISY. Come away, Mr. Giovanelli!

GIOVANELLI, *aside*. I shall have to take a cab! (*They walk up the stage.*)

MRS. W. Mercy on us! She is lost!

WINTERBOURNE, *sternly*. Leave her alone! She only wants a pretext!

DAISY, *who has heard him, turning as she reaches the top of the stage, and looking back a moment*. Thank you, Mr. Winterbourne! (*She goes out with Giovanelli.*)

MRS. W., *to Winterbourne*. Yes, my dear sir, you've done a pretty piece of work!

EUGENIO, *with his hands in his pockets, as at the end of the first act, watching the scene complacently*. My little revenge on the journey to the castle!

WINTERBOURNE, *looking at his watch, to himself*. Well, I shall have that moonlight drive!

Henry James, Jr.

THE PENNYROYAL.

I MARKED this morning, by the wood,
 What way the pennyroyal grew,
 Amid the waste of snow that stood
 Deep on the path which well I knew;
 For every slender stem upreared
 Its head within a little round,
 In which no leaf nor blade appeared
 Save its sweet self from the bare ground.
 Its own warm heart had nestled there,
 A sheltered home wherein to thrive,

Looking so stately, fresh, and fair,
 And where all else was dead, alive.
 There, in its charmed hold serene,
 And strong and fragrant as it rose,
 It made me think of my soul's queen,
 Whom I from all the world had chose.
 I thought of one whose heart of love,
 Where'er she dwells, her circle finds;
 Amid life's frost, who soars above
 The weariness of vacant minds;
 Who rules her little realm, content,
 Not caring for a large applause,
 Still finding in all hearts consent
 To make her wishes more than laws.
 Go, fragrant sprays, and touch her hand,
 Or press her lip, if it may be;
 May her charmed circle soon expand
 Enough to find there room for me.

Thomas William Parsons.

NIAGARA REVISITED, TWELVE YEARS AFTER THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

LIFE had not used them ill in this time, and the fairish treatment they had received was not wholly unmerited. The twelve years past had made them older, as the years must in passing. Basil was now forty-two, and his moustache was well sprinkled with gray. Isabel was thirty-nine, and the parting of her hair had thinned and retreated; but she managed to give it an effect of youthful abundance by combing it low down upon her forehead, and roughing it there with a wet brush. By gaslight she was still very pretty; she believed that she looked more interesting, and she thought Basil's gray moustache distinguished. He had grown stouter; he filled his double-breasted frock coat compactly, and from time to time he had the buttons set forward; his hands were rounded up on the backs, and he no longer wore his old number of gloves by two sizes; no amount of powder or manipulation from the young lady in

the shop would induce them to go on. But this did not matter much now, for he seldom wore gloves at all. He was glad that the fashion suffered him to spare in that direction, for he was obliged to look somewhat carefully after the out-goes. The insurance business was not what it had been, and though Basil had comfortably established himself in it, he had not made money. He sometimes thought that he might have done quite as well if he had gone into literature; but it was now too late. They had not a very large family: they had a boy of eleven, who "took after" his father, and a girl of nine, who took after the boy; but with the American feeling that their children must have the best of everything, they made it an expensive family, and they spent nearly all Basil earned.

The narrowness of their means, as well as their household cares, had kept them from taking many long journeys.

They passed their winters in Boston, and their summers on the South Shore, — cheaper than the North Shore, and near enough for Basil to go up and down every day for business; but they promised themselves that some day they would revisit certain points on their wedding journey, and perhaps somewhere find their lost second-youth on the track. It was not that they cared to be young, but they wished the children to see them as they used to be when they thought themselves very old; and one lovely afternoon in June they started for Niagara.

It had been very hot for several days, but that morning the east wind came in, and crisped the air till it seemed to rustle like tinsel, and the sky was as sincerely and solidly blue as if it had been chromed. They felt that they were really looking up into the roof of the world, when they glanced at it; but when an old gentleman hastily kissed a young woman, and commended her to the conductor as being one who was going all the way to San Francisco alone, and then risked his life by stepping off the moving train, the vastness of the great American fact began to affect Isabel disagreeably. "Is n't it *too* big, Basil?" she pleaded, peering timidly out of the little municipal consciousness in which she had been so long housed. In that seclusion she had suffered certain original tendencies to increase upon her: her nerves were more sensitive and electrical; her apprehensions had multiplied quite beyond the ratio of the dangers that beset her; and Basil had counted upon a tonic effect of the change the journey would make in their daily lives. She looked ruefully out of the window at the familiar suburbs whisking out of sight, and the continental immensity that advanced devouringly upon her. But they had the best section in the very centre of the sleeping-car, — she drew what consolation she could from the fact, — and the children's premature

demand for lunch helped her to forget her anxieties; they began to be hungry as soon as the train started. She found that she had not put up sandwiches enough; and when she told Basil that he would have to get out somewhere and buy some cold chicken, he asked her what in the world had become of that whole ham she had had boiled. It seemed to him, he said, that there was enough of it to subsist them to Niagara and back; and he went on as men do, while Somerville vanished, and even Tufts College, which assails the Bostonian vision from every point of the compass, was shut out by the curve at the foot of the Belmont hills.

They had chosen the Hoosac Tunnel route to Niagara, because, as Basil said, their experience of travel had never yet included a very long tunnel, and it would be a signal fact by which the children would always remember the journey, if nothing else remarkable happened to impress it upon them. Indeed, they were so much concerned in it that they began to ask when they should come to this tunnel, even before they began to ask for lunch; and the long time before they reached it was not perceptibly shortened by Tom's quarter-hourly consultations of his father's watch.

It scarcely seemed to Basil and Isabel that their fellow-passengers were so interesting as their fellow-passengers used to be in their former days of travel. They were soberly dressed, and were all of a middle-aged sobriety of deportment, from which nothing salient offered itself for conjecture or speculation; and there was little within the car to take their minds from the brilliant young world that flashed and sang by them outside. The belated spring had ripened, with its frequent rains, into the perfection of early summer; the grass was thicker and the foliage denser than they had ever seen it before; and when they had run out into the hills beyond

Fitchburg, they saw the laurel in bloom. It was everywhere in the woods, lurking like drifts among the underbrush, and overflowing the tops, and stealing down the hollows, of the railroad embankments; a snow of blossom flushed with a mist of pink. Its shy, wild beauty ceased whenever the train stopped, but the orioles made up for its absence with their singing in the village trees about the stations; and though Fitchburg and Ayer's Junction and Athol are not names that invoke historical or romantic associations, the hearts of Basil and Isabel began to stir with the joy of travel before they had passed these points. At the first Basil got out to buy the cold chicken which had been commanded, and he recognized in the keeper of the railroad restaurant their former conductor, who had been warned by the spirits never to travel without a flower of some sort carried between his lips, and who had preserved his own life and the lives of his passengers for many years by this simple device. His presence lent the sponge cake and rhubarb pie and baked beans a supernatural interest, and reconciled Basil to the toughness of the athletic bird which the mystical ex-partner of fate had sold him; he justly reflected that if he had heard the story of the restaurateur's superstition in a foreign land, or another time, he would have found in it a certain poetry. It was this willingness to find poetry in things around them that kept his life and Isabel's fresh, and they taught their children the secret of their elixir. To be sure, it was only a *genre* poetry, but it was such as has always inspired English art and song; and now the whole family enjoyed, as if it had been a passage from Goldsmith or Wordsworth, the flying sentiment of the railroad side. There was a simple interior at one place, — a small shanty, showing through the open door a cook stove surmounted by the evening coffee-pot, with a lazy

cat outstretched upon the floor in the middle distance, and an old woman standing just outside the threshold to see the train go by, — which had an unrivaled value till they came to a superannuated car on a siding in the woods, in which the railroad workmen boarded: some were lounging on the platform and at the open windows, while others were "washing up" for supper, and the whole scene was full of holiday ease and sylvan comradeship that went to the hearts of the sympathetic spectators. Basil had lately been reading aloud the delightful history of Rudder Grange, and the children, who had made their secret vows never to live in anything but an old canal-boat when they grew up, owned that there were fascinating possibilities in a worn-out railroad car.

The lovely Deerfield Valley began to open on either hand, with smooth stretches of the quiet river, and breadths of grassy intervale and table-land; the elms grouped themselves like the trees of a park; here and there the nearer hills broke away, and revealed long, deep, chasmed hollows, full of golden light and delicious shadow. There were people rowing on the water; and every pretty town had some touch of picturesque or pastoral charm to offer: at Greenfield, there were children playing in the new-mown hay along the railroad embankment; at Shelburne Falls, there was a game of cricket going on (among the English operatives of the cutlery works, as Basil boldly asserted). They looked down from their car-window on a young lady swinging in a hammock, in her door-yard, and on an old gentleman hoeing his potatoes; a group of girls waved their handkerchiefs to the passing train, and a boy paused in weeding a garden bed, — and probably denied that he had paused, later. In the mean time the golden haze along the mountain side changed to a clear, pearly lustre, and the quiet evening possessed the quiet landscape. They confessed to each other that

it was all as sweet and beautiful as it used to be; and in fact they had seen palaces, in other days, which did not give them the pleasure they found in a wood-cutter's shanty, losing itself among the shadows in a solitude of the hills. The tunnel, after this, was a gross and material sensation; but they joined the children in trying to hold and keep it, and Basil let the boy time it by his watch. "Now," said Tom, when five minutes were gone, "we are under the very centre of the mountain." But the tunnel was like all accomplished facts, all hopes fulfilled, valueless to the soul, and scarcely appreciable to the sense; and the children emerged at North Adams with but a mean opinion of that great feat of engineering. Basil drew a pretty moral from their experience. "If you rode upon a comet you would be disappointed. Take my advice, and never ride upon a comet. I should n't object to your riding on a little meteor, — you would n't expect much of that; but I warn you against comets; they are as bad as tunnels."

The children thought this moral was a joke at their expense, and as they were a little sleepy they permitted themselves the luxury of feeling trifled with. But they woke, refreshed and encouraged, from slumbers that had evidently been unbroken, though they both protested that they had not slept a wink the whole night, and gave themselves up to wonder at the interminable levels of Western New York over which the train was running. The longing to come to an edge, somewhere, that the New England traveler experiences on this plain was inarticulate with the children; but it breathed in the sigh with which Isabel welcomed even the architectural inequalities of a city into which they drew in the early morning. This city showed to their weary eyes a noble stretch of river, from the waters of which lofty piles of buildings rose abruptly; and Isabel, being left to guess where they

were, could think of no other place so picturesque as Rochester.

"Yes," said her husband; "it is our own Enchanted City. I wonder if that unstinted hospitality is still dispensed by the good head waiter at the hotel where we stopped, to bridal parties who have passed the ordeal of the haughty hotel clerk. I wonder what has become of that hotel clerk. Has he fallen, through pride, to some lower level, or has he bowed his arrogant spirit to the demands of advancing civilization, and realized that he is the servant, and not the master, of the public? I think I've noticed, since his time, a growing kindness in hotel clerks; or perhaps I have become of a more impressive presence; they certainly unbend to me a little more. I should like to go up to our hotel, and try myself on our old enemy, if he is still there. I can fancy how his shirt front has expanded in these twelve years past; he has grown a little bald, after the fashion of middle-aging hotel clerks, but he parts his hair very much on one side, and brushes it squarely across his forehead to hide his loss; the forefinger that he touches that little snap-bell with, when he does n't look at you, must be quite pudgy now. Come, let us get out and breakfast at Rochester; they will give us broiled white-fish; and we can show the children where Sam Patch jumped over Genesee Falls, and" —

"No, no, Basil," cried his wife. "It would be sacrilege! All that is sacred to those dear young days of ours; and I would n't think of trying to repeat it. Our own ghosts would rise up in that dining-room to reproach us for our intrusion! Oh, perhaps we have done a wicked thing in coming this journey! We ought to have left the past alone; we shall only mar our memories of all these beautiful places. Do you suppose Buffalo *can* be as poetical as it was then? Buffalo! The name does n't invite the Muse very much. Perhaps it *never* was very poetical! Oh, Basil, dear,

I'm afraid we have only come to find out that we were mistaken about everything! Let's leave Rochester alone, at any rate!"

"I'm not troubled! We won't disturb our dream of Rochester; but I don't despair of Buffalo. I'm sure that Buffalo will be all that our fancy ever painted it. I believe in Buffalo."

"Well, well," murmured Isabel, "I hope you're right;" and she put some things together for leaving their car at Buffalo, while they were still two hours away.

When they reached a place where the land mated its level with the level of the lake, they ran into a wilderness of railroad cars, in a world where life seemed to be operated solely by locomotives and their helpless minions. The bellowing and bleating trains were arriving in every direction, not only along the ground floor of the plain, but stateily stretches of trestle-work, which curved and extended across the plain, carried them to and fro overhead. The travelers owned that this railroad suburb had its own impressiveness, and they said that the trestle-work was as noble in effect as the lines of aqueduct that stalk across the Roman Campagna. Perhaps this was because they had not seen the Campagna or its aqueducts for a great while; but they were so glad to find themselves in the spirit of their former journey again that they were amiable to everything. When the children first caught sight of the lake's delicious blue, and cried out that it was lovelier than the sea, they felt quite a local pride in their preference. It was what Isabel had said twelve years before, on first beholding the lake.

But they did not really see the lake till they had taken the train for Niagara Falls, after breakfasting in the depot, where the children, used to the severe native or the patronizing Irish ministrations of Boston restaurants and hotels, reveled for the first time in the affec-

tionate devotion of a black waiter. There was already a ridiculous abundance and variety on the table; but this waiter brought them strawberries and again strawberries, and repeated plates of grid-dle cakes with maple syrup; and he hung over the back of first one chair and then another with an unselfish joy in the appetites of the breakfasters which gave Basil renewed hopes of his race. "Such rapture in serving argues a largeness of nature which will be recognized hereafter," he said, feeling about in his waistcoat pocket for a quarter. It seemed a pity to render the waiter's zeal retroactively interested, but in view of the fact that he possibly expected the quarter, there was nothing else to do; and by a mysterious stroke of gratitude the waiter delivered them into the hands of a friend, who took another quarter from them for carrying their bags and wraps to the train. This second retainer approved their admiration of the æsthetic forms and colors of the depot colonnade; and being asked if that were the depot whose roof had fallen in some years before, he proudly replied that it was.

"There were a great many killed, weren't there?" asked Basil, with sympathetic satisfaction in the disaster. The porter seemed humiliated; he confessed the mortifying truth that the loss of life was small, but he recovered a just self-respect in adding, "If the roof had fallen in five minutes sooner, it would have killed about three hundred people."

Basil had promised the children a sight of the Rapids before they reached the Falls, and they held him rigidly accountable from the moment they entered the train, and began to run out of the city between the river and the canal. He attempted a diversion with the canal boats, and tried to bring forward the subject of Rudder Grange in that connection. They said that the canal boats were splendid, but they were looking for the Rapids now; and they declined to

be interested in a window in one of the boats, which Basil said was just like the window that the Rudder Granger and the boarder had popped Pomona out of when they took her for a burglar.

"You spoil those children, Basil," said his wife, as they clambered over him, and clamored for the Rapids.

"At present I'm giving them an object-lesson in patience and self-denial; they are experiencing the fact that they can't have the Rapids till they get to them, and probably they'll be disappointed in them when they arrive."

In fact, they valued the Rapids very little more than the Hoosac Tunnel, when they came in sight of them, at last; and Basil had some question in his own mind whether the Rapids had not dwindled since his former visit. He did not breathe this doubt to Isabel, however, and she arrived at the Falls with unabated expectations. They were going to spend only half a day there; and they turned into the station, away from the phalanx of omnibuses, when they dismounted from their train. They seemed, as before, to be the only passengers who had arrived, and they found an abundant choice of carriages waiting in the street, outside the station. The Niagara hackman may once have been a predatory and very rampant animal, but public opinion, long expressed through the public prints, has reduced him to silence and meekness. Apparently, he may not so much as beckon with his whip to the arriving wayfarer; it is certain that he cannot cross the pavement to the station door; and Basil, inviting one of them to negotiation, was himself required by the attendant policeman to step out to the curbstone, and complete his transaction there. It was an impressive illustration of the power of a free press, but upon the whole Basil found the effect melancholy; it had the saddening quality which inheres in every sort of perfection. The hackman, reduced to entire order, appealed to his compas-

sion, and he had not the heart to beat him down from his moderate first demand, as perhaps he ought to have done.

They drove directly to the cataract, and found themselves in the pretty grove beside the American Fall, and in the air whose dampness was as familiar as if they had breathed it all their childhood. It was full now of the fragrance of some sort of wild blossom; and again they had that old, entrancing sense of the mingled awfulness and loveliness of the great spectacle. This sylvan perfume, the gayety of the sunshine, the mildness of the breeze that stirred the leaves overhead, and the bird-singing that made itself heard amid the roar of the Rapids and the solemn incessant plunge of the cataract, moved their hearts, and made them children with the boy and girl, who stood rapt for a moment and then broke into joyful wonder. They could sympathize with the ardor with which Tom longed to tempt fate at the brink of the river, and over the tops of the parapets which have been built along the edge of the precipice, and they equally entered into the terror with which Bella screamed at his suicidal zeal. They joined her in restraining him; they reduced him to a beggarly account of half a dozen stones, flung into the Rapids at not less than ten paces from the brink; and they would not let him toss the smallest pebble over the parapet, though he laughed to scorn the notion that anybody should be hurt by them below.

It seemed to them that the triviality of man in the surroundings of the Falls had increased with the lapse of time. There were more booths and bazars, and more colored feather fans with whole birds spitted in the centres; and there was an offensive array of blue and green and yellow glasses on the shore, through which you were expected to look at the Falls gratis. They missed the simple dignity of the blanching Indian maids, who used to squat about on the grass, with their laps full of moccasins and pin-

cushions. But, as of old, the photographer came out of his saloon, and invited them to pose for a family group; representing that the light and the spray were singularly propitious, and that everything in nature invited them to be taken. Basil put him off gently, for the sake of the time when he had refused to be photographed in a bridal group, and took refuge from him in the long low building from which you descend to the foot of the cataract.

The grove beside the American Fall has been inclosed, and named Prospect Park, by a company which exacts half a dollar for admittance, and then makes you free of all its wonders and conveniences, for which you once had to pay severally. This is well enough; but formerly you could refuse to go down the inclined tramway, and now you cannot, without feeling that you have failed to get your money's worth. It was in this illogical spirit of economy that Basil invited his family to the descent; but Isabel shook her head. "No, you go with the children," she said, "and I will stay here, till you get back;" her agonized countenance added, "and pray for you;" and Basil took his children on either side of him, and rambled down the terrible descent with much of the excitement that attends travel in an open horse-car. When he stepped out of the car he felt that increase of courage which comes to every man after safely passing through danger. He resolved to brave the mists and slippery stones at the foot of the Fall; and he would have plunged at once into this fresh peril, if he had not been prevented by the Prospect Park Company. This ingenious association has built a large tunnel-like shed quite to the water's edge, so that you cannot view the cataract as you once could, at a reasonable remoteness, but must emerge from the building into a storm of spray. The roof of the tunnel is painted with a lively effect in party-colored stripes, and is lettered

"The Shadow of the Rock," so that you take it at first to be an appeal to your æsthetic sense; but the real object of the company is not apparent till you put your head out into the tempest, when you agree with the nearest guide — and one is always very near — that you had better have an oil-skin dress, as Basil did. He told the guide that he did not wish to go under the Fall, and the guide confidentially admitted that there was no fun in that, any way; and in the mean time he equipped him and his children for their foray into the mist. When they issued forth, under their friend's leadership, Basil felt that, with his children clinging to each hand, he looked like some sort of animal with its young, and, though not unsocial by nature, he was glad to be among strangers for the time. They climbed hither and thither over the rocks, and lifted their streaming faces for the views which the guide pointed out; and in a rift of the spray they really caught one glorious glimpse of the whole sweep of the Fall. The next instant the spray swirled back, and they were glad to turn for a sight of the rainbow, lying in a circle on the rocks as quietly and naturally as if that had been the habit of rainbows ever since the flood. This was all there was to be done, and they streamed back into the tunnel, where they disrobed in the face of a menacing placard, which announced that the hire of a guide and a dress for going under the Fall was one dollar.

"Will they make you pay a dollar for each of us, papa?" asked Tom, fearfully.

"Oh, pooh, no!" returned Basil; "we have n't been under the Fall." But he sought out the proprietor with a trembling heart. The proprietor was a man of severely logical mind: he said that the charge would be three dollars, for they had had the use of the dresses and the guide just the same as if they had gone under the Fall; and he refused to

recognize anything misleading in the dressing-room placard. In fine, he left Basil without a leg to stand upon. It was not so much the three dollars as the sense of having been swindled that vexed him; and he instantly resolved not to share his annoyance with Isabel. Why, indeed, should he put that burden upon her? If she were none the wiser, she would be none the poorer; and he ought to be willing to deny himself her sympathy for the sake of sparing her needless pain.

He met her at the top of the inclined tramway with a face of exemplary unconsciousness, and he listened with her to the tale their coachman told, as they sat in a pretty arbor looking out on the Rapids, of a Frenchman and his wife. This Frenchman had returned, one morning, from a stroll on Goat Island, and reported with much apparent concern that his wife had fallen into the water, and been carried over the Fall. It was so natural for a man to grieve for the loss of his wife, under the peculiar circumstances, that every one condoled with the widower; but when, a few days later, her body was found, and the distracted husband refused to come back from New York to her funeral, there was a general regret that he had not been arrested. A flash of conviction illumed the whole fact to Basil's guilty consciousness: this unhappy Frenchman had paid a dollar for the use of an oil-skin suit at the foot of the Fall, and had been ashamed to confess the swindle to his wife, till, in a moment of remorse and madness, he shouted the fact into her ear, and then —

Basil looked at the mother of his children, and registered a vow that if he got away from Niagara without being forced to a similar excess he would confess his guilt to Isabel at the very first act of spendthrift profusion she committed. The guide pointed out the rock in the Rapids to which Avery had clung for twenty-four hours before he was car-

ried over the Falls, and to the morbid fancy of the deceitful husband Isabel's bonnet ribbons seemed to flutter from the pointed reef. He could endure the pretty arbor no longer. "Come, children!" he cried, with a wild, unnatural gayety; "let us go to Goat Island, and see the Bridge to the Three Sisters, that your mother was afraid to walk back on after she had crossed it."

"For shame, Basil!" retorted Isabel. "You know it was you who were afraid of that bridge."

The children, who knew the story by heart, laughed with their father at the monstrous pretension; and his simulated hilarity only increased upon paying a toll of two dollars at the Goat Island bridge.

"What extortion!" cried Isabel, with an indignation that secretly unnerved him. He trembled upon the verge of confession; but he had finally the moral force to resist. He suffered her to compute the cost of their stop at Niagara without allowing those three dollars to enter into her calculation; he even began to think what justificative extravagance he could tempt her to. He suggested the purchase of local bricabrac; he asked her if she would not like to dine at the International, for old times' sake. But she answered, with disheartening virtue, that they must not think of such a thing, after what they had spent already. Nothing, perhaps, marked the confirmed husband in Basil more than these hidden fears and reluctances.

In the mean time Isabel ignorantly abandoned herself to the charm of the place, which she found unimpaired, in spite of the reported ravages of improvement about Niagara. Goat Island was still the sylvan solitude of twelve years ago, haunted by even fewer nymphs and dryads than of old. The air was full of the perfume that scented it at Prospect Park; the leaves showered them with shade and sun, as they drove along. "If it were not for the children here," she

said, "I should think that our first drive on Goat Island had never ended."

She sighed a little, and Basil leaned forward and took her hand in his. "It never has ended; it's the same drive; only we are younger now, and enjoy it more." It always touched him when Isabel was sentimental about the past, for the years had tended to make her rather more seriously maternal towards him than towards the other children; and he recognized that these fond reminiscences were the expression of the girlhood still lurking deep within her heart.

She shook her head. "No, but I'm willing the children should be young in our place. It's only fair they should have their turn."

She remained in the carriage, while Basil visited the various points of view on Luna Island with the boy and girl. A boy is probably of considerable interest to himself, and a man looks back at his own boyhood with some pathos. But in his actuality a boy has very little to commend him to the toleration of other human beings. Tom was very well, as boys go; but now his contribution to the common enjoyment was to venture as near as possible to all perilous edges; to throw stones into the water, and to make as if to throw them over precipices on the people below; to pepper his father with questions, and to collect cumbrous mementos of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. He kept the carriage waiting a good five minutes, while he could cut his initials on a hand-rail. "You can come back and see 'em on your bridal tower," said the driver. Isabel gave a little start, as if she had almost thought of something she was trying to think of.

They occasionally met ladies driving, and sometimes they encountered a couple making a tour of the island on foot. But none of these people were young, and Basil reported that the Three Sisters were inhabited only by persons of unlike maturity; even a group of people

who were eating lunch to the music of the shouting Rapids, on the outer edge of the last Sister, were no younger, apparently.

Isabel did not get out of the carriage to verify his report; she preferred to refute his story of her former panic on those islands by remaining serenely seated while he visited them. She thus lost a superb novelty which nature has lately added to the wonders of this Fall, in that place at the edge of the great Horse Shoe where the rock has fallen and left a peculiarly shaped chasm: through this the spray leaps up from below, and flashes a hundred feet into the air, in rocket-like jets and points, and then breaks and dissolves away in the pyrotechnic curves of a perpetual Fourth of July. Basil said something like this in celebrating the display, with the purpose of rendering her loss more poignant; but she replied, with tranquil piety, that she would rather keep her Niagara unchanged; and she declared that, as she understood him, there must be something rather cheap and conscious in the new feature. She approved, however, of the change that had removed that foolish little Terrapin Tower from the brink on which it stood, and she confessed that she could have enjoyed a little variety in the stories the driver told them of the Indian burial-ground on the island: they were exactly the stories she and Basil had heard twelve years before, and the ill-starred goats, from which the island took its name, perished once more in his narrative.

Under the influence of his romances our travelers began to find the whole scene hackneyed; and they were glad to part from him a little sooner than they had bargained to do. They strolled about the anomalous village on foot, and once more marveled at the paucity of travel and the enormity of the local preparation. Surely the hotels are nowhere else in the world so large! Could

there ever have been visitors enough at Niagara to fill them? They were built so big for some good reason, no doubt; but it is no more apparent than why all these magnificent equipages are waiting about the empty streets for the people who never come to hire them.

"It seems to me that I don't see so many strangers here as I used," Basil had suggested to their driver.

"Oh, they have n't commenced coming yet," he replied, with hardy cheerfulness, and pretended that they were plenty enough in July and August.

They went to dine at the modest restaurant of a colored man, who advertised a *table d'hôte* dinner on a board at his door; and they put their misgivings to him, which seemed to grieve him, and he contended that Niagara was as prosperous and as much resorted to as ever. In fact, they observed that their regret for the supposed decline of the Falls as a summer resort was nowhere popular in the village, and they desisted in their offers of sympathy, after their rebuff from the restaurateur.

Basil got his family away to the station after dinner, and left them there, while he walked down the village street, for a closer inspection of the hotels. At the door of the largest a pair of children sported in the solitude, as fearlessly as the birds on Selkirk's island; looking into the hotel, he saw a few porters and call-boys seated in statuesque repose against the wall, while the clerk pined in dreamless inactivity behind the register; some deserted ladies flitted through the door of the parlor at the side. He recalled the evening of his former visit, when he and Isabel had met the Ellisons in that parlor, and it seemed, in the retrospect, a scene of the wildest gayety. He turned for consolation into the barber's shop, where he found himself the only customer, and no busy sound of "Next" greeted his ear. But the barber, like all the rest, said that Niagara was not unusually

empty; and he came out feeling bewildered and defrauded. Surely the agent of the boats which descend the Rapids of the St. Lawrence must be frank, if Basil went to him and pretended that he was going to buy a ticket. But a glance at the agent's sign showed Basil that the agent, with his brave jollity of manner and his impressive "*Good-morning*," had passed away from the deceits of travel, and that he was now inherited by his widow, who in turn was absent, and temporarily represented by their son. The boy, in supplying Basil with an advertisement of the line, made a specious show of haste, as if there were a long queue of tourists waiting behind him to be served with tickets. Perhaps there was, indeed, a spectral line there, but Basil was the only tourist present in the flesh, and he shivered in his isolation, and fled with the advertisement in his hand. Isabel met him at the door of the station with a frightened face.

"Basil," she cried, "I have found out what the trouble is! *Where are the brides?*"

He took her outstretched hands in his, and passing one of them through his arm walked with her apart from the children, who were examining at the news-man's booth the moccasins and the birch-bark bricabrac of the Irish aborigines, and the cups and vases of Niagara spar imported from Devonshire.

"My dear," he said, "there are no brides; everybody was married twelve years ago, and the brides are middle-aged mothers of families now, and don't come to Niagara if they are wise."

"Yes," she desolately asserted, "that is so! Something has been hanging over me ever since we came, and suddenly I realized that it was the absence of the brides. But — but — Down at the hotels — Did n't you see anything bridal there? When the omnibuses arrived, was there no burst of minstrelsy? Was there —"

She could not go on, but sank nervelessly into the nearest seat.

"Perhaps," said Basil, dreamily regarding the contest of Tom and Bella for a newly-purchased paper of sour cherries, and helplessly forecasting in his remoter mind the probable consequences, "there were both brides and minstrelsy at the hotel, if I had only had the eyes to see and the ears to hear. In this world, my dear, we are always of our own time, and we live amid contemporary things. I dare say there were middle-aged people at Niagara when we were here before, but we did not meet them, nor they us. I dare say that the place is now swarming with bridal couples, and it is because they are invisible and inaudible to us that it seems such a howling wilderness. But the hotel clerks and the restaurateurs and the hackmen know them, and that is the reason why they receive with surprise and even offense our sympathy for their loneliness. Do you suppose, Isabel, that if you were to lay your head on my shoulder, in a bridal manner, it would do anything to bring us *en rapport* with that lost bridal world again?"

Isabel caught away her hand. "Basil," she cried, "it would be disgusting! I would n't do it for the world — not even for *that* world. I saw one middle-aged couple on Goat Island, while you were down at the Cave of the Winds, or somewhere, with the children. They were sitting on some steps, he a step below her, and he seemed to want to put his head on her knee; but I gazed at him sternly, and he did n't dare. We should look like them, if we yielded to any outburst of affection. Don't you think we should look like them?"

"I don't know," said Basil. "You are certainly a little wrinkled, my dear."

"And you are very fat, Basil."

They glanced at each other with a flash of resentment, and then they both laughed. "We could n't look young if

we quarreled a week," he said. "We had better content ourselves with feeling young, as I hope we shall do if we live to be ninety. It will be the loss of others if they don't see our bloom upon us. Shall I get you a paper of cherries, Isabel? The children seem to be enjoying them."

Isabel sprang upon her offspring with a cry of despair. "Oh, what shall I do? Now we shall not have a wink of sleep with them to-night. Where *is* that nux?" She hunted for the medicine in her bag, and the children submitted; for they had eaten all the cherries, and they took their medicine without a murmur. "I wonder at your letting them eat the sour things, Basil," said their mother, when the children had run off to the news-stand again.

"I wonder that you left me to see what they were doing," promptly retorted their father.

"It was your nonsense about the brides," said Isabel; "and I think this has been a lesson to us. *Don't* let them get anything else to eat, dearest."

"They are safe; they have no more money. They are frugally confining themselves to the admiration of the Japanese bows and arrows yonder. Why have our Indians taken to making Japanese bows and arrows?"

Isabel despised the small pleasantry. "Then you saw nobody at the hotel?" she asked.

"Not even the Ellisons," said Basil.

"Ah, yes," said Isabel; "that was where we met them. How long ago it seems! And poor little Kitty! I wonder what has become of them? But I'm glad they're not here. That's what makes you realize your age: meeting the same people in the same place a great while after, and seeing how old they've grown. I don't think I could bear to see Kitty Ellison again. I'm glad she did n't come to visit us in Boston, though, after what happened, she could n't, poor thing! I wonder if she's

ever regretted her breaking with him in the way she did. It's a very painful thing to think of,—such an inconclusive conclusion ; it always seemed as if they ought to meet again, somewhere."

"I don't believe she ever wished it."

"A man can't tell what a woman wishes."

"Well, neither can a woman," returned Basil, lightly.

His wife remained serious. "It was a very fine point,—a very little thing to reject a man for. I felt that when I first read her letter about it."

Basil yawned. "I don't believe I ever knew just what the point was."

"Oh yes, you did ; but you forget everything. You know that they met two Boston ladies just after they were engaged, and she believed that he did n't introduce her because he was ashamed of her countrified appearance before them."

"It *was* a pretty fine point," said Basil, and he laughed provokingly.

"He might not have meant to ignore her," answered Isabel thoughtfully ; "he might have chosen not to introduce her because he felt too proud of her to subject her to any possible misappreciation from them. You might have looked at it in that way."

"Why did n't *you* look at it in that way ? You advised her against giving him another chance. Why did you ?"

"Why ?" repeated Isabel, absently. "Oh, a woman does n't judge a man by what he *does*, but by what he *is* ! I knew that if she dismissed him it was because she never really had trusted or could trust his love ; and I thought she had better not make another trial."

"Well, very possibly you were right. At any rate, you have the consolation of knowing that it's too late to help it now."

"Yes, it's too late," said Isabel ; and her thoughts went back to her meeting with the young girl whom she had liked so much, and whose after history had

interested her so painfully. It seemed to her a hard world that could come to nothing better than that for the girl whom she had seen in her first glimpse of it that night. Where was she now ? What had become of her ? If she had married that man, would she have been any happier ? Marriage was not the poetic dream of perfect union that a girl imagines it ; she herself had found that out. It was a state of trial, of probation ; it was an ordeal, not an ecstasy. If she and Basil had broken each other's hearts and parted, would not the fragments of their lives have been on a much finer, much higher plane ? Had not the commonplace, every-day experiences of marriage vulgarized them both ? To be surè, there were the children ; but if they had never had the children, she would never have missed them ; and if Basil had, for example, died just before they were married — She started from this wicked reverie, and ran towards her husband, whose broad, honest back, with no visible neck or shirt-collar, was turned towards her, as he stood, with his head thrown up, studying a time-table on the wall ; she passed her arm convulsively through his, and pulled him away.

"It's time to be getting our bags out to the train, Basil ! Come, Bella ! Tom, we're going !"

The children reluctantly turned from the news-man's trumpery ; and they all went out to the track, and took seats on the benches under the colonnade. While they waited, the train for Buffalo drew in, and they remained watching it till it started. In the last car that passed them, when it was fairly under way, a face looked full at Isabel from one of the windows. In that moment of astonishment she forgot to observe whether it was sad or glad ; she only saw, or believed she saw, the light of recognition dawn into its eyes, and then it was gone.

"Basil !" she cried, "stop the train ! That was Kitty Ellison !"

"Oh no, it was n't," said Basil, easily,

"It looked like her; but it looked at least ten years older."

"Why, of course it was! We're all ten years older," returned his wife in such indignation at his stupidity that she neglected to insist upon his stopping the train, which was rapidly diminishing in the perspective.

He declared it was only a fancied resemblance; she contended that this was in the neighborhood of Erie creek, and it must be Kitty; and thus one of their most inveterate disagreements began.

Their own train drew into the depot, and they disputed upon the fact in question till they entered on the passage of the Suspension Bridge. Then Basil

rose and called the children to his side. On the left hand, far up the river, the great Fall shows, with its mists at its foot and its rainbow on its brow, as silent and still as if it were vastly painted there; and below the bridge, on the right, leap the Rapids in the narrow gorge, like seas on a rocky shore. "Look on both sides, now," he said to the children. "Isabel, you must see this!"

Isabel had been preparing for the passage of this bridge ever since she left Boston. "Never!" she exclaimed. She instantly closed her eyes, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Thanks to this precaution of hers, the train crossed the bridge in perfect safety.

William Dean Howells.

LIFE.

SPRING's breath is in the air: the dreaming Earth,
 Long wrapped in deep repose,
 Beneath the snows,
 Waiting the season's birth,
 Stirs in her sleep;
 Still her warm heart doth keep
 Sweet memories of love's departed days;
 Yet does her bosom thrill
 Beneath its mantle chill,
 Owing the magic of her lover's gaze;
 For now her lord, the Sun,
 Afar his course hath run,
 And comes to wake her with his kindling rays.

Ah! 't is no idle word,
 In song and saga heard,
 That tells the tale of love's awakening power.
 The Northmen's myth sublime,
 The poet's tender rhyme,
 Breathe kindred truths, that fit the passing hour.

Poet or Viking, heart of flesh or flame!
 That heart's own history
 Revealed life's mystery;
 To Nature's child the nature secret came.
 And who shall say
 That in the heart of clay,

Throbbing beneath our feet, no spirit dwells?
Or that yon star,
Pulsating from afar,
Naught save a blind mechanic force impels?

O ye who deeply con great Nature's lore,
(Yet backward read,)
Do ye not miss, indeed,
The mightiest truth in all that mighty store?
Ye deftly read that hieroglyphic page,
And downward trace
The footsteps of the race,
Until ye find the glory of our age,
Its thought sublime,
Lost in primeval slime.

Ye hold the substance, but the vital flame
Eludes your grasp;
Spirit ye cannot clasp:
O brave truth-seekers, can ye therefore claim
That love and trust
Are accidents of dust?

Though ye may scan
The unfolding powers of man,
And mark the height to which his thought may soar,
How can ye tell
What inner life may dwell
Even in the slime that paves the ocean floor?

"God's spirit moved above the lifeless waves,
And life was born:"
'Tis thus creation's morn
Has shone on us across the centuries' graves.
To-day the lamp of ancient faith burns dim;
New lights arise,
And flood the eastern skies,
And echoes far great Nature's primal hymn.

Life is, and was, and shall be, ever still,
The regnant soul;
While suns and planets roll,
Shall bend obedient matter to its will;
Day after day
Shall veil itself in clay,
And ever thus its spiral track ascend:
Each shell downcast
More perfect than the last,
Each step more potent for the crowning end.

'Tis thus I fain would read the ancient writ
 Of ages gone,
 Graven on crumbling stone ;
 At the great mother's feet, I thus would sit,
 And list the story of her morning time ;
 And as I heard,
 Each retrospective word
 Should inly glow with prophecies sublime ;
 Life is, and was, and shall be, evermore.
 Oh, deep and vast
 The records of the past,
 But measureless the promises in store.

S. E. C.

COLONIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING is more interesting than to trace, through many years and almost endless wanderings and changes, the fortunes of an idea or habit of thought. The subject is a much-neglected one, even in these days of sweeping and minute investigation, because its inherent difficulties are so great, and the data so multifarious, confused, and sometimes contradictory, that absolute proof and smooth presentation seem well-nigh impossible. Yet the ideas, the opinions, even the prejudices of men, impalpable and indefinite as they are, have at times a wonderful vitality and force. The conditions under which they have been developed may change, or pass utterly away, while they, mere shadowy creations of the mind, will endure for generations. Long after the world to which it belonged has vanished, a habit of thought will live on, indelibly imprinted upon a race or nation, like the footprint of some extinct beast or bird upon a piece of stone. The solemn bigotry of the Spaniard is the fossil trace of the fierce struggle of eight hundred years with the Moors. The theory of the Lord's day peculiar to the English race all over the world is the deeply branded sign of the brief reign of Pu-

ritanism. A certain fashion of thought prevailed half a century ago ; another is popular to-day. There is a resemblance between the two, the existence of both is recognized, and both, without much consideration, are set down as sporadic and independent. We have all heard of those rivers which are suddenly lost to sight in the bowels of the earth, and, coming as suddenly again to the surface, flow onward to the sea as before. Despite the vanishing, it is always the same river. Or the wandering stream may turn aside into fresh fields, and, with new shapes and colors, seem to have no connection with the waters of its source or those which finally mingle with the sea. It is exactly so with some kinds of ideas and modes of thought, — those that are wholly distinct from the countless host of opinions which perish utterly, and are forgotten in a few years, or which are still oftener the creatures of a day, or an hour, and die by myriads, like the short-lived insects whose course is run between sunrise and sunset.

The purpose of this article is to discuss briefly certain opinions which belong to the more enduring class. They are sufficiently well known. When they are mentioned every one will recognize

them, and will admit their existence at the period to which they belong. The point which is overlooked is their connection and relationship. They all have the same pedigree, a marked resemblance to each other, and they derive their descent from a common ancestor. My intention is merely to trace the pedigree and narrate the history of this numerous and interesting family. I have entitled them collectively Colonialism in the United States, a description which is more comprehensive than satisfactory or exact.

In the year of grace 1776, we published to the world our Declaration of Independence. Six years later, England assented to the separation. These are tolerably familiar facts. That we have been striving ever since to make that independence real and complete, and that the work is not yet entirely finished, are not, perhaps, equally obvious truisms. The hard fighting by which we severed our connection with the mother country was in many ways the least difficult part of the work of building up a great and independent nation. The decision of the sword may be rude, but it is pretty sure to be speedy. Armed revolution is quick. A South American, in the exercise of his constitutional privileges, will rush into the street and declare a revolution in five minutes. A Frenchman will pull down one government to-day, and set up another to-morrow, besides giving new names to all the principal streets of Paris during the intervening night. We English-speaking people do not move quite so fast. We come more slowly to the boiling point; we are not fond of violent changes, and when we make them we consume a considerable time in doing it. Still, at the best, a revolution by force of arms is an affair of a few years. We broke with England in 1776, we had won our victory in 1782, and by the year 1789 we had a new national government in operation.

But if we are slower than other people in the conduct of revolutions, owing largely to our love of dogged fighting and inability to recognize defeat, we are infinitely more deliberate than our neighbors in altering, or even modifying, our ideas and modes of thought. The slow mind and ingrained conservatism of the English race are the chief causes of their marvelous political and material success. After much obstinate fighting in the field, they have carried through the few revolutions which they have seen fit to engage in; but when they have undertaken to extend these revolutions to the domain of thought, there has arisen always a spirit of stubborn and elusive resistance, which has seemed to set every effort, and even time itself, at defiance.

By the treaty of Paris our independence was acknowledged, and in name and theory was complete. We then entered upon the second stage in the conflict, that of ideas and opinions. True to our race and to our instincts, and with a wisdom which is one of the glories of our history, we carefully preserved the principles and forms of government and law, which traced an unbroken descent and growth from the days of the Saxon invasion. But while we kept so much that was of inestimable worth, we also retained, inevitably, of course, something which it would have been well for us to have shaken off together with the rule of George III. and the British Parliament. This was the colonial spirit in our modes of thought.

The word "colonial" is preferable to the more obvious word "provincial," because the former is absolute, while the latter, by usage, has become in a great measure relative. We are very apt to call an opinion, a custom, or a neighbor "provincial," because we do not like the person or thing in question; and in this way the true value of the word has of late been frittered away. But colonial-

ism is susceptible of accurate definition. A colony is an offshoot from a parent stock, and its chief characteristic is dependence. In exact proportion as dependence lessens, the colony changes its nature and advances toward national existence. For a hundred and fifty years we were English colonies. Just before the Revolution, in everything but the affairs of practical government, the precise point at which the break came, we were still colonies in the fullest sense of the term. Except in matters of food and drink, and of the wealth which we won from the soil and the ocean, we were in a state of complete material and intellectual dependence. Every luxury, and almost every manufactured article, came to us across the water. Our politics, except those which were purely local, were the politics of England, and so also were our foreign relations. Our books, our art, our authors, our commerce, were all English; and this was true of our colleges, our professions, our learning, our fashions, and our manners. There is no need here to go into the details which show the absolute supremacy of the colonial spirit and our entire intellectual dependence. When we sought to originate, we simply imitated. The conditions of our life could not be overcome.

The universal prevalence of the colonial spirit is shown most strongly by one great exception, just as the flash of lightning makes us realize the intense darkness of a thunder-storm at night. In the midst of the provincial and barren waste of our intellectual existence in the eighteenth century there stands out in sharp relief the luminous genius of Franklin. It is true that Franklin was cosmopolitan in thought, that his name and fame and achievements in science and literature belonged to mankind; but he was all this because he was genuinely and intensely American. His audacity, his fertility, his adaptability, are all characteristic of America, and not

of an English colony. He moved with an easy and assured step, with a poise and balance which nothing could shake, among the great men of the world; he stood before kings and princes and courtiers, unmoved and unawed. He was strongly averse to breaking with England; but when the war came he was the one man who could go forth and represent to Europe the new nationality without a touch of the colonist about him. He met them all, great ministers and great sovereigns, on a common ground, as if the colonies of yesterday had been an independent nation for generations. His autobiography is the corner-stone, the first great work of American literature. The plain, direct style, almost worthy of Swift, the homely, forcible language, the humor, the observation, the knowledge of men, the worldly philosophy of that remarkable book, are familiar to all; but its best and, considering its date, its most extraordinary quality is its perfect originality. It is American in feeling, without any taint of English colonialism. Look at Franklin in the midst of that excellent Pennsylvanian community; compare him and his genius with his surrounding, and you get a better idea of what the colonial spirit was in America in those days, and how thoroughly men were saturated with it, than in any other way.

In general terms it may be said that, outside of politics and the still latent democratic tendencies, the entire intellectual life of the colonists was drawn from England, and that to the mother country they looked for everything pertaining to the domain of thought. The colonists in the eighteenth century had, in a word, a thoroughly and deeply rooted habit of mental dependence. The manner in which we have gradually shaken off this dependence, retaining of the past only that which is good, constitutes the history of the decline of the colonial spirit in the United States. As this spirit existed everywhere at the outset,

and brooded over the whole realm of intellect, we can in most cases trace its history best in the recurring and successful revolts against it, which, breaking out now here, now there, have at last brought it so near to final extinction.

In 1789, after the seven years of disorder and demoralization which followed the close of the war, the United States government was established. Every visible political tie which bound us to England had been severed, and we were apparently entirely independent. But the shackles of the colonial spirit, which had been forging and welding for a century and a half, were still heavy upon us, and fettered all our mental action. The work of making our independence real and genuine was but half done, and the first struggle of the new national spirit with that of the colonial past was in the field of politics, and occupied twenty-five years before victory was finally obtained. We still felt that our fortunes were inextricably interwoven with those of Europe. We could not realize that what affected us nearly when we were a part of the British Empire no longer touched us as an independent nation. We can best understand how strong this feeling was by the effect which was produced here by the French Revolution. That tremendous convulsion, it may be said, was necessarily felt everywhere; but one much greater might take place in Europe to-day without producing here anything at all resembling the excitement of 1790. We had already achieved far more than the French Revolution sought or accomplished. We had gone much further on the democratic road than any other nation. Yet worthy men in the United States put on cockades and liberty caps, erected trees of liberty, called each other "Citizen Brown" and "Citizen Smith," drank confusion to tyrants, and sang the wild songs of Paris. All this was done in a country where every privilege and artificial distinction had been swept away, and where the

government was the creation of the people themselves. These ravings and symbols had a terrific reality in Paris and in Europe, and so, like colonists, we felt that they must have a meaning to us, and that the fate and fortunes of our ally were our fate and fortunes. A part of the people engaged in an imitation that became here the shallowest nonsense, while the other portion of the community, which was hostile to French ideas, took up and propagated the notion that the welfare of civilized society lay with England and with English opinions. Thus we had two great parties in the United States, working themselves up to white heat over the politics of England and France. The first heavy blow to the influence of foreign politics was Washington's proclamation of neutrality. It seems a very simple and obvious thing now, this policy of non-interference in the affairs of Europe which that proclamation inaugurated, and yet at the time men marveled at the step, and thought it very strange. Parties divided over it. People could not conceive how we could keep clear of the great stream of European events. One side disliked the proclamation as hostile to France, while the other approved it for the same reason. Even the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, one of the most representative men of American democracy, resisted the neutrality policy in the genuine spirit of the colonist. Yet Washington's proclamation was simply the sequel to the Declaration of Independence. It merely amounted to saying, We have created a new nation, and England not only cannot govern us, but English and European politics are none of our business, and we propose to be independent of them and not meddle in them. The neutrality policy of Washington's administration was a great advance toward independence and a severe blow to colonialism in politics. Washington himself exerted a powerful influence against the

colonial spirit. The principle of nationality, then just entering upon its long struggle with state rights, was in its very nature hostile to everything colonial; and Washington, despite his Virginian traditions, was thoroughly imbued with the national spirit. He believed himself, and insensibly impressed his belief upon the people, that true nationality could only be obtained by holding ourselves aloof from the conflicts and the politics of the Old World. Then, too, his splendid personal dignity, which still holds us silent and respectful after the lapse of a hundred years, communicated itself to his office, and thence to the nation of which he was the representative. The colonial spirit withered away in the presence of Washington.

The only thorough-going nationalist among the leaders of that time was Alexander Hamilton. He was not born in the States, and was therefore free from all local influences; and he was by nature imperious in temper and imperial in his views. The guiding principle of that great man's public career was the advancement of American nationality. He was called "British" Hamilton by the very men who wished to throw us into the arms of the French republic, because he was wedded to the principles and the forms of constitutional English government, and sought to preserve them here adapted to new conditions. He desired to put our political inheritance to its proper use, but this was as far removed from the colonial spirit as possible. Instead of being "British," Hamilton's intense eagerness for a strong national government made him the deadliest foe of the colonial spirit, which he did more to strangle and crush out than any other man of his time. The objects at which he aimed were continental supremacy, and complete independence in business, politics, and industry. In all these departments he saw the belittling effects of dependence, and so he assailed it by his reports and

by his whole policy, foreign and domestic. So much of his work as he carried through had a far-reaching effect, and did a great deal to weaken the colonial spirit. But the strength of that spirit was best shown in the hostility or indifference which was displayed toward his projects. The great cause of opposition to Hamilton's financial policy proceeded, undoubtedly, from state jealousy of the central government; but the resistance to his foreign policy arose from the colonial ignorance which could not understand the real purpose of neutrality, and which thought that Hamilton was simply and stupidly endeavoring to force us toward England as against France.

Washington, Hamilton, and John Adams, despite his New England prejudices, all did much while they were in power, as the heads of the federalist party, to cherish and increase national self-respect, and thereby eradicate colonialism from our politics. The lull in Europe, after the fall of the federalists led to a truce in the contests over foreign affairs in the United States, but with the renewal of war the old conflict broke out. The years from 1806 to 1812 are among the least creditable in our history. The federalists ceased to be a national party. The fierce reaction against the French Revolution drove them into an unreasoning admiration of England. They looked to England for the salvation of civilized society. Their chief interest centred in English politics, and the resources of England formed the subject of their thoughts and studies, and furnished the theme of conversation at their dinner tables. It was just as bad on the other side. The republicans still clung to their affection for France, notwithstanding the despotism of the empire. They regarded Napoleon with reverential awe, and shivered at the idea of plunging into hostilities with any one. The foreign policy of Jefferson was that of a thorough colonist.

He shrank with horror from war. He would have had us confine ourselves to agriculture, and to our flocks and herds, because our commerce, the commerce of a nation, was something with which other powers were likely to interfere. He would have had us exist in a state of complete commercial and industrial dependence, and allow England to carry for us and manufacture for us, as she did when we were colonies, weighed down by the clauses of the navigation acts. His plans of resistance did not extend beyond the old colonial scheme of non-importation and non-intercourse agreements. Read the bitter debates in Congress of those years, and you find them filled with nothing but the politics of other nations. All the talk is saturated with colonial feeling. Even the names of opprobrium which the hostile parties applied to each other were borrowed. The republicans called the federalists "tories" and a "British faction," while the federalists retorted by stigmatizing their opponents as jacobins. During these sorry years, however, the last in which our politics bore the colonial character, a new party was growing up, which may be called the national party, not as distinguished from the party of state rights, but as the opposition to colonial ideas. This new movement was headed and rendered illustrious by such men as Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, the brilliant group from South Carolina, comprising Calhoun, Langdon Cheves, and William Lowndes, and at a later period by Daniel Webster. Clay and the South Carolinians were the first to push forward the resistance to colonialism. Their policy was crude and ill defined. They struck out blindly against the evil influence which, as they felt, was choking the current of national life. They were convinced that, to be truly independent, the United States must fight somebody. Who that somebody should be was a secondary question. Of all the nations which had been

kicking and cuffing us, England was, on the whole, the most arrogant, and offensive; and so the young nationalists dragged the country into the war of 1812. We were wonderfully successful at sea, but in other respects this war was neither very prosperous nor very creditable. The treaty of Ghent was absolutely silent as to the objects for which we had expressly declared war. But the real purpose of the war was gained, despite the silent and almost meaningless treaty which concluded it. We had proved to the world and to ourselves that we existed as a nation. We had demonstrated the fact that we had ceased to be colonies. We had torn up colonialism in our public affairs by the roots, and we had crushed out the colonial spirit in our politics. After the war of 1812 our politics might be good, bad, or indifferent, but they were our own politics, and not those of Europe. The wretched colonial spirit which had belittled and warped them for twenty-five years had perished utterly, and with the treaty of Ghent it was buried so deeply that not even its ghost has since crossed our political pathway.

Besides being the field where the first battle with the colonial spirit was fought out, politics then offered almost the only intellectual interest of the country, outside of commerce, which was still largely dependent in character, and very different in its scope from the great mercantile combinations of to-day. Religious controversy was of the past, and except in New England, where the liberal revolt against Calvinism was in progress, there was no great interest in theological questions. When the constitution went into operation the professions of law and medicine were in their infancy. There was no literature, no art, no science, none of the multifarious interests which now divide and absorb the intellectual energies of the community. In the quarter of a century which

closed with the treaty of Ghent we can trace the development of the legal and medical professions, and their advance towards independence and originality. But in the literary efforts of the time we see the colonial spirit displayed more strongly than anywhere else, and in apparently undiminished vigor.

Our first literature was political, and sprang from the discussions incident to the adoption of the constitution. This literature was concerned with our own affairs, and aimed at the foundation of a nation. It was therefore fresh, vigorous, often learned, and thoroughly American in tone. Its masterpiece was the *Federalist*, which marks an era in the history of constitutional discussion, and which was the conception of the thoroughly national mind of Hamilton. After the new government was established, our political literature, like our politics, drifted back to provincialism of thought, and was absorbed in the affairs of Europe; but the first advance on the road to literary independence was made by the early literature of the constitution.

To this period, between the years 1789 and 1815, Washington Irving, our first eminent name in literature, belongs. This is not the place to enter into an analysis of Irving's genius, but it may be fairly said that while in feeling he was a thorough American, in literature he was a cosmopolitan. His easy style, the tinge of romance, and the mingling of the story-teller and the antiquarian remind us of his great contemporary, Walter Scott. In his quiet humor and gentle satire, we taste the flavor of Addison. In the charming legends with which he has consecrated the beauties of the Hudson River valley, and thrown over that beautiful region the warm light of his imagination, we find the genuine love of country and of home. In like manner we perceive his historical taste and his patriotism in the last work of his life, the biography of his great name-

sake. But he wrought as well with the romance of Spain and of England. He was too great to be colonial; he did not find enough food for his imagination in the America of that day to be thoroughly American. He stands apart, a great gift from America to English literature, but not a type of American literature itself. He had imitators and friends, whom it has been the fashion to call a school, but he founded no school, and died as he had lived, alone. He broke through the narrow trammels of colonialism himself, but the colonial spirit hung just as heavily upon the feeble literature about him.

In that same period there flourished another literary man, who was far removed in every way from the brilliant editor of *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, but who illustrated by his struggle with colonialism the strength of that influence far better than Irving, who soared so easily above it. Noah Webster, poor, sturdy, independent, with a rude but surprising knowledge of philology, revolted in every nerve and fibre of his being against the enervating influence of the colonial past. The spirit of nationality had entered into his soul. He felt that the nation which he saw growing up about him was too great to take its orthography or its pronunciation blindly and obediently from the mother land. It was a new country and a new nation, and Webster determined that so far as in him lay it should have linguistic independence. It was an odd idea, but it came from his heart, and his national feeling found natural expression in the study of language, to which he devoted his life. He went into open rebellion against British tradition. He was snubbed, laughed at, and abused. He was regarded as little better than a madman to dare to set himself up against Johnson and his successors. But the hardheaded New Englander pressed on, and finally brought out his dictionary, — a great work, which has fitly preserved

his name. His knowledge was crude, his general theory mistaken; his system of changes has not stood the test of time, and was in itself contradictory; but the stubborn battle which he fought for literary independence and the hard blows he struck should never be forgotten, while the odds against which he contended and the opposition he aroused are admirable illustrations of the overpowering influence of the colonial spirit in our early literature.

What the state of our literature was, what the feelings of our few literary men, and what the spirit with which Webster did battle all come out in a few lines written by an English poet. We can see everything as by a sudden flash of light, and we do not need to look further to understand the condition of American literature in the early years of the century. In the waste of barbarism called the United States, the only oasis discovered by the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Thomas Moore was in the society of Mr. Joseph Dennie, a clever editor and essayist, and his little circle of friends in Philadelphia. The lines commonly quoted in this connection are those in the epistle to Spencer, beginning, —

"Yet, yet, forgive me, O ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;"

which describe the poet's feelings toward America, and his delight in the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends. But the feelings and opinions of Moore are of no moment. The really important passage describes not the author, but what Dennie and his companions said and thought, and has in this way historical if not poetic value. The lines occur among those addressed to the Boston frigate when the author was leaving Halifax: —

"Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings, — too brief a delight,
When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night;

When they've asked me the manners, the mind,
or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had
seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had
adored,
Whose name had oft hallowed the wine-cup they
poured.
And still, as with sympathy humble but true
I have told of each bright son of fame all I
knew,
They have listened, and sighed that the powerful
stream
Of America's empire should pass like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanished
away!"

The evils apprehended by these excellent gentlemen are much more strongly set forth in the previous epistle, but here we catch sight of the men themselves. There they sit adoring Englishmen, and eagerly inquiring about them of the gracious Mr. Moore, while they are dolefully sighing that the empire of America is to pass away and leave no relic of genius. In their small way they were doing what they could toward such a consummation. It may be said that this frame of mind was perfectly natural under the circumstances; but it is not to the purpose to inquire into causes and motives; it is enough to state the fact. Here was a set of men of more than average talents and education; not geniuses, like Irving, but clever men, forming one of the two or three small groups of literary men in the United States. They come before us as true provincials, steeped to the eyes in colonialism, and they fairly represent the condition of American literature at that time. They were slaves to the colonial spirit, which bowed before England and Europe. They have not left a name or a line which is remembered or read, except to serve as a historical illustration, and they will ultimately find their fit resting-place in the foot-notes of the historian.

With the close of the English war the United States entered upon the second stage of their development. The new era, which began in 1815, lasted un-

til 1861. It was a period of growth not simply in the direction of a vast material prosperity and a rapidly increasing population, but in national sentiment, which made itself felt everywhere. Wherever we turn during those years, we discover a steady decline of the colonial influence. Politics were wholly national and independent. The law was illustrated by great names, which take high rank in the annals of English jurisprudence. Medicine began to have its schools, and to show practitioners who no longer looked across the sea for inspiration. The Monroe doctrine bore witness to the strong foreign policy of an independent people. The tariff gave evidence of the eager desire for industrial independence, which found practical expression in the fast-growing native manufactures. Internal improvements were a sign of the general faith and interest in the development of the national resources. The rapid multiplication of inventions resulted from the natural genius of America in that important field, where it took almost at once a leading place. Science began to have a home at our seats of learning, and in the land of Franklin it found a congenial soil.

But the colonial spirit, cast out from our politics and fast disappearing from business and the professions, still clung closely to literature, which must always be the best and last expression of a national mode of thought. In the admirable *Life of Cooper*, just published, by Professor Lounsbury, the condition of our literature in 1820 is described so vividly and so exactly that it cannot be improved. It is as follows:—

“The intellectual dependence of America upon England at that period is something that it is now hard to understand. Political supremacy had been cast off, but the supremacy of opinion remained absolutely unshaken. Of creative literature there was then very little of any value produced; and to that

little a foreign stamp was necessary, to give currency outside of the petty circle in which it originated. There was slight encouragement for the author to write; there was still less for the publisher to print. It was, indeed, a positive injury, ordinarily, to the commercial credit of a bookseller to bring out a volume of poetry or of prose fiction which had been written by an American; for it was almost certain to fail to pay expenses. A sort of critical literature was struggling, or rather gasping, for a life that was hardly worth living; for its most marked characteristic was its servile deference to English judgment and dread of English censure. It requires a painful and penitential examination of the reviews of the period to comprehend the utter abasement of mind with which the men of that day accepted the foreign estimate upon works written here, which had been read by themselves, but which it was clear had not been read by the critics whose opinions they echoed. Even the meekness with which they submitted to the most depreciatory estimate of themselves was outdone by the anxiety with which they hurried to assure the world that they, the most cultivated of the American race, did not presume to have so high an opinion of the writings of some one of their countrymen as had been expressed by enthusiasts, whose patriotism had proved too much for their discernment. Never was any class so eager to free itself from charges that imputed to it the presumption of holding independent views of its own. Out of the intellectual character of many of those who at that day pretended to be the representatives of the highest education in this country, it almost seemed that the element of manliness had been wholly eliminated; and that, along with its sturdy democracy, whom no obstacles thwarted and no dangers daunted, the New World was also to give birth to a race of literary cowards and parasites.”

The case is vigorously stated, but is not at all overcharged. Far stronger, indeed, than Professor Lounsbury's statement is the commentary furnished by Cooper's first book. This novel, now utterly forgotten, was entitled *Precaution*. Its scene was laid wholly in England; its characters were drawn from English society, chiefly from the aristocracy of that favored land; its conventional phrases were all English; worst and most extraordinary of all, it professed to be by an English author, and was received on that theory without suspicion. In such a guise did the most popular of American novelists and one of the most eminent writers of fiction of the day first appear before his countrymen and the world. If this were not so pitiable, it would be utterly ludicrous. The most melancholy feature of the case is that Cooper was not in the least to blame, and no one found fault with him. His action was regarded by every one as a matter of course. In other words, the first step of an American entering upon a literary career was to pretend to be an Englishman, in order that he might win the approval, not of Englishmen, but of his own countrymen.

If this preposterous state of public opinion had been a mere passing fashion it would hardly be worth recording. But it represented a fixed and settled habit of mind, and is only one example of a long series of similar phenomena. We look back to the years preceding the Revolution, and there we find this mental condition flourishing and strong. At that time it hardly calls for comment, because it was so perfectly natural. It is when we find such opinions existing in the year 1820 that we are conscious of their significance. They belong to colonists, and they are uttered by the citizens of a great and independent state. The sorriest part of it is that these views were chiefly held by the best educated portion of the community. The

great body of the American people, who had cast out the colonial spirit from their politics and their business, and were fast destroying it in the professions, was sound and true. The parasitic literature of that day makes the boastful and rhetorical patriotism then in the exuberance of youth seem actually noble and fine, because, with all its faults, it was honest, genuine, and inspired by a real love of country.

Yet it was during this period, between the years 1815 and 1861, that we began to have a literature of our own, and one which any people could take pride in. Cooper himself was the pioneer. In his second novel, *The Spy*, he threw off the wretched spirit of the colonist. The popularity of this story broke down all barriers, and it was read everywhere with delight and approbation. The chief cause of the difference between the fate of this novel and that of its predecessor lies in the fact that *The Spy* was of genuine native origin. Cooper loved and knew American scenery and life. He understood certain phases of American character on the prairie and the ocean, and his genius was no longer smothered by the dead colonialism of the past. *The Spy*, and those of Cooper's novels which belong to the same class, have lived and will live, and certain American characters which he drew will likewise endure. He might have struggled all his life in the limbo of intellectual servitude to which Moore's friends consigned themselves, and no one would have cared for him then or remembered him now. But with all his foibles, Cooper was inspired by an intense patriotism, and he had a bold, vigorous, aggressive nature. He freed his talents at a stroke, and giving them full play attained at once a world-wide reputation, which no man of colonial mind could ever have dreamed of reaching. Yet his countrymen, long before his days of strife and unpopularity, seem to have taken singularly little patriotic

pride in his achievements, and the well bred and well educated shuddered to hear him called the "American Scott;" not because they thought it inappropriate and misapplied, but because it was a piece of irreverent audacity toward a great light of English literature.

Cooper was the first, after the close of the war of 1812, to cast off the colonial spirit and take up his position as a representative of genuine American literature; but he soon had companions, who carried still higher the standard which he had raised. To this period, which closed with our civil war, belong many of the names which are to-day among those most cherished by English-speaking people everywhere. We see the national spirit in Longfellow turning from the themes of the Old World to those of the New. In the beautiful creations of the sensitive and delicate imagination of Hawthorne, the greatest genius America has as yet produced, there was a new tone and a rich originality. The same influence may be detected in the wild fancies of Poe. We find a like native strength in the sparkling verses of Holmes, in the pure and gentle poetry of Whittier, and in the firm, vigorous work of Lowell. A new leader of independent thought arises in Emerson, destined to achieve a world-wide reputation. A new school of historians appears, adorned by the talents of Prescott, Bancroft, and Motley. Many of these distinguished men were far removed in point of time from the beginning of the new era. They all, however, belong to and are the result of the national movement, which began its onward march as soon as we had shaken ourselves clear from the influence of the colonial spirit upon our public affairs by the struggle which culminated in "Mr. Madison's war," as the federalists loved to call it.

These successes in the various departments of intellectual activity were all due to an instinctive revolt against

provincialism. But, nevertheless, the old and time-worn spirit which made Cooper pretend to be an Englishman in 1820 was very strong, and continued to impede our progress toward intellectual independence. We find it clinging to the lesser and weaker forms of literature. We see it in fashion and society and in habits of thought, but we find the best proof of its vitality in our sensitiveness to foreign opinion. This was a universal failing. The body of the people showed it by bitter resentment; the cultivated and highly educated by abject submission and deprecation, or by cries of pain.

As was natural to a very young nation, just awakened to its future destiny, just conscious of its still undeveloped strength, there was at this time a vast amount of exuberant self-satisfaction, of cheap rhetoric, and of noisy self-glorification. There was a corresponding readiness to take offense at the unfavorable opinion of outsiders, and yet an eager curiosity to hear foreign opinions of any kind. We were, of course, very open to satire and attack. We were young, undeveloped, with a crude, almost raw civilization, and a great inclination to be boastful and conceited. Our English cousins, who had failed to conquer us, bore us no good will, and were quite ready to take all the revenge which books of travel and criticism could afford. It is to these years that the Marryats and Trollopes, the authors of *Cyril Thornton* and of the *American Notes*, belong. Most of these productions are quite forgotten now. The only ones which are still read, probably, are the *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*: the former preserved by the fame of the author, the latter by its own merit as a novel. There was abundant truth in what Dickens said, to take the great novelist as the type of this group of foreign critics. It was an age in which Elijah Pogram and Jefferson Brick flourished rankly. It is also true that

all that Dickens wrote was poisoned by his utter ingratitude, and that to describe the United States as populated by nothing but Bricks and Pograms was one-sided and malicious, and not true to facts. But the truth or the falsehood, the value or the worthlessness, of these criticisms are not of importance now. The striking fact, and the one we are in search of, is the manner in which we bore these censures when they appeared. We can appreciate contemporary feeling at that time only by delving in much-forgotten literature; and even then we can hardly comprehend fully what we find, so completely has our habit of mind altered since those days. We received these strictures with a howl of anguish and a scream of mortified vanity. We winced and writhed, and were almost ready to go to war, because English travelers and writers abused us. It is usual now to refer these ebullitions of feeling to our youth, probably from analogy with the youth of an individual. But the analogy is misleading. Sensitiveness to foreign opinion is not characteristic of a youthful nation, or at least we have no cases to prove it, and in the absence of proof the theory falls. On the other hand, this excessive and almost morbid sensibility is a characteristic of provincial, colonial or dependent states, especially in regard to the mother country. We raged and cried out against adverse English criticism, whether it was true or false, just or unjust. We paid it this unnatural attention because the spirit of the colonist still lurked in our hearts and affected our mode of thought. We were advancing fast on the road to intellectual and moral independence, but we were still far from the goal.

This second period in our history closed, as has been said, with the struggle generated by a great moral question, which finally absorbed all the thoughts and passions of the people, and culminated in a terrible civil war. We fought

to preserve the integrity of the Union; we fought for our national life, and nationality prevailed. The grandeur of the conflict, the dreadful suffering which it caused for the sake of principle, the uprising of a great people, elevated and ennobled the whole country. The flood-gates were opened, and the tremendous tide of national feeling swept away every meaner emotion. We came out of the battle, after an experience which brought a sudden maturity with it, stronger than ever, but much graver and soberer than before. We came out self-poised and self-reliant, with a true sense of dignity and of our national greatness, which years of peaceful development could not have given us. The sensitiveness to foreign opinion which had been the marked feature of our mental condition before the war had disappeared. It had vanished in the smoke of battle, as the colonial spirit disappeared from our politics in the war of 1812. Englishmen and Frenchmen have come and gone, and written their impressions of us, and made little splashes in the current of every-day topics, and have been forgotten. Just now it is the fashion for every Englishman who visits this country, particularly if he is a man of any note, to go home and tell the world what he thinks of us. Some of these writers do this without taking the trouble to come here first. Sometimes we read what they have to say out of curiosity. We accept what is true, whether unpalatable or not, philosophically, and smile at what is false. The general feeling is one of wholesome indifference. We no longer see salvation and happiness in favorable foreign opinion, or misery in the reverse. The colonial spirit in this direction also is practically extinct.

But while this is true of the mass of the American people whose mental health is good, and is also true of the great body of sound public opinion in the United States, it has some marked exceptions; and these exceptions consti-

tute the lingering remains of the colonial spirit, which survives, and shows itself here and there even at the present day, with a strange vitality.

In the years which followed the close of the war, it seemed as if colonialism had been utterly extinguished. Unfortunately, this was not the case. The multiplication of great fortunes, the growth of a class rich by inheritance, and the improvement in methods of travel and communication all tended to carry great numbers of Americans to Europe. The luxurious fancies which were born of increased wealth, and the intellectual tastes which were developed by the advance of the higher education, and to which an old civilization offers peculiar advantages and attractions, combined to breed in many persons a love of foreign life and foreign manners. These tendencies and opportunities have revived the dying spirit of colonialism. We see it most strongly in the leisure class, which is gradually increasing in this country. During the miserable ascendancy of the Second Empire, a band of these persons formed what was known as the "American colony," in Paris. Perhaps they still exist; if so, their existence is now less flagrant and more decent. When they were notorious they presented the melancholy spectacle of Americans admiring and aping the manners, habits, and vices of another nation, when that nation was bent and corrupted by the cheap, meretricious, and rotten system of the third Napoleon. They furnished a very offensive example of peculiarly mean colonialism. This particular phase has departed, but the same sort of Americans are, unfortunately, still common in Europe. I do not mean, of course, those persons who go abroad to buy social consideration, nor the women who trade on their beauty or wits to gain a brief and dishonoring notoriety. These last are merely adventurers and adventuresses, who are common to all nations. The people re-

ferred to here form that large class, comprising many excellent men and women, no doubt, who pass their lives in Europe, mourning over the inferiority of their own country, and who become thoroughly denationalized. They do not change into Frenchmen or Englishmen, but are simply disfigured and deformed Americans.

We find the same wretched habit of thought in certain groups among the rich and idle people of our great Eastern cities, especially in New York, because it is the metropolis. These groups are for the most part made up of young men, who despise everything American, and admire everything English. They talk and dress and walk and ride in certain ways, because the English do these things in those ways. They hold their own country in contempt, and lament the hard fate of their birth. They try to think that they form an aristocracy, and become at once ludicrous and despicable. The virtues which have made the upper classes in England what they are, and which take them into public affairs, into literature and politics, are forgotten. Anglo-Americans imitate the vices or the follies of their models, and stop there. If all this were merely a passing fashion, an attack of Anglo-mania or of Gallo-mania, of which there have been instances enough everywhere, it would be of no consequence. But it is a recurrence of the old and deep-seated malady of colonialism. It is a lineal descendant of the old colonial family. The features are somewhat dim now, and the vitality is low, but there is no mistaking the hereditary qualities. The people who thus despise their own land, and ape English manners, flatter themselves with being cosmopolitans, when in truth they are genuine colonists, petty and provincial to the last degree.

We see a like tendency in the same limited but marked way in our literature. Some of our cleverest and best fiction has been largely devoted to study-

ing the character of our countrymen abroad; that is, either denationalized Americans, or Americans with a foreign background. At times this species of literature resolves itself into an agonized effort to show how foreigners regard us, and to point out the defects which jar upon foreign susceptibilities even while it satirizes the denationalized American. The endeavor to turn ourselves inside out in order to appreciate the trivialities of life which impress foreigners unpleasantly is very unprofitable exertion, and the Europeanized American is not worth either study or satire. Writings of this kind, again, are intended to be cosmopolitan in tone, and to evince a knowledge of the world; they are in reality steeped in colonialism. We cannot but regret the influence of a spirit which wastes fine powers of mind and keen perceptions in a fruitless striving and a morbid craving to know how we appear to foreigners, and to show what they think of us.

We see also men and women of talent going abroad to study art and remaining there. The atmosphere of Europe is more congenial to such pursuits, and the struggle as nothing to what must be encountered here. But when it leads to an abandonment of America, the result is wholly vain. Sometimes these people become tolerably successful French artists, but their nationality and individuality have departed, and with them originality and force. The admirable school of etching, which has arisen in New York; the beautiful work of American wood-engraving; the Chelsea tiles of Lowe, which have carried the highest prizes at English exhibitions; the silver of Tiffany, specimens of which were bought by the Japanese commissioners at the Paris Exposition, are all strong, genuine work, and are doing more for American art, and for all art, than a wilderness of over-educated and denationalized Americans who are painting pictures and carving statues and

writing music in Europe or in the United States, in the spirit of colonists, and bowed down by a wretched dependence.

There is abundance of splendid material all about us here for the poet, the artist, or the novelist. The conditions are not the same as in Europe, but they are not, on that account, inferior. They are certainly as good. They may be better. Our business is not to grumble, because they are different, for that is colonial. We must adapt ourselves to them. We alone can use properly our own resources; and no work in art or literature ever has been, or ever will be, of any real or lasting value which is not true, original, and independent.

If these remnants of the colonial spirit and influence were, as they look at first sight, merely trivial accidents, they would not be worth mentioning. The range of their influence is limited, but it affects an important class. It appears almost wholly among the rich or the highly educated in art and literature; among men and women of talent and refined sensibilities. The follies of those who imitate English habits belong really to but a small portion of even their own class. But as these follies are contemptible, the wholesome prejudice which they excite is naturally, but thoughtlessly, extended to all who have anything in common with those who are guilty of them. In this busy country of ours the men of leisure and education, although increasing in number, are still few, and they have heavier duties and responsibilities than anywhere else. Public charities, public affairs, politics, literature, all demand the energies of such men. To the country which has given them wealth and leisure and education they owe the duty of faithful service, because they, and they alone, can afford to do that work which must be done without pay. The few who are imbued with the colonial spirit not only fail in their duty, and become contemptible and absurd, but they injure the in-

fluence and thwart the activity of the great majority of those who are similarly situated, and who are patriotic and public spirited.

In art and literature the vain struggle to be somebody or something other than an American, the senseless admiration of everything foreign, and the morbid anxiety about our appearance before foreigners have the same deadening effect. Such qualities were bad enough in 1820. They are a thousand times meaner and more foolish now. They retard the march of true progress, which must be here, as elsewhere, in the direction of nationality and independence. This does not mean that we are to expect or to seek for something utterly different, something new and strange, in art, literature, or society. Originality is thinking for one's self. Simply to think differently from other people is eccentricity. Some of our English cousins, for instance, have undertaken to hold Walt Whitman up as the herald of the coming literature of American democracy, merely because he departed from all received forms, and indulged in barbarous eccentricities. They mistake difference for originality. When Whitman did best, he was nearest to the old and well-proved forms. We, like our contemporaries everywhere, are the heirs of the ages, and we must study the past, and learn from it, and advance from what has been already tried and found good. That is the only way to success anywhere, or in anything. But we cannot enter upon that or any other road until we are truly national and independent intellectually, and are ready to think for ourselves, and not look to foreigners, to see what they think.

To those who grumble and sigh over the inferiority of America we may commend the opinion of a distinguished Englishman, as they prefer such authority. Mr. Herbert Spencer said recently, "I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and what-

ever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known." Even the Englishmen whom our provincials of to-day adore, even those who are most hostile, pay a serious attention to America. That keen respect for success and anxious deference to power characteristic of Great Britain find expression every day, more and more, in the English interest in the United States, now that we do not care in the least about it; and be it said in passing, no people despises more heartily than the English a man who does not love his country. To be despised abroad, and regarded with contempt and pity at home, is not a very lofty result of so much effort. But it is the natural and fit reward of colonialism. Members of a great nation instinctively patronize colonists.

It is interesting to examine the sources of the colonial spirit, and to trace its influence upon our history and its gradual decline. The study of a habit of mind, with its tenacity of life, is an instructive and entertaining branch of history. But if we lay history and philosophy aside, the colonial spirit as it survives to-day, although curious enough, is a mean and noxious thing, which cannot be too quickly or too thoroughly stamped out. It is the dying spirit of dependence, and wherever it still clings it injures, weakens, and degrades. It should be exorcised rapidly and completely, so that it will never return. I cannot close more fitly than with the noble words of Emerson:—

"Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. They who find America insipid, they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes, can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

A LANDLESS FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

It was late in a lovely day of early spring, the first warm Sunday of the year, when people who had been housed all winter came out to church, like flies creeping out of their cracks to crawl about a little in the sunshine. It seemed as if winter, the stern old king, had suddenly died, and as if the successor to the throne were a tender-hearted young princess, and everybody felt a cheerful sense of comparative liberty and freedom. The frogs were lifting up their voices in all the swamps, having discovered all at once that they were thawed out, and that it was time to assert themselves. A faint tinge of greenness suddenly appeared on the much-abused and weather-beaten grass by the roadsides, and the willows were covered with a mist of greenish gold. The air was fragrant, and so warm that it was almost summer-like; but the elderly people shook their heads, as they greeted each other gravely in the meeting-house yard, and said it was fine weather overhead, or spoke of the day reproachfully as a weather-breeder. There seemed to be a general dislike to giving unqualified praise to this Sunday weather, which was sure to be like one of the sweet spring flowers that surprise us because they bloom so early, and grieve us because they are so quick to fade.

After church was over in the afternoon, two or three men were spending an idle hour on a little bridge where the main highway of Wyland crossed Cranberry brook; a small stream enough in summer, when it could only provide water sufficient for the refreshment of an occasional horse or dog belonging to some stray traveler. It was apt to dry up altogether just when it was needed most; but now the swamp which it

drained was running over with water, and sent down a miniature flood, that bit at the banks and clutched at the roots and tufts of rushes as if it wished to hold itself back. It had piled already a barricade of leaves and sticks and yellow foam against the feeble fence that crossed it at the roadside, and the posts, which were already rotted away, were leaning over and working to and fro, as if they had hard work to stand the strain, and might fall with a great splash and go down stream with the mossy rails and the sticks and yellow foam any minute.

The water had risen to within a short distance of the floor of the bridge, and the three men stood watching it with great interest. Two of them, who had come from church, had found the other standing there. He owned the pasture through which the brook ran on its way to the river; but on that side of the road the ground fell off, so there was a small cascade; and his own stone walls, which stopped at the edge of this, were in no danger. He wore his every-day clothes, but the other men were in their Sunday best.

"Warm for the time o' year, ain't it?" asked one of these, taking off his hat, and giving his forehead a rub with his coat sleeve. "I wore my overcoat that I have been wearing this winter to meeting this morning, and the heft of it was more than a load of hay. I come off without it this afternoon. The folks said I should get my death o' cold, and I do' know but they was right, but I wa'n't going to swelter as I did in the forenoon for nobody."

"'Tis warm," said Ezra Allen, who was without his own waistcoat, and who whittled a deliciously smooth and soft

bit of pine with a keen-edged knife, in ideal Yankee fashion. "I've been looking to see that old fence of Uncle Jenkins's topple over; the stream's most as high as I ever see it. I should n't wonder if it come over the bridge, if this weather holds."

"Crambry Brook's b'en over this bridge more times 'n' you've got fingers and toes, Ezra," said the third man, scornfully. "Guess you've forgot. When I was a boy, 't was customary for it to go over the bridge every spring, and I do' know but I've seen it in the fall rains as well. Parker Jenkins come near getting drowned here once, you know."

"You're thinking of the little old bridge that used to be over it when we was boys; 't was two or three foot lower than this. The road used to be all under water in them days; I know that well as anybody. I was n't referring to the bridge. I said the brook was high as I ever see it. Ef you had that little bridge here before they histed up the road, I guess you'd find it well wet down."

"Don't seem to me as if the brooks run so high as they used," suggested Henry Wallis, mildly. "They say it's because the country's been stripped of its growth so. Cutting the pines all off lets the sun get to the springs, and the ground dries right up. I can't say I understand it myself, but they've got an argument for everything nowadays."

"There ain't so much snow as there used to be when we was boys," said Ezra Allen. "I never see no such drifts anywhere about as used to be round the old school-house; we used to make caves in 'em that you could stand right up in, and have lots o' clear room overhead, too."

"You're considerable taller than you was in them days, Ezzy," said Asa Parsons. "That makes some difference;" and the three neighbors laughed together, as if it were a great joke.

All through the parish were little

knots of people like this, gossiping together on their unfrequented front steps, or before the barn doors, where happy fowls fluffed their feathers and scratched the wet ground, or quawked and strutted to and fro. There was a good deal of social visiting going on, and as the three men stood together on the bridge, which was a favorite abiding place in summer, being not far from several farmhouses, they spoke to one neighbor after another, as he or she went along in the muddiest possible wagons. As for the horses, they were steaming as if they had come from the races, and looked as if they wished, like their masters, to be relieved of their winter coats.

"Seems to me everybody was out to-day," said Ezra Allen, who was a rosy-faced, pleasant-looking man of about forty. "I do' know when I've missed a Sunday before;" and he went on clipping little white chips from his stick, which was dwindling away slowly.

The other men waited for a few moments, until they became certain that he would say no more of his own accord; and then Asa Parsons boldly inquired what had kept him at home from meeting, and was told that he had watched the night before with old Mr. Jerry Jenkins.

"I want to know if you did," said Wallis, with much concern. "I'd no idea that he was so bad off as to have watchers. And I should think his own folks might take care of him amongst themselves. He ain't been sick enough to tucker them out, seems to me."

"I guess I'm as near to being his own folks as anybody, if setting by him counts for anything," said Ezra, with a good deal of feeling. "I always thought everything of Uncle Jerry. He's done me more kind turns than anybody else ever did, and he's a good-hearted man, if ever there was one. He's none of your sharpers, but he's got the good will of everybody that knows him, 'less it's his own children."

The three friends were leaning against the rail of the bridge, all in a row. Ezra whittled fiercely for a minute; the hands of his companions were plunged deep into their already sagging pockets. They looked at him eagerly, for they knew instinctively that he was going to say something more. He shut his jack-knife with a loud snap, and turned and threw the bit of white pine into the noisy, rushing brook. It was only a second before it had gone under the bridge, to show itself white and light on the brown water, and lift itself as if for a leap on the rounded edge of the little fall, and disappear. Ezra's forced discretion seemed to have been thrown away with it.

"Sereny Nudd found out, somehow or 'nother, before I come away this morning, that I mistrusted about things, and she come meachin' round, wanting me not to tell; but all I told her was that I wouldn't have done it, if I was her, if I was going to be ashamed of it. I don't know when anything has riled me up so. Says I, right to her face and eyes, I'm mortified to death to think I am any relation to such folks as you be, and she shut the door right in my face, and I cleared out. I've been sorry all day I said it; not on account of her, but now she's mad she won't let me go near the old gentleman, if she can help it, and I might have looked after him a good deal."

"What's to pay?" asked Wallis and Parsons, eagerly; it was some time since anything had happened to them which promised to be of so much interest as this. Ezra Allen was not easily excited, and was an uncommonly peaceable man under ordinary circumstances.

"Well, if I must say it, they've prevailed upon that poor old man to sign away his property, and I call it a burning shame."

"How long ago?" and the hearers looked at Ezra with startled countenances. Yet there could be seen a flick-

er of satisfaction at this beginning of his story.

"Some time in the winter," answered Ezra. "The poor creatur' has been laid up, you know, a good deal of the time, and there come a day when he was summoned to probate court, on account of that trust money he's got for the Foxwell child'n. You know he's guardeen for 'em, and it's been a sight o' trouble to him. He might have sent word to the judge that he wa'n't able to come and see to it, and 't would ha' done just as well three months hence, being a form of law he had to go through; but what does them plants o' grace do but work him all up, and tell him a lot o' stuff an' nonsense, until he was ready to do whatever they said. He put the power into Aaron Nudd's hands to go over and tend to the Foxwell matter; and then they went at him again (he told me all about it in the night, though I have had an inkling of it for some time past), and they told him 't want likely he'd ever get about again, and he was too old to look after business, and go hither and yon about the country. All he wanted was his livin', they told him, and he'd better give them the care of things and save himself all he could, and make himself comfortable the rest of his days. Sereny Nudd is dreadful fair-spoken when she gives her mind to it, and uncle, he's somehow or 'nother always had a great respect for her judgment, and been kind of 'fraid of her into the bargain; and he was sick and weak, and they bothered him about to death, till he signed off at last, just to get a little peace. Mary Lyddy Bryan was there at the time, a mournin' and complainin', same as she always is. Sereny won't have her about, generally, but she got her to help then, and between 'em they won him over. Mary Lyddy is always a dwellin' on being left a widow with no means, and a gre't family to fetch up, and her father's always had to help her. Both of her boys is big

enough to be doing for themselves, and ought to be put on to farms, or to some trades; but they 'll never do a stroke of work if they can help it."

"Did they draw up the papers just as they wanted 'em, and make the old sir sign 'em?" asked Parsons. "I should n't ha' thought he'd been fool enough."

"Nor I, neither," replied Ezra, who was in the flood tide of successful narration; "but we know, all of us, that their father ain't what he used to be, and he was a sick man at the time. They put it to him this way: that he would have everything he wanted, same 's if 't was his own, and that he should have his say about everything just the same, — 't was only to save him trouble of the care of things, — and the way Sereny fixed it was abominable. She got him, first of all, to give Mary Lyddy her place to Harlow's Mills, where she lives, out and out, 'because,' says she, 'it may smarten up the boys, and give them some ambition, if they feel it's their own.' Mary Lyddy always was kind of wanting, and she never see through it that Sereny was getting double what she was, she was so pleased about getting her place in her own right. Uncle, he told me he did n't want to do anything about the bank stock, and, to tell the truth, he always meant the farm for Parker; but the girls set to so about him that there wa'n't no use. Sereny said if ever her father wanted to change his mind he could do it, and make out new papers."

"After he'd gone and give it to her, it wa'n't his to give," growled Asa Parsons. "Did n't he know that?"

"Well, I can tell you he's been sick ever since he realized what he'd done," said Ezra. "He said last night that it had been gnawing at his conscience that it wa'n't fair to Parker or to Mary Lyddy, neither. I stuck up for Parker, but I told him Mary Lyddy would n't be any better off if she had a million;

and Sereny wa'n't far from the truth when she said he'd always been doing for her. But as for Parker, he'd done well enough if he had n't been nagged to death. I know he drank more 'n was good for him, and hated farm work; but there was sights o' good things about him, and he wa'n't no common fool. They've dinned it into the old man's ears that he must be dead, they ain't heard from him for so long; but Sereny never would write to him, and the old man's eyesight's failed him of late. He cried like a child as he lay there in bed, last night. He got hold of my hand and gripped it, and said he did n't know, till he got Mary Lyddy to read him the paper all through, once when Sereny was out to a neighbor's, that they'd worded it so 's to leave Parker out. It gives Mary Lyddy her place, and a piece of woodland beside, that comes from her mother's folks; and everything else — this farm, and the bank stock and everything, — to Sereny. She's got as much as three thousand dollars more than her half, — grasping creature's both on 'em, she and Aaron Nudd is, and they've got a young one that's going to be worse 'n either of 'em. I thought last night that the sooner poor old uncle was laid away, down in the burying-ground, the better 't would be for him. Like's not they'll never trouble themselves to set up a stone for him; but I'll see to it myself, sure as the world, if they don't show him respect, — taking away his rights, kind as he's always been, and a good neighbor. His only fault has been that he was too lavish. There ain't much the matter with him that I can see, except he's distressed, and seemed to feel he was broke in his mind, and there was nothing to look forward to. They've moved him out of the room where he always slept into a back bed-room, where there ain't room to swing a cat, and no chance for a fire. I like to have froze to death. I set up in my overcoat all night, for

't was chillier than you'd suppose before such a mild day. He wa'n't warm enough along towards morning, and I scouted round till I got some blankets, — for there was n't nothing over him but old quilted spreads. Sereny come in in the morning, mad as fire any way, because it seems she heard us talking in the night; but when she see them blankets, she like to have died, and asked why I did n't come to her if I wanted more bedclothes, — 't was too bad to spill medicines all over the best she had. 'There ain't a spot on 'em, nor a brack in 'em,' said I, real pleasant, though I could ha' bit her head off. 'I remember I was with your mother when she bought 'em; 't was one of the last times she was ever over to the mills. I happened to be into Harlow's shop when she was selecting them, — she got them very cheap. I told our folks what a bargain they was for the quality; not that I pretend to be a judge of such things, but the women thought they did n't need them.' I just spoke of it to Sereny, so she'd see I knew they were none of her buying; and I said, right before her, 'The best ain't too good for you, uncle' —

"Well," said Henry Wallis prudently, "I never thought I should like to take up with Sereny Nudd, for better for worse; but she may do well by her father, after all. Old folks has been known to be difficult, but she ain't done right so far as we can see."

"Done right!" exclaimed Asa Parsons. "It's a burning shame, and I hope she'll be met with. That's what was going on one day last winter, when I saw that sneaking Josh Hayden riding home with Aaron Nudd. He's a lawyer, — what there is of him, — and I suppose they got him over to do the business. I heard he'd deeded Mary Lyddy her place."

"I don't want to think of it," said Ezra, disgustedly, "but it follows me about the whole time. I suppose I

could have got out to meeting to-day, but it would have been more than I could stand to see Nudd and Sereny parade up the broad aisle. I wa'n't so beat out that I could n't have gone; one night's watching won't use me up!"

The friends now separated, for the air was growing cold and damp. Asa Parsons mentioned that his overcoat would n't do him any harm if he had it then, and he and Wallis went away together, while Ezra turned toward the other direction.

"Suppose you 'll be out to town-meeting," Wallis called after him. It was fairly amazing that nobody should have spoken about the great day, anticipations of which were in every man's mind, to a greater or less degree. Ezra Allen had not been without his hopes of running for selectman, — to tell the truth, he had looked forward all the week before to furthering his cause among his neighbors by a friendly word in season on Sunday; but his uncle's wrongs had driven his own political interests quite out of his head. He walked slowly home in the fast-gathering spring chilliness, the noise of the brook growing fainter and fainter. He suffered a slight reaction from his enthusiasm, and wished he had not spoken so warmly against his cousins. "Mary Lyddy's a poor dragging creatur'," he said to himself; "and as for Sereny, she's near, and set in her own way, but she may treat the old gentleman well, for shame's sake. I don't know but I was hasty, but I don't care if I was; it wa'n't the right thing for her to do; and then, there's Parker." By way of balancing any harm he might have done, he held his peace in his own household, and refrained from beguiling the tediousness of a Sunday evening by introducing this most interesting subject of conversation. He had a way of keeping things to himself at times, which his wife found most provoking; but he was possessed of that uncharacteristic trait

of many reticent people, of telling his secrets generously and even recklessly, if he once was forced to break through the first barrier of reserve.

The next morning was clear and not cold, but the warmth and revivifying influence of the day before was not to be felt. It was commonplace New England spring weather, and had a relationship to the melting of snow and the lingering of winter which was most unconsoling. A large number of persons had taken violent colds, and the frogs preserved a discreet silence. Asa Parsons wore not only his overcoat to town-meeting, but a woolen comforter round his throat as well; and he sneezed from time to time, angrily, as if it were a note of disapproval and contempt. There was a grand quarrel over the laying out of a new piece of road, and it was at first found very difficult to choose the town officers. There was a monotonous repetition of polling the house, and when Ezra Allen lost, at last, the coveted position of selectman, he had become so angry with some of his opponents, and so tired with the noisy war, that the glory of the occasion was very much tarnished. It was over at four o'clock, and nobody had had any dinner, except a slight refreshment of wilted russet apples and very watery and sour cider, which could be bought at abominable prices over the tailboard of one of the wagons which were fastened in long rows to the fences near the old meeting-house, which had been given over to governmental purposes.

Aaron Nudd was by no means a favorite among his townsfolk. He was very stingy, and had saved considerable money, for which it was supposed Serena Jenkins had married him. He was of the opposite party in politics to Ezra Allen, and he had been the opposing and successful candidate for the office which Ezra had lost. Aaron's wagon was next but one, and the two men unfastened their horses sulkily, without

looking at each other. Ezra went home prepared to believe any report of cruelty or injustice on the part of his uncle's children, and full of the intention to tell the story of their trickery in his own household. But he was not even to have this pleasure on that unlucky day. His wife asked him reproachfully, as he entered, why he had said nothing of what everybody had been talking about who went by the house, and which would have been no story at all without his own report (already much magnified) of the meanness and knavery of Serena Nudd.

The next morning Ezra resumed his business of wheelwright, from which he had taken a two days' vacation; but the excitement had been a good deal of a strain upon him, and he worked without much enthusiasm for a few hours, and about eleven o'clock laid down his tools altogether. The spoke-shave was so dull that it needed grinding, and there was nobody to turn the grindstone, and his head ached a little. He did not feel inclined to start out upon a new piece of work, and, taking a disgusted look around the shop at the disjointed limbs of various old and new vehicles, he threw off his apron, and went to the house, which was only a few rods distant along the road. Outside the shop door were stacked some dozens of wheels in various stages of decay and decrepitude, and two or three old wagon-bodies and chaise-tops were resting on the ground in most forlorn condition, as if they had been relentlessly exposed to all the winter weather. The wood-work of one new farm cart was set up on trestles, and had received its first coat of paint; but that was the only sign of any progress of the art that was carried on within. One would think, from the outward appearance of a wheelwright's shop, that it was also a repository of worn-out carriages of every description. The trade is apparently never carried on without much useless rubbish, unless one may venture the suggestion that it

is necessary to have a collection of specimens showing the advances and effects of various diseases of wheels, as surgeons are furnished forth with anatomical cabinets. On the seat of an old wagon there was perched a large rag doll, and when Ezra saw it he smiled, for the first time that morning. He was very fond of his little girl, to whom the doll belonged.

He pushed open the kitchen door with some faint thrills of pleasure, for a great whiff of a well-known odor blew out through the half-opened window which he had just passed. His wife was frying doughnuts, and he did not notice at first, for the smoke and steam obscured the atmosphere, that some one was sitting at the other side of the room.

"Just in time, ain't I?" said Ezra, cheerfully; then, to his great disgust and confusion, he saw that the guest was his cousin. "Is that you, Sereeny?" he asked, in quite another tone.

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Nudd, snappishly, "and I should think you'd be ashamed to look me in the face, Ezra Allen. You've been and done the best you could to take away my good name, and I don't see what harm I ever done you nor yours;" and she began to cry in a most obnoxious fashion.

Ezra gave himself an angry twitch and went over to the window, where he stood with his back to the company, and looked longingly at the safe harbor of the shop which he had just left. His wife, who was a fearful soul and who hated a quarrel, escaped with her colander full of doughnuts to the recesses of the pantry, from whence she stole a glance now and then at the others, like a distressed mouse which had doubts about venturing out of its hole. Mrs. Nudd sniffed and sobbed, and wiped her not very wet eyes with her handkerchief again and again; but still Ezra did not speak, and nothing could be more aggravating.

"Enoch Foster said, this morning,"

she remarked, in a broken voice, "that he supposed you was put out about the election, and Aaron's getting in ahead of you. But I wa'n't going to hear my own first cousin spoken of no such way, and I said that had n't nothing to do with it; you was too straightfor'ard a man. I knew you was hasty to speak, but there never was nothing mean about you, with all your faults; and I explained it as best I could, for I'm sure I don't know no other reason. Poor old father's mind is broke more than folks think, who comes in and sees him for a visit; and he's got set upon our having got away his property from him. 'T was all his own set-out to deed it to us now in his life-time. He got kind of worried and confused a spell ago, and seemed to want to be rid of the care of it; and we made the change to gratify him. Aaron said he would n't have no such goings-on, and that he did n't want the farm nohow. He's been desiring for a long spell to move to Harlow's Mills and go into the shoe factory; he could have had a first-rate chance any time in the boxing room, but we seemed to be pinned right down where we was, on father's account."

"You need n't have drove off Parker, then," grumbled Ezra; but though Mrs. Allen heard him in the pantry, and shook for fear, Mrs. Nudd went on complacently:—

"I'm sure we've always done the best we could by our folks, and by the neighbors. We ain't had the means to be free-handed, for we never knew what was our own and what was n't. One day father'd be real arbitrary, and gather up whatever there was, even the butter money, that anybody'd think I might have a right to; and next thing, he would n't want to be consulted about anything. Aaron went to him one day about a bunch o' laths, when he was going to alter the hen-coop, and father give it to him right an' left, because he bothered him about it. He refused him

the money, and said Aaron had made enough off from the place, and he should think he might attend to a job of that size himself."

Ezra gave a sympathetic chuckle, and his cousin wished she had left out this illustration. "I only spoke of it because some days father would have grieved himself to death if he had n't been told something that was half the importance," she explained, in a higher key than ever. "If you had to summer and winter him I guess you'd find out. He ain't so easy-going and pleasant as folks seem to think. I know it ain't right to talk so about my own father, that's failed from what he used to be, but I've got to stand up for myself, if my own relations won't stand up for me;" and at this point she cried again, more sorrowfully than before. "I do have a hard time," she said, in conclusion: "father to please; and Mary Lyddy a-dwellin' on her trials, and tellin' her complaints, and wantin' to borrow everything I've got; and Aaron a-fussin' and discontented, and talking about going West; and Parker, he spent about all the ready money he could tease out of father. I wonder the place ain't all mortgaged, and I dare say we shall find it is. Some days, I wish I was laid in my grave, for I sha'n't get no rest this side of it."

Ezra's wife, in the pantry, was ready to cry, also, by the time she heard the end of this touching appeal, and she did not see how her husband could be so stony-hearted. She wished he would say something, and knocked two pans together for a signal, and then was dreadfully shocked by what she had done. She was not very fond of Serena Nudd, and could talk angrily about her, behind her back, at any time; but being a weak little soul, and anxious to avoid contention, when there was any danger of getting a blow herself, she was ready, being also a woman, to take her complaining visitor's part.

But Ezra shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and fumbled a button which was at the back of his collar, and which, at that opportune moment, came off and dropped on the floor. "I guess you'll have to set a stitch in this, if you will, Susan," he said, with well-feigned indifference; and Susan came obediently out from among the pots and pans, very shamefaced and meek. The button had rolled almost to Mrs. Nudd's feet, and when Ezra looked for it unsuccessfully, she stooped and picked it up, and handed it to his wife with a heavy sigh, and then rose to take leave.

"I shall be ready any time to watch with the old gentleman, if he needs it, or even thinks he does," remarked Ezra, as if he had heard nothing of what his cousin Serena had said; and she did not know how to answer him, though usually she was equal to the occasion. She went away in doubt whether she had won a great victory, or had been defeated; and she took the plate of doughnuts which Susan humbly offered in the old gentleman's behalf, hardly knowing what it was, she felt so unlike herself, all of a sudden. But she "came to" before she was out of sight of the house, and though she hated Ezra worse than ever, she ate one of the doughnuts with uncommon relish, and put another in her pocket.

The spring days lengthened and grew into summer, and the excitement which attended the knowledge of the transfer of old Mr. Jenkins's property died slowly away. He looked so wilted and changed by his illness of the winter that it was by no means difficult for the town's-people to believe that his mind had become as much enfeebled as his body. As for his nearest neighbors, they saw him rarely, for he was too lame to make the short journey to their houses; and in the early summer business of the farms, nobody found much time to go visiting Serena Nudd, or her most unpopular husband. He was a sly-looking, faded-out little man, of no

attractions, and a sneaking manner which disgusted the persons he sought most eagerly to please. It had been thought that he would favor some projects about the new road, which he frowned upon directly he was in office; and that angered the parties who were most concerned, and there grew steadily a feeling of shame and regret that he should have won so easily his prominent position in town affairs. He paid the taxes on the farm with unusual promptness, and the treasurer took notice that he had crossed out Mr. Jenkins's name from the tax-bill and inserted his own in its place. There was a good deal of sympathy felt for the old man, because he had not deserved such a miserable son-in-law. People hoped that he was treated well, but it was taken for granted, in those few weeks, that the poor old farmer was fast breaking up, and, under the circumstances, nobody could wish him to live long, since it would only involve the greater discomforts of old age, and a continued suffering of one sort and another. As for his daughter Serena, she was making great bids for friendship, and was showing herself both generous and neighborly, in a way that much surprised her acquaintances. She spoke with great concern of her father's failing health, and some persons began to say she was good-hearted, and what a pity it was that she should have thrown herself away on such a man as Aaron Nudd. She drove old Mr. Jenkins to church one hot Sunday, when Aaron was reported to be kept at home by the expected swarming from a hive of bees; and it was certainly very kind, the way in which she helped him down out of the high wagon, and along the broad aisle to his pew. He looked round the church as pleased as a child, and seemed to enjoy the unusual opportunity of being among his friends and neighbors. The older people watched him affectionately, — he was younger than several who were there, — and many of the

younger members of the congregation expected him to betray in some way his shattered wits. But he seemed to be in full possession of his faculties as far as any one could decide at that time; and when Serena ostentatiously found his place in a hymn-book, and offered it to him, he shook his head at her in great perplexity, and proceeded to search for the right page in his own copy of Watts' and Select Hymns, which was of large type, and for years had been ready to his hand in the corner of the pew. "I'm all right, if it was n't for my lameness," he told a half dozen of the friends who crowded about him. "I can get about a good deal better than the folks think I can, too; but Sereny keeps right after me," he added, in a lower voice to Ezra Allen, who had been more pleased than anybody to see his uncle in his accustomed seat, and who indulged a hope that now he was about again he would take things into his own hands. But the poor man stumbled on the meeting-house steps that very Sunday, and gave himself a bad strain, and passed many a long and lonely day afterward in his dark, close bedroom, in that summer weather. Out-of-doors the birds sang, and the grass grew and grew, until it waved in the wind and was furrowed like the sea. The old farmer worried and fretted about the crops, and could not imagine how the fields got on without his oversight and care. He was always calling Aaron, or the man who had been engaged to help him, and demanding strict account of the potatoes and corn and beans. He had worked day in and day out on his land, until that summer, and he was sure everything must be going to wreck and ruin without him. Aaron evaded some of his questions, he thought, and treated him like a child. If it had not been for his lameness, he would have risen in wrath from his bed, and have dispersed the whole family, like marauding chickens. Even Ezra Allen was not atten-

tive, and this was hard to understand, though the frequent breaking of farm tools and the wear and tear of the vehicles of the town gave him more than enough to do, while he had his own farming to look after beside.

Serena grew less and less amiable, but she was what she and her neighbors called a regular driver, and she had a hard fight to get through with her everyday work. If her father demanded a long explanation of the reasons that had led to the selling of a cow, she was by no means ready to satisfy him, and to stop in the midst of everything to answer his restless, eager questions by quieting accounts of the circumstances; and as for the man who had come several times to make the bargain, he was kept out of the old farmer's hearing altogether. At last, in a desperate moment, Mr. Jenkins, like a distressed New England Lear, said that as soon as he was well enough he should go to stay for a while with his other daughter; for Mary Lyddy was always civil spoken to him, and was always pleased to see him, if other people were not. "It will be a first-rate thing to get rid of him through haying," Serena told her lord and master that night. "I'm thankful it was his own proposal;" and then they talked over the question of her father's prompt removal to another scene of uselessness.

The next morning but one, Serena put her head inside the old man's door, and said she guessed he had better get out into the fresh air that day. Aaron was coming right in to help him. This was good news, for Mr. Jenkins had urged his daughter to believe that there was no need of his lying in bed any longer, while she had insisted that she was following the doctor's orders, and that if he stirred before the proper time he would only bring fresh disasters upon himself and his family. He found himself weak and stiff when he tried to move about, but such was his delight at

being again his own master that he soon felt uncommonly strong and energetic, and sat down at the breakfast-table in the kitchen with a look of proud satisfaction.

"I'm going to be in first-rate trim for haying," he announced gravely. Aaron had swallowed his breakfast as nearly whole as possible, and had departed; and Serena was already clattering at the dishes.

"This is prime corn-cake," said the farmer. "I declare, Sereny, it tastes like it used to, — just like what your mother used to make."

"It always tastes alike to me," responded Mrs. Nudd, in a not unkindly tone. "You're getting to be notional." Serena was not celebrated for her skill in cookery, and this compliment had touched her tenderly.

"Ain't it a good while since we have had a nice cabbage?" asked Mr. Jenkins, presently. "I suppose, though, they're about gone. I declare, how the weeks fly by! It don't seem but a fortnight since we were getting 'em in, in the fall of the year."

"For mercy sake!" said Serena. "I believe you are losing your faculties! The idea of cabbages keeping through haying! You might as well wish for some of the Thanksgiving pies. There! I do the best I can to suit you, but it's hard for one pair o' hands to do everything. I did expect to have help in haying time, but Aaron says he can't afford it, now he's got the whole farm to lug."

"He's got the whole farm to help him, at any rate," said Mr. Jenkins, blazing up into something like his youthful spirit. "He was always crying poor, and wheedling round, and you was, too, till you got the farm, and now you're worse off than you was before. I've always made an honest living, and stood well in the town, and I've brought up my children, and kept my fences and buildings in good order. I won't have

such talk from you nor Aaron Nudd neither." But Serena had flown, and the old man might have relieved his mind by more just accusations without causing trouble, for there was nobody within hearing. The kitchen was hot, and the late June light was flaring in at the windows and door; it promised to be a very hot day. Mr. Jenkins felt a little tired and weak; he wished he had not said so much, and told himself again the familiar and unwelcome truth that he had had his day. He looked about the room, which did not seem natural, for some reason or other. "Sereny!" he suddenly shouted. "What's become of my chest o' drawers,—my desk? My papers is all in it. I hope you have n't got them into a mess;" and he looked around him again, puzzled and miserable. There was a noise of the pounding and creaking caused by a rolling-pin in the great pantry, and presently Serena said that he used it very little, and it was considerably in the way, and an old furniture dealer had come along and offered a good price for it, and she had sold it. She needed a new sewing-machine, and she did n't suppose he would care. She always wanted that place for her sewing-machine, right between the windows, where there was a good light.

"I am going to learn you that I won't be pulled about by the nose in this way another day;" and Mr. Jenkins's daughter did not remember that she had ever seen her father in such a rage before. "You can tell Aaron to hunt up that man, and get my piece o' furniture back; 't was my father's before me, and it has stood in this kitchen a hundred years. I don't care what you want, nor what you don't want, nor nothing about your sewing-machine. You just go and get that secretary back, or it'll be the worse for you. I don't

see as you've any call to act as if I was dead, right before my face. It's a hard thing for a man o' my years to see another master over his own house, and live to see himself forgotten;" and the poor old creature, whose pleasure at being about the house again was so cruelly spoiled, shook with anger, and meant to walk out-of-doors indignantly; but his strength suddenly failed, and he leaned back in his chair again. Serena had nothing further to say, and the knocking and rolling still continued. She was making a tough company of dried-apple pies for the family sustenance in the haying season. The kitchen looked strangely empty without its one handsome and heavy piece of furniture, whose dark wood and great dull brass handles had somehow given a nobler character to the room, which was the usual gathering place of the family. In Serena's mother's day the bat-handles had always been well polished, and had many an evening reflected the brightness of the roaring great chimney-place fire. A little later in the morning, the farmer asked his daughter to fetch him the papers which had been kept carefully in the quaint corners and pigeon-holes. She feared to disobey, and for hours the old man sat drearily unfolding and poring over the small basketful of worn papers which held his history and his few business records. There was a curl which his wife had cut from the head of their little child who had died, and there was a piece of the Charter Oak at Hartford, and a bit of California gold that his brother had sent home in the early days of the gold-diggings stored away with the rest,—the old man's few treasures and playthings. They were huddled together in miserable confusion, though he had always known where to put his hand on each, when they were in their places.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE PAUPER QUESTION.

THE labors of Henry Ozanam in Paris, of Edward Denison and Octavia Hill in London, of Daniel von der Heydt in Elberfeld, of Charles L. Brace and Mrs. Charles R. Lowell in New York, embracing diverse fields of action, have aroused a new interest in social problems, because they have animated the benevolent with the hope that the evils of pauperism and crime are not ineradicable. These names are but representative of a long list of persons, whose disinterested zeal and intelligence have adorned the age with examples of the noblest humanity. By a law of compensation which seems always to work in human affairs, as the industrial reconstruction of society, consequent upon discoveries in science and their application in arts, went on, invading and overturning old relations and habits, there sprang up a race of philanthropists to meet this moral confusion by reknitting the ties which hold all parts of the community in healthful social order.

A characteristic of modern benevolence is its recognition of the solidarity of human society. By virtue of this fact, man can no longer be regarded as a self-poised, isolated unit, whose character is the result of his own determination, but as the creature of his environment. Two fruitful inferences proceed from this principle: first, the inadequacy of mere physical instrumentalities to work a change in the condition of the debased, since these do not reach their fellowships; and secondly, the complicity of society in the evils of its wretched classes. Outlawry is a fiction; the word of the magistrate cannot undo the deed of God. For weal or harm, every living soul is an integral part of society; his deterioration is a disorder in the whole body. Probably these conclu-

sions have not been formulated in the minds of many wise and effective disciples of charity, but they emerge none the less from all careful investigations into the situation and requirements of the miserable, and they are disclosed in the strenuous efforts of thoughtful philanthropists to reform the institutions and methods of the community, as an indispensable prerequisite to the reformation of persons. Let this contrast serve for an illustration: Professor Fawcett, in his work on Pauperism, tells us that an English landlord, desirous of improving the character of his agricultural tenants, whose bestiality was attributed to overcrowding, enlarged his cottages by adding rooms, so that the family could separate into decent privacy. Instead of doing this, however, his tenants sublet the new rooms, and thus increased the evils. These laborers were not conscious of any wants which could not be satisfied by herding in a single room. Their character was unchanged, and a mere mechanical improvement in their surroundings could not alter their habits. If Miss Octavia Hill met with better results in Barrett's Court, she was not less convinced than the landlord mentioned that no reformation was practicable among the objects of her solicitude, until their habitations were suited to good manners, and reflected upon them the standards of respectable society. But she knew equally well that her *presence* must enforce a decent discipline, and link her wards to a higher order of feeling and motive, or her tenants would go on as of old, turning the passage-ways into receptacles of garbage, and hewing the staircases into fire-wood. Miss Hill's success grew out of the recognition of two facts: the complicity of society in the degradation of her wards, and their capacity to re-

spond to moral influences. They were the victims of neglect, and hence worse sufferers in character than in circumstances; but they were also human souls, susceptible to the order and beauty of discipline, when it was presented by one whose trained faculties attached her in a hundred joyous, honorable ways to that society which discipline unites and regally endows.

The proper mode of dealing with pauperism is involved with various propositions for remodeling existing systems of charity. Were poverty and misfortune identical with pauperism, no vexatious question would arise to perplex a conscientious benevolence. Technically, the pauper is simply a person who has become dependent on the community. But a vast deal more is attached to the term in every mind. There is a type of character implied in it. A grave change, indeed, must have gone on in individual character before a person's private trials can become subjects of public concern. Mere poverty does not dissolve those ties of kindred and acquaintance which avail for even the severest misfortunes of life. A man loses his place in society, with its kindly ministries of good-will, and becomes an object of public relief by the decay of those finer qualities which render man a social being and not a brute, and the community a society and not a herd. Pauperism is an anti-social condition, and that is a moral state. It is the nearest approach to actual outlawry that human nature can exhibit. If we may pronounce the judgment which Mr. R. L. Dugdale only suggests in his pamphlet, *The Jukes*, which is a study of hereditary pauperism pursued through six generations, embracing several hundreds of descendants of the same stock, pauperism involves a deeper incapacity to sustain social relations than crime. It is a lower abyss of physical and mental inaptitude, and, consequently, it is more incorrigible. It is doubtful if any class of unfortu-

nates, whether redeemed by the hand of God," as the old saying is, or by vice, can escape the spiritual debasement, when they become the objects of public and official attention.

Inasmuch as a frightful chasm lies between that condition where a man is sustained by the resources of industry, thrift, affection, and esteem which centre legitimately in himself, and that wherein these are all dried up and public relief takes their place, the attention of social economists has long been directed towards the danger of offering facilities for crossing the chasm to those who are tempted to take the step by the pressure of poverty, — a danger which is enhanced by the fact that the temptation appeals to those who have the fewest safeguards of intelligence and self-respect. It is widely felt that public charity does present such facilities, and that it is a source of corruption, unless accompanied by provisions for restricting it to unavoidable suffering. Some of the humanest spirits, who have sacrificed themselves without reservation to charitable labors, even sympathetic women, through the secret chambers of whose heart the cry of pain went vibrating like a trumpet-blast from heaven, summoning them to duty, have regarded the prodigal relief of the present day as a source of no less mischief than intemperance. This opinion stands on record in a most emphatic way. Lord Grey's reform of the English poor law in 1834 was preceded by the most thorough scrutiny ever made of the pauper system of that country, by a parliamentary commission. It resulted in the creation of a national board of commissioners, who were to give effect to the changes deemed necessary. After several years' experience, in the midst of a succession of bad harvests, and when the accompanying pressure of disordered markets had spread distress over the whole realm, the commissioners said, in their report to Parliament in 1839, that

"all *poor laws* are in their essence impolitic and uncalled for, and that, consequently, their abolition ought to be the ultimate object of any changes that may be made, — an object, however, that cannot be attained without being preceded by several years of careful preparation for it."

For the reasons now alleged, much criticism has turned upon the system of legal relief practiced in England and America. One feature of it is generally reprobated by thoughtful men, and that is the out-door relief administered by overseers or guardians of the poor. The suppression of this form of assistance is the first step urged, but it is only a first step. Still further measures would undoubtedly follow, and indeed they are already set on foot, but their efficiency is hindered by the distribution of public doles. Little reflection is needed to perceive that this simple reform aims at a vast deal more than the relief of the taxpayer from an insignificant burden; at more even than a withdrawal of a limited amount of temptation from the poor. It is designed to be the entering wedge of a *system* of effective action. The corner stone of that system is the discrimination between real and simulated destitution, with a practical control of those who become the wards of charity. Should out-door legal relief be abolished, it would then be possible to erect an English system which should incorporate the best features of French and German charity.

A comparison of the three systems will go far to show what amendments the administration of poor relief in America requires. For this purpose European experience is especially valuable for us, since nearly all the States of our Union have imported the English plan and theory of official charity, without much scrutiny, and with all their defects. Besides this, the information concerning pauperism in Europe is

much more thorough and systematic than with us.

The English scheme of poor relief lies in confusion. Until Lord Grey's government, the justices of the peace had authority to order pauper relief at their discretion. There was no uniformity of method observed in the realm, but each parish was at liberty to pursue its own counsels. The local officers had some ground for prodigality in the standard set up by a statute of 1796, which directed the public pauper to be maintained "in a state of comfort." Poor-houses, built under the Elizabethan statute of 1601, existed in most parishes, but they were designed only for impotent folk. At the beginning of the present century pauperism increased with great rapidity, and in some seventeen years the ratepayers' burden was doubled, — a tax that in some instances amounted to a confiscation of ratable property. Whether as a consequence or a cause of this increase, the justices of the peace had adopted the expedient of making allowances from the parish treasury for insufficient wages, and had fixed a standard to which the weekly income of paupers should be raised out of the rates. They justified this course by the argument that it was cheaper to provide a partial than an entire maintenance for the dependents upon the parish. The effect was disastrous, for it appeared in the general reduction of wages, which brought the most industrious to the brink of starvation, and destroyed the motive of self-support.

When the ruinous nature of this method was brought to light by a parliamentary investigation which occupied four years, Lord Grey carried an amendment to the poor law through the legislature, which stripped the local justices of the power to order relief, created a national board of commissioners, with district commissioners under them, and ordered the erection of work-houses in every parish, or authorized union of

parishes. It was the intention of the framers of this amendment to confine all relief to inmates of the work-house, except in cases of peculiar emergency. The parish officers were to see that work was provided for and secured from all the inmates who were capable of performing it, especially able-bodied dependents. Those who would not accept this mode of relief were to be held as not sufficiently pinched by want to be objects of official aid. This is the famous but neglected "work-house test" of England. Its character and issue were tersely stated by Mr. Edward Denison in 1869, the year previous to his death: "The framers of the poor law of 1834 never seriously considered how they could find work for the destitute. They only wanted a disagreeable and deterrent occupation. Their principle was to offer board and lodging in the work-house to all who would take it; the only further consideration being how to make the recipient's condition so uncomfortable that he would avoid it as long as he could, and get out of it on the first opportunity. Possibly this system, thoroughly and universally enforced by able administrators, would have stamped out pauperism altogether, to the infinite advantage of the whole laboring class. But the law never was in harmony with public opinion; it was very partially and negligently executed, and of course broke down. The poor law of 1834 has practically been repealed long ago." Four causes wrecked the plans of Lord Grey's government: the recalcitrancy of the parish authorities, who would not follow the instructions of the board of commissioners; the distress consequent upon the bad harvests of 1837-39, and upon the commercial depression of that period; the sundering of families in the work-house; and the lack of proper discrimination between helpless and able-bodied inmates. One building and one administration were offered to the infant and

the idle, to the aged and the vagabond, to the deserted mother and the penniless inebriate, to the blind or maimed and the street beggar. Two incompatible designs were to be pursued under one roof. The same institution was to be a hospital for the helpless and an agency for repressing importunity. Humanity lay behind one part of the scheme, and suspicion behind the other. Occupation meant to be "deterrent" in one ward could not be regarded as honorable in another. The work-house dress and discipline confounded the impotent with the vagabond. Misfortune wore the badge of vice. Of course, in such an institution, the natural associations of the family must be broken up by artificial classifications. Parents are sundered from children, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters, — a separation which is the bane of institutional life. The one cause rendered the work-house unpopular, while the other rendered its repressive design fruitless. The general commissioners were not clothed with authority over the parish guardians, whose administration still managed the tax-rate, and distributed its proceeds. Local self-sufficiency and usage met the intervention of a national committee with jealousy and obstinacy, as if it were an impertinence. Then, the quick succession of general distress compelled the commissioners to relax their instructions, and in three or four years after the poor law was amended there were in England seven out-door beneficiaries of the parish-rate to one inmate of the work-houses, — a proportion which has been maintained ever since with disheartening monotony. The sequel is thus narrated by Edward Denison: "The guardians, with short-sighted economy, knowing that the fewer the inmates of the work-house the smaller their expenses, neglected to offer the work-house when they ought to have offered it, and got into a way of giving small doles of out-door relief to those

whom they knew they ought to have admitted. Once embarked on the system of giving out-door relief, without the application of either work-house or labor test, there was naturally no end to it. They had taken the lock off the door; they had no means of discriminating the applicants. These, of course, became more and more numerous, as it became evident that any one might get relief, if he were lucky, deserving or undeserving. Then, having voluntarily pulled down the barrier which excluded only the unworthy, they were at length, in self-defense, compelled to put up another of some sort, and they put up one which excluded all alike, or, at least, let no more than half in. They gave so little relief that it was a mere mockery. Then in comes public benevolence, says the poor law has broken down, and does its best to make a real break-down of it. That, in my view, is the history of the matter." To this statement he adds his opinion, formed when he was living in Philpot Street, at the East End of London, whither he went to obtain by daily contact with it some clear insight into the nature of pauperism: "The remedy is to bring back the poor law to the spirit of its institution." The same conclusion had been reached by Sir Charles Trevelyan, a coadjutor of Denison's in philanthropic endeavor, and one of the most patient students of this social problem in England. It is shared by Professor Fawcett, the present postmaster-general of the realm. And it has also recently been proposed by Mr. Seth Low, the mayor of Brooklyn, before a conference of charities held in Boston; and his intelligent devotion to the cause of the poor in his native city attracted to him that attention which raised him to civic honors, usually reserved, not for riper, but for more protracted years.

How exactly this brief account is paralleled by our American States! New York, for example, by a statute which

Mr. Low thinks to be "as nearly perfect as can be," but which, "unhappily, has been much disregarded," restricts out-door relief, to quote Mr. Low's words again, "to persons not in a condition to be removed to the poor-house, and in cases where the disability is likely to be temporary." So distinct is this provision that the city of Brooklyn was impelled in 1878 to withhold its customary appropriations for out-door relief, and with what results will be told further on. Here, then, is English experience repeated. An excellent repressive law is neglected; an unlawful system of inadequate doles to the lucky is set up; in self-defence a barrier is erected against the depletion of the public treasury by excluding, without discrimination between need and mere greedy clamor, half the claimants of relief. Then voluntary charity steps in, and creates a confusion amenable to no method or discipline. Divided among a hundred practically irresponsible organizations, and flowing from thousands of hands, guided by neither experience nor information, the generosity of men, conscientious enough to give but not to befriend, engulfs the poor in stronger temptations to pauper life.

In one respect Mr. Denison's representation may fairly be controverted. "They gave," he says of the guardians, "so little relief that it was a mere mockery." Probably he would himself have consented to change this sentence, and make it read, "They gave so unsuitably that it was a mere mockery;" for his published letters show that he deplored the lavishness of English relief, and that he commended the Paris scale of relief, which is so small that one may wonder whether there is any use of dispensing it at all. The Parisian allowance for a paralytic or blind person is one dollar per month. This is the scale of relief for a pauper in his seventieth year. From this sum it rises slowly to \$2.40 for one in his eighty-fifth year.

Septuagenarians and octogenarians entitled to hospital relief may have \$4.80 on each of the five wintry months, and \$3.80 on each of the remaining months of the year. These are the largest allowances authorized, and comprise nearly all that are made in money. Relief in kind is on a still smaller scale, and is denied to able-bodied men except in extraordinary cases.

A few years since the city of Leipsic had a standard of maximum relief to cover clothing, rental, fuel, light, and food. It was about sixty-two cents per week of our money for able-bodied men; women, children, and the aged were deemed to require less. This standard has been abolished, but the actual subsequent distribution of relief has averaged below it. The old Leipsic standard does not differ materially from that of Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, a city notable in the charitable world for the excellence, thoroughness, and efficiency of its relief system. Now these low standards are not to be accounted for by the parsimonious spirit of the communities where they exist, nor by the cheapness of the necessities of life there. They are found to be adequate, while under our prodigality and disorder society constantly presents the aspect of unsatisfied pauperism. Beggars are never absent from our streets; the child's whine for cold pieces is heard almost daily at our back doors; the stoves of the poor are never sufficiently replenished with charity coal; the dispensaries are crowded; the soup-kettles are draining all winter into the messengers' pails; the sick are constantly waiting for the hospital bed to become vacant; the merciful man walks all his life among supplicating hands. There is no such appearance of mendicancy in France, nor in the better organized German towns; not even in Belgium, "the classic land of pauperism," as it has been called. The penuriousness of France or Prussia avails to do what the strenuous lavishing of

England and America cannot accomplish.

It is time to ask the reason of this difference. We have mentioned France and some German cities as examples of economy. In them there are two systems, conceived in exactly opposite political theories; but notwithstanding this, their administration of relief quite as exactly corresponds in principle and in method. Under each the entire control of relief is substantially held by one management; therefore the pauper is practically in the custody of a single authority; the work-house test is fully compensated for by a system of investigation which makes relief at the homes of the poor quite safe; and two great remedial influences are kept in constant action upon the pauper, namely, employment and the constant pressure of friendship. How these things are accomplished we are now briefly to inquire.

Louis XIV. invited the great charitable foundations of France, in terms that could not be resisted, to confide their trusts to the government. The movement thus begun was completed by Napoleon I., when he sequestered the revenues of the church, and made the priesthood directly dependent upon the treasury of the empire. But while Louis XIV. was thus enlarging the functions of the French government, his troops were ravaging Germany. At the peace of Westphalia, a generation earlier, the population of Germany was found to be reduced to one fourth its former number; its cities were in ruins, its finances in disorder; its institutions had to be created afresh. Thus Germany was one of the latest of modern European nations to establish order and accumulate trusts. There are fewer institutions originating in private, self-controlled charitable foundations in that country than in any European country west of Russia and the Balkan peninsula. Her hospitals and asylums are largely the

creation of civic munificence, and therefore amenable to authority. There are exceptions to this statement, but they are not serious enough to hinder the application of coördinated charity to the best systems of German relief.

The theoretical divergence of the French and German schemes of public charity is this: in France the state absorbs private benevolence into its official organization; in Germany the state abstains from official action, but authorizes private organization, and clothes it with needful powers.

It must be understood, however, that in speaking of a German system of poor relief reference is made to the successful methods employed in typical German cities, as in Hamburg, Berlin, Leipzig, Elberfeld, Barmen, and Crefeld. Of the North German Confederation, and of nearly every German state, it may be said there is no system. Their legislation has thus far been confined to laying down the principles upon which the liability of each state, or each community, for the relief of the poor is to be determined, and to prescribing the lines within which each poor district may exercise authority. As in England and America, the details of administration are left to each locality.

A rapid survey of the French and German schemes will elicit their common features. Paris may be taken as the completest illustration of the practice throughout the country, — a practice followed in Belgium in all its respects. We have already seen that the ancient and valuable charity foundations of France passed into government control. Under the civil code, private generosity is forbidden to erect any new eleemosynary institutions without the permission of the chief executive of the state, — a permission which is very rarely accorded. Individuals may endow government institutions as much as they please, but the state is strictly averse to independent, self-regulated charity organizations,

and will not incorporate them. From these old trusts there accrues an income, not only for the maintenance of hospitals, but for distribution in alms. To this resource are added the contributions of the benevolent, the proceeds of certain fines, and, when occasion requires, a subvention from the public treasury. Here we reach the first principle of French relief. Although administered by the state, this relief is charity. The funds are supplied by the voluntary acts of the people; the official is but the almoner of them. Consequently, the pauper can set up no claim to aid. This principle is in direct contrast to the English theory. Under the latter, applicants for aid have brought the poor guardians into court to compel them to give relief; and it has been held that, although the pauper could not recover damages, the guardian was liable to penalty for a denial of statutory relief. Probably the same doctrine would be held in the American courts notwithstanding the difference of method between Great Britain and America in levying the poor tax.

The agency for dispensing the money entrusted to the state for charitable distribution in France is called the “Bureau de Bienfaisance.” There is one for each commune, or borough, in Paris, as it is intended there shall be one for each commune throughout the land. Of this bureau the *maire* is hereditary president, and his aids are hereditary or *ex-officio* vice-presidents. Twelve administrators are appointed in each bureau, and assigned each to one division of the commune. Their appointment proceeds from the Prefect of the Seine, who, in turn, is the creature of the interior secretary of the national government. The functions of the administrator are those of an overseer of the poor, with a voice and vote in the business of the bureau. In addition to these, the Prefect of the Seine appoints a secretary-treasurer of each bureau, in whose hands are the

registers and the money, and who is in subordination to the Director-General of Public Relief, another agent of the general government. The bureau employs a staff of doctors, midwives, and Sisters of Charity, but all paid employees hold office from the Prefect of the Seine. So far everything is official. The provision for voluntary effort is this: Each administrator may nominate as many assistants in his division as he can persuade the board of direction to accept. They are described as commissioners and charitable ladies, and their duties are thus prescribed: "They second the administrators in their care of households inscribed in the registers; they are specially charged with the duty of obtaining all possible information of the poor to be entered on the books; they propose their admission; they distribute at each dwelling the ordinary and extraordinary contributions; they visit the persons assisted by the bureau, to learn their position, the resources of the family, and all other facts which may enlighten the board."

Let it also be considered that this system of administration is closely supported by the police; that every person must be inscribed upon the register before relief can be obtained; that a pauper must prove a residence of twelve months in Paris, and give notice of any change of lodging; that he is dependent on the administrator for the certificates required for unusual surgical appliances, for pensions from the war department, for legal papers affecting inheritance or exemption from taxes and fines, and for admission to hospital relief; that the separate bureaux are all bound in one administration by means of conferences held under the Director-General of Public Relief, and of reports made to his office; and it will be seen that very little opportunity is left to voluntary and private effort. The whole plan is summed up in the words of Mr. Edward Denison:—

"Whoever desires to understand the French system of dealing with destitution must constantly bear in mind these two facts:—

"(1.) That in France the state makes no special provision for the poor.

"(2.) That in France no one can do anything at all except through state machinery.

"The result of the joint operation of these two circumstances is that private charity supplies the funds, and state machinery administers them."

One point remains to be noticed. All in-door or institutional relief is restricted to the smallest limits possible. Even in the case of a septuagenarian applying for extraordinary hospital relief, every inducement is held out to him to remain with his relatives. There is no work-house in France; no almshouse, even, in our sense of the word. The *Dépôts de Mendicité*, which may be thought to correspond with the work-house, are not tests of destitution, nor relieving agencies at all. They are the receptacles of persons convicted before a magistrate of some petty misdemeanor, as begging, vagrancy, drunkenness, and such offenses as with us consign the perpetrator to the house of correction.

A system like this assumes the practical custody of the pauper from the moment he begins to receive aid. He is placed in subordination to an authority, which controls every avenue of relief; he is under the constant supervision of visitors, who not only deliver to him his allowance, but who befriend and counsel him, who seek employment for him, and teach him the best use of his own resources. Except in cases of nearly complete impotency, from age or defect, he is never *maintained*, but only *assisted*, by public relief.

On the other hand, the bureau takes every precaution that no form of distress shall need to apply elsewhere. While the profligate has little opportunity to take refuge among strangers, and to ply

the arts of mendicancy on disconnected and discordant societies, the needy is not forced to go from office to office, to obtain fuel here, medicine there, and food elsewhere. Provision is made for every form of exposure to suffering from birth to the tomb. Even bed-clothes are loaned, dresses for the first communion are supplied, and studious apprentices are encouraged with small annual gifts of money. And all this apparatus is directed by a single management, in the decisions of which the judgments of men actually engaged in the work unite.

It has sometimes been disputed whether there was less suffering from want in Paris than in other large cities, but it is not questioned that France is remarkably free from mendicants. Should it be said that this may be attributed to the proverbial habits of economy and thrift which characterize the French poor, it might well be retorted that their independence is not assailed by the temptations of unwise and cruel charity.

An examination of the system practiced in Elberfeld will show that the same results are aimed at by very similar means. The Elberfeld plan has been adopted in the neighboring cities of Barmen and Crefeld; it is analogous to that of Hamburg, Leipsic, and Berlin. We shall state the features common to those cities. In the original conception of these relief agencies, the care of the poor is wholly entrusted to "a society of patriotic men, authorized by the municipal council to administer poor relief," as the constitution of the Leipsic Directory phrases it. These societies are self-perpetuating and self-regulated, though liable to be overruled by the civil authority. They connect themselves with the municipal authority by assigning seats in their boards of direction to some municipal councilors, burgomeisters, and financial officers. They coördinate their enterprise with hospitals and like foundations, as in

Hamburg and Berlin, by giving them a representation in the board, or, as in Leipsic, by a municipal ordinance requiring voluntary societies to divulge the nature and amount of relief which they grant to the beneficiaries of the directory. In Hamburg, at one time, a police regulation went so far as to forbid almsgiving on the street. The voluntary society is authorized to collect subscriptions from the citizens, and to disburse them at its discretion. The funds so procured are augmented in some instances by police fines and licenses for places of amusement. In Prussia, a citizen chosen to act as an agent of a municipal relief society is liable to a penalty if he refuses his unpaid services. At Elberfeld he loses his communal vote, and has his taxes raised. Usually, the service is cheerfully rendered as an honorable trust.

The Armen Directory, or whatever the society may be called, divides the city into numerous wards or divisions, each under one or two overseers. Each overseer has associated with him a number of private citizens as visitors, chosen from the division under his charge. At Leipsic, a few years since, there were sixty visitors for a population of ninety thousand. This proportion was thought too small, and together with the fact that the different overseers did not meet sufficiently often for conference, and consequently carried diverse methods and vigilance into the work, was believed to impair the efficiency of the system. Elberfeld had two hundred and fifty-two visitors for a population of seventy-one thousand, or one visitor for every eight cases of registered paupers. A point is made, in this city, that no visitor shall have more than *four* cases in charge at one time, and it is rigidly observed; for it will be noticed that eight cases annually would hardly furnish four at one time. Berlin must come very close to the Elberfeld standard, since this capital is divided into one hundred

and sixteen districts, each under a sub-committee of from fifteen to thirty visitors. Did each sub-committee average twenty members, there would have been eight cases of pauperism annually to each visitor, when the population was seven hundred and twenty thousand.

The English type of the work-house is almost unknown in Germany, though in some states, as Saxony and Bavaria, for example, legal provision is made for it. The attempt was twice made to introduce it into Leipsic, but in 1846 the institution was finally abandoned. The German work-house is a convict place. Its doors open only to the mandate of the magistrate. The Armenhaus, or almshouse, is usually an asylum for impotent folk; and while these are employed as their capacity will allow, the institution does not aim at being a test of destitution. In Berlin, the great influx of population since the city became an imperial capital has forced probably the house into a building which has not kept pace with the increase of population, and the rents have risen rapidly, forcing the poor to seek for cheaper apartments. These are not easily found, and crowded families obtain a refuge in the work-house while in quest of new tenements.

But the prevailing sentiment of Ger-

many is averse to in-door relief, on account of the separation of families which it involves. The Prussian law makes husbands and wives, parents and children, liable for each others' maintenance, if they have the means therefor. This requirement is extended in some instances by communal law to half brothers and sisters, to grandparents and grandchildren. Where so much emphasis is laid upon the natural duties of relationship, no plan which sunders families or weakens their sense of responsibility one for another can receive much countenance.

Another feature of German law is

that relating to settlements. Formerly, each state, to avoid the expense of pauper support, erected barriers to immigration from other states. The North German Confederation has now provided that any German may receive assistance from the commune where his necessity arises, but that the cost of it may be recovered from the commune where he has a legal residence. In Prussia, arbitration courts are established, with jurisdiction over this question. The practical result is that a record of pauperism is kept, almost as strict as that of France. The pauper cannot escape from the environment of kindred and acquaintance,—a fact which in itself is a great obstacle to imposture.

When a destitute person wishes to be aided, under either the Leipsic or the Elberfeld plan, he must apply to the visitor in the locality where he resides. Thus his petition is brought before the sergeant and the directory. He is then taken to a building which is called out rigid requisition, in Leipsic, the "instruction" in Elberfeld. He is informed that if he accepts relief he immediately parts with his civic rights, and that he must observe a courteous and perfect subordination to the relieving officers. Any willful untruth in his declarations subjects him to the custody of the police. He is then required to furnish a correct statement, and a record is made of his kindred in ascending and descending lines; of his occupation and the means of earning of each member of his family; of his previous history, particularly if he has ever been in the hands of the police; of his furniture, jewelry, goods in pawn, loans, debts, membership of any beneficial club, and his claims therein; of his rental, and whether it includes furniture, fuel, and light, and whether he sublets any of his apartments. He is questioned as to his efforts to obtain work, and idleness for a certain number of months without an effort to get employment is a misde-

meanor punishable with imprisonment. While he is receiving relief, he must not keep a dog, or frequent places of amusement, or refuse the labor that may be assigned to him, or use the aid granted him for any purpose but his own immediate and personal wants. This may seem an impertinent, despotic regimen, but it is not without valuable advantages. Above all, it furnishes the information so essential to a proper management of the case, and it enables his guardians to protect him from enticements to sink into a dissembling vagabond.

The pauper, once registered, is placed in the care of a visitor, who is not only unpaid, but a reputable citizen, and who is enjoined to be a faithful, vigilant friend. The visitor is to seek employment for his wards; to visit them weekly; to observe any changes in their circumstances; to help them make the best use of their own resources, and leave the charity lists as determined possible.

The keeping of the directory, at which the overseers assist, and to which the visitors may come. It is to be in kind, when possible, and is not to be called for, but regularly carried to the pauper's home. At Elberfeld, every month the lists are revised in the board meeting, reports are received of any change of circumstances in the condition of the beneficiaries, and all whose necessities have ceased are dismissed.

The result of Von der Heydt's Elberfeld plan was so remarkable as to attract attention from all parts of Europe and America. In 1852, the year before Von der Heydt's society was formed, the city, with a population of fifty thousand, had four thousand paupers. In 1869 the population was seventy-one thousand, and the paupers one thousand and sixty-two, while the expense had dwindled one half. In Leipsic, the ratio of paupers in 1832 was 9.2 per cent., in 1870 it was 3.26 per cent. In Berlin, the ratio of out-door paupers is about 2.5 per cent.,

and it is not materially different in Hamburg.

In these European systems, the French scheme is that of official relief, the German that of organized private charity. Both are alike in the following principles: unity of action; the practical and exclusive control of the beneficiary; aid rather than maintenance; out-door rather than in-door relief; assistance based upon thorough information as to the pauper's disposition, resources, and needs, administered by experienced hands, and adequate in character and duration of time to prevent all suffering; and the earliest possible restoration to independence of the pauper. The remedial features of these systems are dependent upon a complete acquaintance with each case, and the absence of interference with its management. Can these two features be grafted on our Anglo-American system? Or rather, since we have rooted in our free soil, so o principles be growths of prodigality and our rank on this stock bear wholesome? ce may

This is what our benevolence? mists seem to aim at. If legal benevolence be restrained to the inmates of public institutions, at once a coördinated public work will ensue. Private charity takes up the out-door poor; the state assumes the care of the in-door paupers. Those who are in public institutions pass under the discipline of a single authority, after in that custody are removed from the interference of inexperienced, undisciplined hands, and from the opportunity to practice the dishonorable shifts of the professional mendicant. Moreover, these public institutions are in turn more amenable to the best opinions of the community. Mistakes here soon become obvious, and are more easily remedied. Then, too, public relief comes into orderly relation with private benevolence. The state alone can restrain and coerce. That power is needed when the persuasions of free society fail. Those whom

voluntary charity finds incorrigible, or beyond its influences, will gravitate into public institutions. Thus, private efforts for the good of the depressed will be accompanied with the alternative of the discipline of official oversight, when moral forces prove insufficient.

But is it safe to trust private hands with the whole control of out-door pauperism? In view of the fitfulness, caprice, sentimentality, and corrupting lavishness of ignorant benevolence, students of social science have long been deprecating the disorders of spontaneous charity. Well, it exists as a very momentous part of our social machinery. Nor is there any trace of the slightest disposition on the part of the free-born American or Englishman to surrender his inalienable right to give away his money just as he chooses. He is neither a German nor a Frenchman. We must deal, therefore, with private charity as best we can, appealing to the good sense of the community, and to that genuine humanity which, in every generous breast, is deeper than the desire to gratify a mere sentiment for improved methods of working.

The attempt to organize the charitable forces of society on a basis of voluntary adhesion, which began in London more than a dozen years ago, not uninfluenced by the example of Elberfeld, has already made encouraging progress in England, and is rapidly taking root in our chief cities. Those economists who have most earnestly advocated the abolition of public out-door relief, like Sir Charles Trevelyan, Edward Denison, Octavia Hill, Professor Fawcett, and Seth Low, who have been already mentioned, with a host of others who might be named, have been warm friends of the charity organization movement. In its essential idea, charity organization aims to establish a bureau, through which every established institution and society formed for the assistance of the poor and every private citizen may act

in coöperation. It renounces the pleasure of giving any relief which can be procured from agencies already existing. In pursuit of this idea, it schedules and classifies all the discoverable resources of charity, and says to the generous and to the destitute, "Here is where you can best accomplish your aims; here are the means appropriate to your desire or your need."

Charity organization, drawing its agents from workers already in the field, or from fresh volunteers, distributes them through every precinct of the city, to discover what forms of human misery are hidden there; to probe the social wounds, and ascertain how far they penetrate through the flesh into the character; "to search out the cause they know not," to be discreet friends to the weak and incompetent; to open to them the sources of help, and first of all those which place them upon their feet, and put a brave, hopeful, self-respecting heart in their breasts. Its purpose is that not an outcast soul, however dislodged from society, shall go misunderstood and unbefriended.

Holding this purpose, it comes to the community and says, "We will accept the responsibility of every case of real or simulated distress which you may throw upon us. We will not relieve it ourselves unless it be so exceptional an instance that no other resource is at hand; for our aim is not to create a new organization, but to systematize and bring to the highest efficiency the hundreds of agencies already available, and so put an end to their disorder and waste." It is an agency for investigation, and as such it becomes a bureau of registration, at which relief societies may detect the overlapping of their work, the concealed assistance of their beneficiaries, and the impostures practiced upon them. Here they may find the means to discriminate between meritorious and dissembling want.

Charity organization is a scheme of

conference. Workers fresh from the field come together, that a hundred experiences may converge into some luminous ray of guidance, that the dispirited and perplexed may be encouraged, that the one-sidedness of individual sympathy and observation may be corrected, that the wisdom of the many may coalesce into the wisdom of each one.

A plan like this has in it the meritorious points of the Elberfeld system; or, at least, it will have them as soon as private and public relief shall be separated and put in supplementary relations. It has the virtue of being a voluntary "society of patriotic citizens;" it furnishes friendly visitors, allotting the field among them, so that they do not cover the same cases, nor become overburdened with duty; it acquires that information which makes imposture difficult, and suffers no destitute person to be neglected; it elicits and brings into order the resources of benevolence, so that no form of want goes unprovided for; by checking waste and distributing applicants systematically, it reduces relief from maintenance to assistance, from the prop of idleness to the crutch of the lame, and it can prolong well-adjusted aid while the necessity for it lasts; finally, being a system of unity and thus gaining in a large measure control over the wards of charity, it can terminate relief when the occasion for it passes, and the dependent upon it is ready to "graduate" into the great world of industrial, social, and moral order.

Such is the significance of the attempt to curtail legal relief to the limits of institutions. It is an important, if not an essential, step to systematized work, and until pauperism is confronted with system there is no hope of eradicating it.

This paper, already long, ought not to pass over certain facts which illustrate and support its argument. Chalmers's experiment in one of the poorest and most populous parishes of Glasgow is a case in point, and is freshly appealed

to as an example of wise administration. He abolished all legal relief in his parish, and charged every new case of pauperism that arose upon an evening penny collection, which amounted to \$400 a year. In a population of ten thousand but twenty new cases arose in four years, of which five were the results of illegitimate births or family desertion, and two of disease. The cost of their relief was but \$175 a year. In a few years the established pauperism of the parish sank from 164 to 99, and Dr. Chalmers had to find new educational methods for employing his superfluous poor funds.

Mr. Low, in a paper to be found in the published proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction of 1881, brings forward three instances of the sudden curtailment of public official out-door relief which were attended by no discoverable distress. In 1876, the township in which Indianapolis is, by a change in the trusteeship of poor relief, reduced its expense from \$90,000 a year to \$8000. In 1878, the city of Brooklyn ceased to give out-door relief, in which \$141,207 had been expended the previous year. The sudden withdrawal of this large sum found no compensations elsewhere that could be detected. There was no increase in the population of the almshouse or hospital, no augmented demand upon the treasury of the General Relief Society of the city, no police reports of unusual mendicancy or want. On the contrary, since the cutting-off of public out-door relief, with the exception of 1879, when the inmates of the hospital and almshouse were increased by only eleven, this in-door population and the expenditures of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor have diminished. Like statements may be made concerning Philadelphia, where the municipal councils in 1879 declined any further appropriations for out-door relief, although they had voted \$66,000 to this

purpose the previous year. No new strain was put upon either the public institutions or the resources of charitable societies.

For some years the East End Union of London, within whose limits lies one of the most poverty-stricken districts of that city, has abolished all official outdoor relief, with a most encouraging gain upon the pauperism of its territory.

One of the best informed writers on the subject of Italian pauperism writes, "When Napoleon abolished the religious orders and the convent alms at Rome, out of thirty thousand beggars, thus left without assistance, only fifteen thousand had themselves registered and taken into St. John Lateran's. The same thing happened in Lombardy in the time of Joseph II. When the work-houses of Pizzighettone, Abbiategrasso, and Milan were opened for beggars, the greater part of them disappeared."

These instances are taken from various different countries.

simply distributes among clamorous claimants what they regard as morally their own. They can recognize but little more ground of gratitude to the mechanism of distribution than to the hydrant which brings the water that it taints into their dwellings. There is little in this perfunctoriness to reinstate the poor in the consciousness of social ties. Rather, the official agency of relief is a bar to the avenues of society. It is a gate where those stand, to use Longfellow's graphic words,

"Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the favor
Of the bread by which men die."

Whatever scheme of dealing with pauperism may be pressed upon our notice, one truth will doubtless emerge from every experiment, clad in repulsiveness until society recognizes it, transfigured with divine radiance when

istration, and the spiritual wealth of the community at their command. While the scope of relief extends to no greater wants than an intelligent farmer considers in his herd, the pauper cannot but feel that he is placed among the cattle outside, and excluded from all participation in the life of these households. The closing of the doors to high human fellowships, with their moral basis of order and concord, with their bright conventions of courtesy and refinement, with their rich play of responsive sympathies, with their hope exciting vistas of still ampler and purer prospects, — this is the saddest element in the situation of those whom adversity, ignorance, or vice has depressed. The poor wretch, who, lapsed from the pale of cosmic life, is sinking into the debasement of animalism, where intelligence turns to predatory instincts, the voice of conscience is

quiet, the faculties for fellowship wither up, and the hope of better things does not stir the heart, needs to be environed by the friendships of the capable and strong. Without this higher and harder charity, organization is not method, but mechanism. The hand without the mind is but a tool. Together they are the artist. The mechanisms of charity can never shape the hard rock of pauperism into the features and forms of beauty. For that undertaking society must become an inspired artist. May not this persuasion have led the apostle Paul to couple the principle and exhortation together? "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

D. O. Kellogg.

THE FLOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

As man extends his control over the surface of this continent, he finds that perfect mastery of it is not easily attained. He deals here with a ruder mother earth than that which environed him in the Old World; frost, flood, and drought, the three dangers of climates in high latitudes, are all more serious evils on this continent than he found them in the cradle lands of his race. In Europe and Western Asia the land is divided into physical kingdoms, or subdivided into principalities, by mountains or arms of the seas. The forces of nature are tamed by the division; floods and famines find barriers set against them, and the worst natural accidents are local in their action. In America there is far more unity in the destiny of the land; blessings and curses have a wider, freer range.

Let us notice at the outset that there are two different North Americas: the one the geographical continent, such as is delineated in maps, and the other the continent that can have any profitable relations to man,—which can support him by its soil, or help him by its mineral resources.

As far as man is concerned, all the areas of North America that drain into the Arctic Sea, and nearly all that drain into Hudson's Bay, may be regarded as not existing. It would be well if they could be taken below the sea, for there is no human promise to them, and if they were away the rest would be more favored in its climate. We must make a similar subtraction for all the region between the meridian of Omaha and that of Sacramento and north of Mexico. Here and there, in this area, are patches of land where men may win bread; but of it all, not over the tenth part will ever see a harvest.

South of the United States, in Mex-

ico and Central America, nature is less niggardly than in the Northern Cordilleran section, and there is a chance for patches of fertility high enough in the mountains to escape the evils of the tropics; but, as a whole, we may say that man has already entered on all his inheritance on this continent.

In its economic aspect, this continent divides itself into four main regions, which, though not very distinct from each other, are peculiar enough to deserve separate names. They are the Atlantic coast belt, including the borders of the Mexican Gulf; the Laurentian basin; the Pacific coast; and, between these, the great basin of the Mississippi. Of these areas, the great central river basin is the chief; we may indeed call it the trunk and viscera of the continent's body, the other parts being only the outlying limbs. Measured in terms of men yet to live on this land, the Mississippi area is many times greater than all the rest of the continent put together. Measured by its future acres of grain, or the future tonnage of minerals, the two prime motors of our economic life, we find that it holds the material wealth on which must rest the burden of the life in the twentieth, and we know not how many more centuries.

As the largest element of our national heritage, this great valley may well receive the especial consideration of the state.

The Mississippi Valley differs in many ways from any other river valley with which our race has had to deal. In the first place, it is much larger than any of the valleys of Europe; it has a greater share of alluvial lands along its several streams, and a more extensive delta at its mouth, than any Old World rivers. The process of occupation by man, and

the change in the conditions which this occupation brings about, have taken place with great rapidity, without allowing any time for the readjustment of the physical conditions which the use of a region by civilized men compels.

When our race came to occupy the Mississippi Valley, its conditions had already been modified by the action of his Indian predecessors to a considerable degree. Nearly all the region west of the Mississippi, and a large portion of that to the north and west of the Ohio, where now lie the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, were destitute of forests. In part, this absence of woods was due to the original influence of climate; but in larger degree it was owing to the Indian habit of burning the herbage, to foster the growth of the fresh grasses which were so advantageous to the buffalo and other large game. East of the Mississippi, it seems pretty clear that this process of deforesting was principally, if not entirely, due to this peculiar forest and prairie burning habit of our predecessors on this continent.

Thus the whites came to this valley at a time when it was in good part unwooded; when the great unbroken forests were, in the main, limited to the eastern or Ohio district of the valley. This district was harder to deforest than that west of the Mississippi, on account of its greater rainfall. The eastern side of the Mississippi has at least twice the rainfall that comes to the western side of the valley; so its wet forests were hard to burn. To this, we owe the fact that the Indians had not carried the treeless belt up to the very foot of the Alleghanies.¹ But what the savages could not do with fire, their successors, more skillful despoilers of the earth, have set about with the axe. A large part of the forest coating of the Ohio Valley

has disappeared, and what remained marked all over by the hand of

The first and most important of this invasion of the forests is that the rain-water flows rapidly into the streams, and the sea, than it did before.

perceive how this is brought about the old virgin forests, whose waters are known to few, the water had a slow journey to the main stream.

There was commonly a foot or more of vegetable mould, porous as a sponge, and capable of retaining a rainfall of several inches, which it yielded slowly to the streams. This was overlaid in every direction by fallen trees, whose mouldering frames made little dams across every depression, from which the water would slowly filter down the drainage slopes. In the torrential rains that flooded the surface of the wood, the action of the flowing water heaped the decayed debris in every channel, and served to bar its path to the main streams. When the flood had found its way to the open brooks, it encountered the system of beaver dams, which once existed in thousands along all the lesser streams. These wonderful structures have long since passed away; but when the whites first came to this country, every stream less in size than the smaller rivers was dammed here and there by these barriers, so admirably fitted for retaining the waters in the flood times. It was the habit of these primitive hydraulic engineers to abandon their dams whenever they had cleared away their favorite species of trees that grew near them, and to build others; so that a colony of beavers would in a few years construct several dams beside the one they occupied at any particular time. Each of these barriers held the waters imperfectly, serving only to hinder the flood in its swift course; no one dam

¹ I am aware that this view of the origin of the prairies in the Ohio Valley is not generally accepted, and cannot here enter on the proof of it;

but I may say that, in my opinion, it rests on abundant evidence.

would hold more than a few acres of water; but, with every little "branch" full of them, the aggregate restraining effect on the current was very great indeed. The floating ice and drift-wood would catch on the barrier of the dam, and so increase its effect in holding back the waters.

There are no data for estimating the relative length of time it required for the floods to escape while these conditions prevailed, compared with the rate of speed that now marks these down-going waters. But it is pretty clear that it must have required at least twice, perhaps thrice, the time for a flood to pour its waters by a particular point on the Ohio one hundred and fifty years ago that it does at present. Let us consider how man's interference has changed the behavior of these floods. In the first place, the larger part of the forests have utterly disappeared. Instead of the spongy mass of the forest bed that never could be entirely closed by frost, and of the sheltering woods that fenced the snow from the sun and from warm winds, we now have more than half the valley, with bare fields, compacted by tillage, open to sun and to the south wind, freezing to the hardness of stone, and from which the rains of the late winter flow away as speedily as they do from the house roofs.

Besides this, all the beaver-dammed, timber-obstructed streams are cleared out, in order that the lumberman may "run" his logs from the remnants of forests among the hills. All the alluvial lands along the streams are turned into open fields, so that the overflowing water has no longer to creep through a tangle of vegetation, as soon as it escapes from the channel, but may move swiftly, however wide its stream. If now, after a time of frost, there comes a general rain that exceeds two or three inches in total fall, the water from the most of the valleys is swiftly precipitated into the main ways, and it all hurries at

the average rate of six or more miles an hour from the place where it falls to the earth to the great rivers. These main rivers speedily escape from their banks, and flood the fields and towns throughout the alluvial plains, carrying destruction all the way to the sea. For a time, the increasing volume of the flood waters that each year has brought has managed to make some compensation for itself. The main channels have been widened by cutting away the alluvial plain on either side. In this fashion the flood water way of the Ohio has widened by about one fifth since the settlement of the country began. But now, when many cities have grown on its banks, and the alluvial lands have come to be highly valued, means have been taken to keep the stream as far as possible within its bounds, and even to recover some part of its recent gains on its shores. So the waters are compelled to mount in height, and they rush onward in a swift tide that requires several days to pass any given point. As this flood, reinforced by every tributary, goes onward, it lengthens, but becomes less deep, and takes more hours to pass by. Thus a flood that will be dangerously high for only two days in the upper Ohio will be a week above the danger line on the Mississippi. It is impossible to estimate the loss by such a flood as that of February, 1883, on the Ohio. We can only enumerate the classes of damage done. First, we have the loss from the sweeping away of the soil. As I stood, during the time of the February flood, on a bridge over the Ohio at Cincinnati, looking at the roaring mass of waters, full of wreckage of fences, bridges, houses, and barns, that gathered in quivering, changing heaps against each of the massive piers, I felt that the immediate loss of these temporary structures was less important than the wastage of soil that the stream was bearing away to the sea. Each minute the fertility of a farm went by in the

yellow tide. In this floating soil, the slow winning of many geological periods, the possibilities of food for millions to come slips away unseen in the turbid waters. This is the greatest and least replaceable of the losses. Next comes the immediate loss of structures of all kinds; then the interruption to business in the alluvial tracts that take the burden of the flood; last, and most grievous, but hardest to estimate in money, the epidemics that follow in the train of these floods. The great overflows of 1847 and 1852, which this flood of February, 1883, far exceeded, were followed, in the succeeding warm seasons, by calamitous outbreaks of cholera and related diseases. The lesser inundations of intervening years have apparently left their several marks on the death-rate of the valley. The flood of February of this year is estimated to have occasioned a loss of a million and a half dollars at Cincinnati alone. It is doubtful if the direct loss in the Mississippi Valley will be less than fifty million dollars; and if pestilence should come in its train, the money damage may go far beyond this amount.

Bad as this is at the moment, the prospect for the future is yet more discouraging. The remaining forests of the Ohio Valley, which still cover something over one third of its surface, and serve to modify the floods, lie principally in the mountain districts about its head waters, — the head streams of the Tennessee, Cumberland, Kentucky, Licking, Sandy, Kanawha, Monongahela, etc. These forests clothe steep hill-sides, whence the infinitely ramifying streams fall rapidly to the main rivers. The heaviest rainfall of the valley is in this district. As yet the lumberman has left much of this country unchanged; the flood water has there something of the slow escape that once marked its overflow in all the lower regions as well. Now, however, the changes arising from settlement is invading these valleys; the

axe is stripping their hill-sides, turning them into bare roofs, from which soil and water flow away in swift yellow torrents. The streams are losing the old barriers of fallen trees and the tangle of lodged drift-wood, that moderated the speed of the current even after the beaver dams had disappeared. When these mountain ridges have been thoroughly subjugated, a process that will be complete within half a century, the disastrous power of the flood will be greatly enhanced; for this region has the largest rainfall of any part of the valley, and when stripped of its forests will, on account of its steepness of surface, send its tide of water with greater speed to the low countries than those regions which now give the worst floods. The question comes before us, Is there any remedy for these inundations, or must they be submitted to with the necessary patience with which we endure cold and droughts? For the lower portions of the Mississippi, that vast alluvial plain, richer than the lowlands of Holland or of the Nilotic delta, a remedy, or at least a satisfactory palliative, may be found in the system of diking and of side outlets, which have been so well proven in many other lands for thousands of years. As soon as the nation comes to a full sense of its duty by its inheritance, this part of the evil will certainly be dealt with. On the upper waters, the greater height of the flood line in relation to the alluvial lands makes the problem much more difficult. Dikes twenty feet high would often be needed to make a safe barrier to the stream. The construction and maintenance of such works, though not beyond the powers of engineering, would be a work of impracticable magnitude. Moreover, the inconvenience of such barriers would be very great. In the numerous cities that have grown and are to grow along these streams, such dikes would prove more inconvenient than the walls of mediæval burghs. Ad-

ditional outlets for the waters are not possible here, as they are in the delta region of the main river.

The only conceivable resources may be found in the possible means of retaining the flood waters in the uplands, so that they may be more slowly discharged into the greater tributaries. Speaking generally, we may say that a flood that will be disastrous if it passes a given point in six days will not rise out of the usual water way if it could be made to take eight days in its passage. Is it possible to retain in the uplands enough of the flood waters of the Ohio to prolong the period of its passage, say at Cincinnati, by as much as two or three days? This problem has never, to my knowledge, received the discussion which it merits. Some years ago, a Mr. Charles Ellet, Jr., a distinguished engineer, proposed to construct a large dam on the upper Kanawha, designed to retain enough water for the replenishment of the stream in times when the water becomes too shallow for the uses of navigation. This is the only considerable inquiry into the problem of water storage in the Ohio basin that is known to me.

Some years ago, while acting as state geologist and surveyor of Kentucky, I looked into the old natural function of the beaver dams; and from them I obtained the idea that it might be possible to make temporary reservoirs, which should be flooded for only a few days in the year, and which would serve to retain enough water to lower the flood height of the main stream by a few feet. I examined a few specimen areas in that State, to determine the possible size and to get approximate estimates of the cost of such dams. My data were very imperfect: but it seemed possible, with about one thousand reservoirs, averaging fifty acres in surface, with a mean depth of ten feet, to hold back the dangerous, or at least the most destructive, part of the flood tide that passes Cincinnati in one

day; and that three thousand dams of this area, or a total surface of somewhat over one hundred thousand acres of water reservoirs, having a mean depth of ten feet, would be required to lower the water at Cincinnati below the level of great destruction during such a flood as that of February last. The cost of such dams would be great, but it seemed to me likely that it would not exceed an average of somewhere near ten thousand dollars each, or a total of about thirty million dollars for the completed work. There would probably be no serious difficulty in insuring the automatic action of these dams, so that supervision would not be expensive. The structures being of a cheap character, the annual repairs should not be a serious charge. The occupation of the land by the waters would be only temporary; it need not endure beyond the period of winter; by the middle of March the gates of the dams could be thrown wide open to the passage of the waters, and the land given to the plow. The effect of this overflowing, provided it did not extend later into the season than the first of April, would be advantageous to the land. It would receive each winter a refreshment from the silt deposited upon it, so that, in place of being harmed, it would be helped by the flooding.

If this system should, on careful inquiry, be found practicable, it would be easy, with slight modifications, to make it serve the purpose of maintaining a sufficient depth of water for navigation during the summer season. It was once supposed that the extension of railways would destroy the usefulness of these water ways, but experience has shown that the navigation of the Ohio grows greater each year. The carriage of freight now far exceeds the traffic on any railway in the country. Through its channels the coal supply of the region adjacent to the Mississippi naturally finds its way from the vast coal fields of the Appalachian Mountains. An

immense and rapidly growing freight of iron, salt, and lumber passes along its ways to market, at a cost of less than half what would be required for its carriage on any railway. Owing to the widening of the channel and to the loss of water-storing power in the country, the river is essentially unfit for this work for several months each year; the water being too shallow for any but the smallest steamers. By making a part of these dams storeplaces for the waters of the later spring season, and releasing this water in the time of droughts, as proposed by Mr. Ellet, a better depth of stream could be maintained during the period of short rainfall. I believe that the profit to the country derived from this benefit alone would go far to compensate for the cost of the whole project, if it did not in itself entirely warrant it. This plan is not purely speculative, for something of this sort has been accomplished in certain European rivers, where a system of temporary rises in the water of navigable streams, little freshets, coming at short intervals, is produced by means of such storage reservoirs.

It should not be supposed that this project of flood retention is sufficiently matured to warrant its immediate adoption. It may be claimed, however, as it is the only possible solution of a very grave problem, that it is fairly worth the thorough inquiry which only a careful and widely extended survey could give it.

We may notice that any scheme which would serve to lower the flood line at Cincinnati by as much as ten feet would diminish the freshet level on the lower Mississippi, below Cairo, by a proportionate amount, or probably by something like two or three feet of altitude. This would make the problem of protecting the lands of the lower Mississippi, the most fertile lands of America, a region that has a food-giving power as great as half the State of Iowa,

much easier than it now appears to be. The essential difficulty of the lower Mississippi floods lies in the upper three feet of their rise. If that much could be taken away, the problem would be far simpler than it now is.

We may also notice that this project is consistent with the plan of improving the navigation of the smaller tributaries of the Mississippi system, which has already received some attention from the federal government. To give good access to those stores of mineral wealth in the Appalachians, which the proper development of the whole valley demands, will require the improvement, by locks and dams, of these streams in the admirable fashion in operation in France and parts of Germany, where every stream that can in any way be made an outlet for trade has been brought into use. Such a system of water ways will require an extensive series of pools for water storage, which would naturally be a part of the proposed reservoirs for the retention of the flood waters. Indeed, when this system of lockage and damming is completed, the works necessary for the retention of floods and for the maintenance of a summer supply in the main river would incidentally be, in part, accomplished. So that all the necessities of improvement in this river system are parts of the same great task.

Somewhat apart from these lines of profit, but still worthy of notice, we may note the probable advantages to the climate and tillage of the country derived from the longer retention of the waters in the lands. Although a certain proportion of these reservoirs would be used only for the temporary storage of the water, it is likely that a large part of them would be used to retain their water to the times of drought. The presence of these reservoirs in the region could hardly fail to have some effect upon the climate in dry seasons through the evaporation of their water.

Just as the forests engender thunderstorms from the great volume of water they yield to the air in hot seasons, so a multiplicity of small lakes would act to supply the material for local rains. There is yet another advantage to be derived from the detained flood waters: they could be used for the purposes of irrigation, an art that can be profitably applied to most of the fields of the Mississippi Valley that border on the streams. The trouble is that, during the time of drought, these streams yield so little water that they could not be made to serve for irrigation. The waters held back by dams from the flood season could be made to serve this need in times of heat and drought, and would doubtless, in time, be availed of to the great benefit of the agriculture of the district.

It is not to be denied that the perfect control of the Mississippi system of waters is perhaps the greatest engineering problem that our race has ever had to attack. The great rivers of China are the only streams of the thickly peopled parts of the world that present anything like the difficulties that we have to encounter here. The larger streams of Europe, the Rhine, the Danube, the Po, and the Rhone, all have great natural storage reservoirs on their upper waters, that limit the action of the mountain-born floods, and tend to equalize the flow of their waters. No such reservoirs exist on the tributaries of the Ohio and the Missouri, or any other of the Mississippi affluents, except on the head waters of the stream which is incorrectly termed the *upper Mississippi*.

I have limited these considerations to the valley of the Ohio, because the problem is more serious in that valley than in those of the other great embranchments of the Mississippi. Its greater rainfall, the denser population, bringing more cities upon its banks, makes the needs more imminent there

than elsewhere. In the Missouri Valley there are few forests to clear away, the rainfall is much less, and population has not become great enough for its banks to be occupied with great cities; still the problem there is only less serious than on the Ohio. Very destructive floods ravage its fertile alluvial lands; and if the destruction is less wide-spread than on the Ohio, it is in part because there is, as yet, less to destroy. Moreover, the Missouri Valley is a region where the incidental profit which would arise from the storage of water would be greater than in the more eastern valley of the Ohio, for the reason that the summer droughts are more serious, the river then shrinks to a lesser stream, and the need of irrigation water is more serious. Apart from the effect in mitigating floods, the storage of water in the uplands of this woody region would be very profitable to all its interests. Indeed, this system is demanded in all the great valleys that enter the Mississippi from the west.

Nature, in giving us the finest river valley for the benefit of our race that the world affords, has given with it a burden of labor worthy of our government. Unhappily, at the present time, the evils of our system of national appropriations for internal improvement have brought a certain odium upon all schemes for the betterment of our water ways. There is an unreasoning disposition among our people unreflectingly to condemn all such projects.

This state of the public mind will, it is to be hoped, prove transitory. The problem of the Mississippi water system is a national problem. It will soon become so urgent that it must be treated in a national way. If the federal government, led by a sectional feeling that is in striking contrast with the state of the public mind a decade ago, refuses to undertake the matter, then it will necessarily be undertaken by some form of association among the States that are

most immediately concerned therein. It needs no Daniel come to judgment to show that such an associated action of States in a matter of continuous governmental work would be full of the gravest political dangers. It would be a federation within the nation for mutual protection against a danger that the general government had failed to repel. It could not fail to weaken the bond of common interest, the source of common obligation, which we gave a generation of labor and of life to affirm. Once let it be established in the public mind that the vital interests of each section must be cared for by associations of the States that are immediately concerned therein, and the idea of a great all-sustaining commonwealth will be fatally weakened. Such a sundering of the moral union of the people would pave the way to, if it did not in itself warrant, a political disintegration of the nation. It seems to me certain that no such policy of blind neglect can ever meet with continued approval in this country. If the governments of Europe,

despite their burden of war, and of constant preparation for war, can care for the condition of their water ways, if Great Britain can secure to the people of India the advantages of storage reservoirs to meet the needs of drought-times, our own government, free from all burden of armaments, and soon to be free from the load of national debt, will surely prove that it is willing to do all that is possible to meet such exigencies. Against this tide of necessity political prejudices and sectional jealousies can make no permanent headway. Practical modern governments exist for such duties, and will be properly judged by the efficiency with which they accomplish them. Just as ancient régimes maintained themselves by the power with which they resisted armies, keeping out the Goth, or the Turk, or other foe, so the governments of the practical age we are entering will stand or fall by their power to combat the elemental enemies, pestilence, flood, and famine, or what else of ill to which man once tamely submitted.

N. S. Shaler.

THE "HARNT" THAT WALKS CHILHOWEE.

JUNE had crossed the borders of Tennessee. Even on the summit of Chilhowee Mountain the apples in Peter Giles's orchard were beginning to redden, and his Indian corn, planted on so steep a declivity that the stalks seemed to have much ado to keep their footing, was crested with tassels and plumed with silk. Among the dense forests, seen by no man's eye, the elder was flying its creamy banners in honor of June's coming, and, heard by no man's ear, the pink and white bells of the azalea rang out melodies of welcome.

"An' it air a toler'ble for'ard season. Yer wheat looks likely; an' yer gyarden

truck air thrivin' powerful. Even that cold spell we-uns hed about the full o' the moon in May ain't done sot it back none, it 'pears like ter me. But, 'cord'ing ter my way o' thinkin', ye hev got chickens enough hyar ter eat off every pea-bloom ez soon ez it opens." And Simon Burney glanced with a gardener's disapproval at the numerous fowls, lifting their red combs and tufted top-knots here and there among the thick clover under the apple-trees.

"Them 's Clarsie's chickens, — my darter, ye know," drawled Peter Giles, a pale, listless, and lank mountaineer. "An' she hev been gin ter onderstand

ez they hev got ter be kep' out'n the gyarden; 'thout," he added indulgently, — "'thout I'm a-plowin', when I lets 'em foller in the furrow ter pick up worms. But law! Clarsie is so spry that she don't ax no better 'n ter be let ter run them chickens off'n the peas."

Then the two men tilted their chairs against the posts of the little porch in front of Peter Giles's log cabin, and puffed their pipes in silence. The panorama spread out before them showed misty and dreamy among the delicate spiral wreaths of smoke. But was that gossamer-like illusion, lying upon the far horizon, the magic of nicotian, or the vague presence of distant heights? As ridge after ridge came down from the sky in ever-graduating shades of intenser blue, Peter Giles might have told you that this parallel system of enchantment was only "the mountings:" that here was Foxy, and there was Big Injun, and still beyond was another, which he had hearn tell ran spang up into Virginny. The sky that bent to clasp this kindred blue was of varying moods. Floods of sunshine submerged Chilhowee in liquid gold, and revealed that dainty outline limned upon the northern horizon; but over the Great Smoky mountains clouds had gathered, and a gigantic rainbow bridged the valley.

Peter Giles's listless eyes were fixed upon a bit of red clay road, which was visible through a gap in the foliage far below. Even a tiny object, that ant-like crawled upon it, could be seen from the summit of Chilhowee. "I reckon that 's my brother's wagon an' team," he said, as he watched the moving atom pass under the gorgeous triumphal arch. "He 'lowed he war goin' ter the Cross-Roads ter-day."

Simon Burney did not speak for a moment. When he did, his words seemed widely irrelevant. "That 's a likely gal o' yourn," he drawled, with an odd constraint in his voice, — "a likely gal, that Clarsie."

There was a quick flash of surprise in Peter Giles's dull eyes. He covertly surveyed his guest, with an astounded curiosity rampant in his slow brains. Simon Burney had changed color; an expression of embarrassment lurked in every line of his honest, florid, hard-featured face. An alert imagination might have detected a deprecatory self-consciousness in every gray hair that striped the black beard raggedly fringing his chin.

"Yes," Peter Giles at length replied, "Clarsie air a likely enough gal. But she air mightily sot ter hevin' her own way. An' ef 't ain't give ter her peaceable-like, she jes' takes it whether or no."

This statement, made by one presumably fully informed on the subject, might have damped the ardor of many a suitor, — for the monstrous truth was dawning on Peter Giles's mind that suitor was the position to which this slow, elderly widower aspired. But Simon Burney, with that odd, all-pervading constraint still prominently apparent, mildly observed, "Waal, ez much ez I hev seen of her goin's-on, it 'pears ter me ez her way air a mighty good way. An' it ain't comical that she likes it."

Urgent justice compelled Peter Giles to make some amends to the absent Clarissa. "That 's a fac'," he admitted. "An' Clarsie ain't no hand ter jaw. She don't hev no words. But then," he qualified, truth and consistency alike constraining him, "she air a toler'ble hard-headed gal. That air a true word. Ye mought as well try ter hender the sun from shining ez ter make that thar Clarsie Giles do what she don't want ter do."

To be sure, Peter Giles had a right to his opinion as to the hardness of his own daughter's head. The expression of his views, however, provoked Simon Burney to wrath; there was something astir within him that in a worthier sub-

ject might have been called a chivalric thrill, and it forbade him to hold his peace. He retorted: "Of course ye kin say that, ef so minded; but ennybody ez hev got eyes kin see the change ez hev been made in this hyar place sence that thar gal hev been growed. I ain't a-purtendin' ter know that thar Clarsie ez well ez you-uns knows her hyar at home, but I hev seen enough, an' a deal more 'n enough, of her goin's-on, ter know that what she does ain't done fur *herself*. An' ef she will hev her way, it air fur the good of the whole tribe of ye. It 'pears ter me ez thar ain't many gals like that thar Clarsie. An' she air a merciful critter. She air mighty savin' of the feelin's of everything, from the cow an' the mare down ter the dogs, an' pigs, an' chickens; always a-feedin' of 'em jes' ter the time, an' never draggin', an' clawin', an' beatin' of 'em. Why, that thar Clarsie can't put her foot out 'n the door, that every dumb beastis on this hyar place ain't a-runnin' ter git nigh her. I hev seen them pigs mos' climb the fence when she shows her face at the door. 'Pears 'ter me ez that thar Clarsie could tame a b'ar, ef she looked at him a time or two, she's so savin' o' the critter's feelin's! An' thar 's that old yaller dog o' yourn," pointing to an ancient cur that was blinking in the sun, "he's older 'n Clarsie, an' no 'count in the worl'. I hev hearn ye say forty times that ye would kill him, 'ceptin' that Clarsie purtected him, an' hed sot her heart on his a-livin' along. An' all the home-folks, an' everybody that kems hyar ter sot an' talk awhile, never misses a chance ter kick that thar old dog, or poke him with a stick, or cuss him. But Clarsie!—I hev seen that gal take the bread an' meat off'n her plate, an' give it ter that old dog, ez 'pears ter me ter be the worst dispositionest dog I ever see, an' no thanks lef' in him. He hain't hed the grace ter wag his tail fur twenty year. That thar Clarsie air surely a

merciful critter, an' a mighty spry, likely young gal, besides."

Peter Giles sat in stunned astonishment during this speech, which was delivered in a slow, drawling monotone, with frequent meditative pauses, but nevertheless emphatically. He made no reply, and as they were once more silent there rose suddenly the sound of melody upon the air. It came from beyond that tumultuous stream that raced with the wind down the mountain's side; a great log thrown from bank to bank served as bridge. The song grew momentarily more distinct; among the leaves there were fugitive glimpses of blue and white, and at last Clarsie appeared, walking lightly along the log, clad in her checked homespun dress, and with a pail upon her head.

She was a tall, lithe girl, with that delicately transparent complexion often seen among the women of these mountains. Her lustreless black hair lay along her forehead without a ripple or wave; there was something in the expression of her large eyes that suggested those of a deer,—something free, untamable, and yet gentle. "'T ain't no wonder ter me ez Clarsie is all tuk up with the wild things, an' critters ginerally," her mother was wont to say. "She sorter looks like 'em, I 'm a-thinkin'."

As she came in sight there was a renewal of that odd constraint in Simon Burney's face and manner, and he rose abruptly. "Waal," he said, hastily, going to his horse, a raw-boned sorrel, hitched to the fence, "it's about time I war a-startin' home, I reckons."

He nodded to his host, who silently nodded in return, and the old horse jogged off with him down the road, as Clarsie entered the house and placed the pail upon a shelf.

"Who d'ye think hev been hyar a-speakin' of compliments on ye, Clarsie?" exclaimed Mrs. Giles, who had overheard through the open door every

word of the loud, drawling voice on the porch.

Clarsie's liquid eyes widened with surprise, and a faint tinge of rose sprang into her pale face, as she looked an expectant inquiry at her mother.

Mrs. Giles was a slovenly, indolent woman, anxious, at the age of forty-five, to assume the prerogatives of advanced years. She had placed all her domestic cares upon the shapely shoulders of her willing daughter, and had betaken herself to the chimney-corner and a pipe.

"Yes, thar hev been somebody hyar a-speakin' of compliments on ye, Clarsie," she reiterated, with chuckling amusement. "He war a mighty peart, likely boy, — that he war!"

Clarsie's color deepened.

"Old Simon Burney!" exclaimed her mother, in great glee at the incongruity of the idea. "*Old Simon Burney!* — jes' a-sittin' out thar, a-wastin' the time, an' a-burnin' of daylight — jes' ez perlite an' smilin' ez a basket of chips — a-speakin' of compliments on ye!"

There was a flash of laughter among the sylvan suggestions of Clarsie's eyes, — a flash as of sudden sunlight upon water. But despite her mirth she seemed to be unaccountably disappointed. The change in her manner was not noticed by her mother, who continued banteringly, —

"Simon Burney air a mighty pore old man. Ye oughter be sorry fur him, Clarsie. Ye must n't think less of folks than ye does of the dumb beastis, — that ain't religion. Ye knows ye air sorry fur mos' everything; why not fur this comical old consarn? Ye oughter marry him ter take keer of him. He said ye war a merciful critter; now is yer chance ter show it! Why, air ye a-goin' ter weavin', Clarsie, jes' when I wants ter talk ter ye 'bout'n old Simon Burney? But law! I knows ye kerry him with ye in yer heart."

The girl summarily closed the con-

versation by seating herself before a great hand-loom; presently the persistent thump, thump, of the batten and the noisy creak of the treadle filled the room, and through all the long, hot afternoon her deft, practiced hands lightly tossed the shuttle to and fro.

The breeze freshened, after the sun went down, and the hop and gourd vines were all astir as they clung about the little porch where Clarsie was sitting now, idle at last. The rain clouds had disappeared, and there bent over the dark, heavily wooded ridges a pale blue sky, with here and there the crystalline sparkle of a star. A halo was shimmering in the east, where the mists had gathered about the great white moon, hanging high above the mountains. Noiseless wings flitted through the dusk; now and then the bats swept by so close as to wave Clarsie's hair with the wind of their flight. What an airy, glittering, magical thing was that gigantic spider-web suspended between the silver moon and her shining eyes! Ever and anon there came from the woods a strange, weird, long-drawn sigh, unlike the stir of the wind in the trees, unlike the fret of the water on the rocks. Was it the voiceless sorrow of the sad earth? There were stars in the night besides those known to astronomers: the stellar fire-flies gemmed the black shadows with a fluctuating brilliancy; they circled in and out of the porch, and touched the leaves above Clarsie's head with quivering points of light. A steadier and an intenser gleam was advancing along the road; and the sound of languid footsteps came with it; the aroma of tobacco graced the atmosphere, and a tall figure walked up to the gate.

"Come in, come in," said Peter Giles, rising, and tendering the guest a chair. "Ye air Tom Pratt, ez well ez I kin make out by this light. Waal, Tom, we hain't forgot ye sence ye done been hyar."

As Tom had been there on the previous evening, this might be considered a joke, or an equivocal compliment. The young fellow was restless and awkward under it, but Mrs. Giles chuckled with great merriment.

"An' how air ye a-comin' on, Mrs. Giles?" he asked propitiatorily.

"Jes' toler'ble, Tom. Air they all well ter your house?"

"Yes, they're toler'ble well, too." He glanced at Clarsie, intending to address to her some polite greeting, but the expression of her shy, half-startled eyes, turned upon the far-away moon, warned him. "Thar never war a gal so skittish," he thought. "She'd run a mile, skeered ter death, ef I said a word ter her."

And he was prudently silent.

"Waal," said Peter Giles, "what's the news out your way, Tom? Ennything a-goin' on?"

"Thar war a shower yander on the Backbone; it rained toler'ble hard fur a while, an' sot up the corn wonderful. Did ye git enny hyar?"

"Not a drap."

"'Pears ter me ez I kin see the clouds a-circlin' round Chilhowee, an' a-rainin' on everybody's corn-field 'ceptin' oun," said Mrs. Giles. "Some folks is the favored of the Lord, an' t'others hev ter work fur everything an' git nothin'. Waal, waal; we-uns will see our reward in the nex' worl'. Thar's a better worl' than this, Tom."

"That's a fac'," said Tom, in orthodox assent.

"An' when we leaves hyar once, we leaves all trouble an' care behind us, Tom; fur we don't come back no more." Mrs. Giles was drifting into one of her pious moods.

"I dunno," said Tom. "Thar hev been them ez hev."

"Hev what?" demanded Peter Giles, startled.

"Hev come back ter this hyar yearth. Thar's a harnt that walks Chilhowee

every night o' the worl'. I knows them ez hev seen him."

Even Clarsie's great dilated eyes were fastened on the speaker's face. There was a dead silence for a moment, more eloquent with these looks of amazement than any words could have been.

"I reckons ye remember a puny, shriveled little man, named Reuben Crabb, ez used ter live yander, eight mile along the ridge ter that thar big sulphur spring," Tom resumed, appealing to Peter Giles. "He war born with only one arm."

"I 'members him," interpolated Mrs. Giles, vivaciously. "He war a mighty porely, sickly little critter, all the days of his life. 'T war a wonder he war ever raised ter be a man, — an' a pity, too. An' 't war powerful comical, the way of his takin' off; a stunted, one-armed little critter a-ondertakin' ter fight folks an' shoot pistols. He hed the use o' his one arm, sure."

"Waal," said Tom, "his house ain't thar now, 'kase Sam Grim's brothers burned it ter the ground fur his a-killin' of Sam. That warn't all that war done ter Reuben fur killin' of Sam. The sheriff run Reuben Crabb down this hyar road 'bout a mile from hyar, — mebbe less, — an' shot him dead in the road, jes' whar it forks. Waal, Reuben war in company with another evil-doer, — *he* war from the Cross-Roads, an' I furgits what he hed done, but he war a-tryin' ter hide in the mountings, too; an' the sheriff lef' Reuben a-lying thar in the road, while he tries ter ketch up with the t'other; but his horse got a stone in his hoof, an' he los' time, an' hed ter gin it up. An' when he got back ter the forks o' the road whar he had lef' Reuben a-lyin' dead, thar war nothin' thar 'ceptin' a pool o' blood. Waal, he went right on ter Reuben's house, an' them Grim boys hed burnt it ter the ground; but he seen Reuben's brother Joel. An' Joel, he tole the sheriff that late that evenin' he hed tuk

Reuben's body out'n the road an' buried it, 'kase it hed been lyin' thar in the road ever sence early in the mornin', an' he could n't leave it thar all night, an' he hed n't no shelter fur it, sence the Grim boys hed burnt down the house. So he war obleeged ter bury it. An' Joel showed the sheriff a new-made grave, an' Reuben's coat whar the sheriff's bullet hed gone in at the back an' kem out'n the breast. The sheriff 'lowed ez they 'd fine Joel fifty dollars fur a-buryn' of Reuben afore the cor'ner kem; but they never done it, ez I knows on. The sheriff said that when the cor'ner kem the body would be tuk up fur a 'quest. But thar hed been a powerful big frishet, an' the river 'twixt the cor'ner's house an' Chilhowee could n't be forded fur three weeks. The cor'ner never kem, an' so thar it all stayed. That war four year ago."

"Waal," said Peter Giles, dryly, "I ain't seen no harnt yit. I knowed all that afore."

Clarsie's wondering eyes upon the young man's moonlit face had elicited these facts, familiar to the elders, but strange, he knew, to her.

"I war jes' a-goin' on ter tell," said Tom, abashed. "Waal, ever sence his brother Joel died, this spring, Reuben's harnt walks Chilhowee. He war seen week afore las', 'bout daybreak, by Ephraim Blenkins, who hed been a-fish-in', an' war a-goin' home. Eph happened ter stop in the laurel ter wind up his line, when all in a minit he seen the harnt go by, his face white, an' his eye-balls like fire, an' puny an' one-armed, jes' like he lived. Eph, he owed me a haffen day's work; I holped him ter plow las' month, an' so he kem ter-day an' hoed along consider'ble ter pay fur it. He say he believes the harnt never seen him, 'kase it went right by. He 'lowed ef the harnt hed so much ez cut one o' them blazin' eyes round at him he couldn't but hev drapped dead. Waal, this mornin', 'bout sunrise, my

brother Bob's little gal, three year old, strayed off from home while her mother war out milkin' the cow. An' we went a-huntin' of her, mightily worked up, 'kase thar hev been a bar prowlin' round our corn-field twict this summer. An' I went ter the right, an' Bob went ter the lef'. An' he say ez he war a-pushin' 'long through the laurel, he seen the bushes ahead of him a-rustlin'. An' he jes' stood still an' watched 'em. An' fur a while the bushes war still too; an' then they moved jes' a little, fust this way an' then that, till all of a suddint the leaves opened, like the mouth of hell mought hev done, an' thar he seen Reuben Crabb's face. He say he never seen sech a face! Its mouth war open, an' its eyes war a-startin' out'n its head, an' its skin war white till it war blue; an' ef the devil hed hed it a-hangin' over the coals that minit it could n't hev looked no more skeered. But that war all that Bob seen, 'kase he jes' shet his eyes an' screeched an' screeched like he war *distracted*. An' when he stopped a second ter ketch his breath he hearn su'thin' a-answerin' him back, sorter weak-like, an' thar war little Peggy a-pullin' through the laurel. Ye know she's too little ter talk good, but the folks down ter our house believes she seen the harnt, too."

"My Lord!" exclaimed Peter Giles. "I 'low I could n't live a minit ef I war ter see that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee!"

"I know *I* could n't," said his wife.

"Nor me nuther," murmured Clarsie.

"Waal," said Tom, resuming the thread of his narrative, "we hev all been a-talkin' down yander ter our house ter make out the reason why Reuben Crabb's harnt hev sot out ter walk *jes' sence his brother Joel died*, — 'kase it war never seen afore then. An' ez nigh ez we kin make it out, the reason is 'kase thar's nobody lef' in this hyar worl' what believes he warn't ter blame in that thar killin' o' Sam Grim. Joel

always swore ez Reuben never killed him no more 'n nothin'; that Sam's own pistol went off in his own hand, an' shot him through the heart jes' ez he war a-drawin' of it ter shoot Reuben Crabb. An' I hev hearn other men ez war a-standin' by say the same thing, — though them Grims tells another tale; but ez Reuben never owned no pistol in his life, nor kerried one, it don't 'pear ter me ez what them Grims say air reasonable. Joel always swore ez Sam Grim war a mighty mean man, — a great big feller like him a-rockin' of a deformed little critter, an' a-mockin' of him, an' a-hittin' of him. An' the day of the fight, Sam jes' knocked him down fur nothin' at all; an' afore ye could wink Reuben jumped up sud-dint, an' flew at him like an eagle, an' struck him in the face. An' then Sam drawed his pistol, an' it went off in his own hand, an' shot him through the heart, an' killed him dead. Joel said that ef he could hev kep' that pore little critter Reuben still, an' let the sheriff arrest him peaceable-like, he war sure the jury would hev let him off; 'kase how war Reuben a-goin' ter shoot enny-body when Sam Grim never left a-holt of the only pistol between them, in life or in death? They tells me they hed ter bury Sam Grim with that thar pistol in his hand; his grip war too tight fur death to unloose it. But Joel said that Reuben war sartain they'd hang him. He hed n't never seen no jestic from enny one man, an' he could n't look fur it from twelve men. So he jes' sot out ter run through the woods, like a painter or a wolf, ter be hunted by the sheriff, an' he war run down an' kilt in the road. Joel said *he* kep' up arter the sheriff ez well ez he could on foot, — fur the Crabbs never hed no horse, — ter try ter beg fur Reuben, if he war cotched, an' tell how little an' how weakly he war. I never seen a young man's head turn white like Joel's done; he said he reckoned it war his troubles.

But ter the las' he stuck ter his rifle faithful. He war a powerful hunter; he war out rain or shine, hot or cold, in sech weather ez other folks would think thar war n't no use in tryin' ter do nothin' in. I'm mightily afeard o' seein' Reuben, now, that's a fac'," concluded Tom, frankly; "'kase I hev hearn tell, an' I believes it, that ef a harnt speaks ter ye, it air sartain ye're bound ter die right then."

"'Pears ter me," said Mrs. Giles, "ez many mountings ez thar air round hyar, he mought hev tuk ter walkin' some of them, stiddier Chilhowee."

There was a sudden noise close at hand: a great inverted splint-basket, from which came a sound of flapping wings, began to move slightly back and forth. Mrs. Giles gasped out an ejaculation of terror, the two men sprang to their feet, and the coy Clarsie laughed aloud in an exuberance of delighted mirth, forgetful of her shyness. "I declare ter goodness, you-uns air all skeered fur true! Did ye think it war the harnt that walks Chilhowee?"

"What's under that thar basket?" demanded Peter Giles, rather sheepishly, as he sat down again.

"Nothin' but the duck-legged Dominicky," said Clarsie, "what air bein' broke up from settin'." The moonlight was full upon the dimpling merriment in her face, upon her shining eyes and parted red lips, and her gurgling laughter was pleasant to hear. Tom Pratt edged his chair a trifle nearer, as he, too, sat down.

"Ye ought n't never ter break up a duck-legged hen, nor a Dominicky, nuther," he volunteered, "'kase they air sech a good kind o' hen ter kerry chickens; but a hen that is duck-legged, an' Dominicky, too, oughter be let ter set, whether or no."

Had he been warned in a dream, he could have found no more secure road to Clarsie's favor and interest than a discussion of the poultry. "I'm

a-thinkin'," she said, "that it air too hot fur hens ter set now, an' 'twill be till the las' of August."

"It don't 'pear ter me ez it air hot much in June up hyar on Chilhowee, — thar's a differ, I know, down in the valley; but till July, on Chilhowee, it don't 'pear ter me ez it air too hot ter set a hen. An' a duck-legged Dominicky air mighty hard ter break up."

"That's a fac'," Clarsie admitted; "but I'll hev ter do it, somehow, 'kase I ain't got no eggs fur her. All my hens air kerryin' of chickens."

"Waal!" exclaimed Tom, seizing his opportunity, "I'll bring ye some ter-morrer night, when I come agin. We-uns hev got eggs ter our house."

"Thanky," said Clarsie, shyly smiling.

This unique method of courtship would have progressed very prosperously but for the interference of the elders, who are an element always more or less adverse to love-making. "Ye oughter turn out yer hen now, Clarsie," said Mrs. Giles, "ez Tom air a-goin' ter bring ye some eggs ter-morrer. I wonder ye don't think it's mean ter keep her up longer 'n ye air obleeged ter. Ye oughter remember ye war called a merciful critter jes' ter-day."

Clarsie rose precipitately, raised the basket, and out flew the "duck-legged Dominicky," with a frantic flutter and hysterical cackling. But Mrs. Giles was not to be diverted from her purpose; her thoughts had recurred to the absurd episode of the afternoon, and with her relish of the incongruity of the joke she opened upon the subject at once.

"Waal, Tom," she said, "we'll be havin' Clarsie married, afore long, I'm a-thinkin'." The young man sat bewildered. He, too, had entertained views concerning Clarsie's speedy marriage, but with a distinctly personal application; and this frank mention of the matter by Mrs. Giles had a sinister sug-

gestion that perhaps her ideas might be antagonistic. "An' who d'ye think hev been hyar ter-day, a-speakin' of compliments on Clarsie?" He could not answer, but he turned his head with a look of inquiry, and Mrs. Giles continued, "He is a mighty peart, likely boy, — *he is*."

There was a growing anger in the dismay on Tom Pratt's face; he leaned forward to hear the name with a fiery eagerness, altogether incongruous with his usual lack-lustre manner.

"Old Simon Burney!" cried Mrs. Giles, with a burst of laughter. "*Old Simon Burney!* Jes' a-speakin' of compliments on Clarsie!"

The young fellow drew back with a look of disgust. "Why, he's a old man; he ain't no fit husband fur Clarsie."

"Don't ye be too sure ter count on that. I war jes' a-layin' off ter tell Clarsie that a gal oughter keep mighty clar o' widowers, 'thout she wants ter marry one. Fur I believes," said Mrs. Giles, with a wild flight of imagination, "ez them men hev got some sort'n trade with the Evil One, an' he gives 'em the power ter witch the gals, somehow, so's ter git 'em ter marry; 'kase I don't think that any gal that's got good sense air a-goin' ter be a man's second ch'ice, an' the mother of a whole pack of step-chil'ren, 'thout she air under some sort'n spell. But them men carries the day with the gals, ginerally, an' I'm a-thinkin' they're banded with the devil. Ef I war a gal, an' a smart, peart boy like Simon Burney kem around a-speakin' of compliments, an' sayin' I war a merciful critter, I'd jes' give it up, an' marry him fur second ch'ice. Thar's one blessin'," she continued, contemplating the possibility in a cold-blooded fashion positively revolting to Tom Pratt: "he ain't got no tribe of chil'ren fur Clarsie ter look arter; nary chick nor child hev old Simon Burney got — He hed two, but they died."

The young man took leave presently,

in great depression of spirit, — the idea that the widower was banded with the powers of evil was rather overwhelming to a man whose dependence was in merely mortal attractions; and after he had been gone a little while Clarsie ascended the ladder to a nook in the roof, which she called her room.

For the first time in her life her slumber was fitful and restless, long intervals of wakefulness alternating with snatches of fantastic dreams. At last she rose and sat by the rude window, looking out through the chestnut leaves at the great moon, which had begun to dip toward the dark uncertainty of the western ridges, and at the shimmering, translucent, pearly mists that filled the intermediate valleys. All the air was dew and incense; so subtle and penetrating an odor came from that fir-tree beyond the fence that it seemed as if some invigorating infusion were thrilling along her veins; there floated upward, too, the warm fragrance of the clover, and every breath of the gentle wind brought from over the stream a thousand blended, undistinguishable perfumes of the deep forests beyond. The moon's idealizing glamour had left no trace of the uncouthness of the place which the grayish daylight revealed; the little log house, the great overhanging chestnut-oaks, the jagged precipice before the door, the vague outlines of the distant ranges, all suffused with a magic sheen, might have seemed a stupendous alto-relievo in silver repoussé. Still, there came here and there the sweep of the bat's dusky wings; even they were a part of the night's witchery. A tiny owl perched for a moment or two amid the dew-tipped chestnut-leaves, and gazed with great round eyes at Clarsie as solemnly as she gazed at him.

"I'm thankful enough that ye had the grace not ter screech while ye war hyar," she said, after his flight. "I ain't ready ter die yit, an' a screech-owl air the sure sign."

She felt now and then a great impatience with her wakeful mood. Once she took herself to task: "Jes' a-sittin' up hyar all night, the same ez ef I war a fox, or that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee!"

And then her mind reverted to Tom Pratt, to old Simon Burney, and to her mother's emphatic and oracular declaration that widowers are in league with Satan, and that the girls upon whom they cast the eye of supernatural fascination have no choice in the matter. "I wish I knowed ef that thar sayin' war true," she murmured, her face still turned to the western spurs, and the moon sinking so slowly toward them.

With a sudden resolution she rose to her feet. She knew a way of telling fortunes which was, according to tradition, infallible, and she determined to try it, and ease her mind as to her future. Now was the propitious moment. "I hev always hearn that it won't come true 'thout ye try it jes' before day-break, an' a kneelin' down at the forks of the road." She hesitated a moment and listened intently. "They'd never git done a-laughin' at me, ef they fund it out," she thought.

There was no sound in the house, and from the dark woods arose only those monotonous voices of the night, so familiar to her ears that she accounted their murmurous iteration as silence too. She leaned far out of the low window, caught the wide-spreading branches of the tree beside it, and swung herself noiselessly to the ground. The road before her was dark with the shadowy foliage and dank with the dew; but now and then, at long intervals, there lay athwart it a bright bar of light, where the moonshine fell through a gap in the trees. Once, as she went rapidly along her way, she saw speeding across the white radiance, lying just before her feet, the ill-omened shadow of a rabbit. She paused, with a superstitious sinking of the heart, and she heard the animal's

quick, leaping rush through the bushes near at hand; but she mustered her courage, and kept steadily on. "'Tain't no use a-goin' back ter git shet o' bad luck," she argued. "Ef old Simon Burney air my fortune, he'll come whether or no, — ef all they say air true."

The serpentine road curved to the mountain's brink before it forked, and there was again that familiar picture of precipice, and far-away ridges, and shining mist, and sinking moon, which was visibly turning from silver to gold. The changing lustre gilded the feathery ferns that grew in the marshy dip. Just at the angle of the divergent paths there rose into the air a great mass of indistinct white blossoms, which she knew were the exquisite mountain azaleas, and all the dark forest was starred with the blooms of the laurel.

She fixed her eyes upon the mystic sphere dropping down the sky, knelt among the azaleas at the forks of the road, and repeated the time-honored invocation:—

"Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry a young man, whistle, Bird, whistle. Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry an old man, low, Cow, low. Ef I ain't a-goin' ter marry nobody, knock, Death, knock."

There was a prolonged silence in the matutinal freshness and perfume of the woods. She raised her head, and listened attentively. No chirp of half-awakened bird, no tapping of woodpecker, or the mysterious death-watch; but from far along the dewy aisles of the forest, the ungrateful Spot, that Clarsie had fed more faithfully than herself, lifted up her voice, and set the echoes vibrating. Clarsie, however, had hardly time for a pang of disappointment. While she still knelt among the azaleas her large, deer-like eyes were suddenly dilated with terror. From around the curve of the road came the quick beat of hastening footsteps, the sobbing sound of panting breath, and between her and the sinking moon there

passed an attenuated, one-armed figure, with a pallid, sharpened face, outlined for a moment on its brilliant disk, and dreadful starting eyes, and quivering open mouth. It disappeared in an instant among the shadows of the laurel, and Clarsie, with a horrible fear clutching at her heart, sprang to her feet.

Her flight was arrested by other sounds. Before her reeling senses could distinguish them, a party of horsemen plunged down the road. They reined in suddenly as their eyes fell upon her, and their leader, an eager, authoritative man, was asking her a question. Why could she not understand him? With her nerveless hands feebly catching at the shrubs for support, she listened vaguely to his impatient, meaningless words, and saw with helpless deprecation the rising anger in his face. But there was no time to be lost. With a curse upon the stupidity of the mountaineer, who could n't speak when she was spoken to, the party sped on in a sweeping gallop, and the rocks and the steeps were hilarious with the sound.

When the last faint echo was hushed, Clarsie tremblingly made her way out into the road; not reassured, however, for she had a frightful conviction that there was now and then a strange stir in the laurel, and that she was stealthily watched. Her eyes were fixed upon the dense growth with a morbid fascination, as she moved away; but she was once more rooted to the spot when the leaves parted and in the golden moonlight the ghost stood before her. She could not nerve herself to run past him, and he was directly in her way homeward. His face was white, and lined, and thin; that pitiful quiver was never still in the parted lips; he looked at her with faltering, beseeching eyes. Clarsie's merciful heart was stirred. "What ails yer, ter come back hyar, an' foller me?" she cried out, abruptly. And then a great horror fell upon her. Was not one to whom a ghost should speak

doomed to death, sudden and immediate?

The ghost replied in a broken, shivering voice, like a wail of pain. "I war a-starvin',—I war a-starvin'," he said, with despairing iteration.

It was all over, Clarsie thought. The ghost had spoken, and she was a doomed creature. She wondered that she did not fall dead in the road. But while those beseeching eyes were fastened in piteous appeal on hers, she could not leave him. "I never hearn that 'bout ye," she said, reflectively. "I knows ye hed awful troubles while ye war alive, but I never knowed ez ye war starved."

Surely that was a gleam of sharp surprise in the ghost's prominent eyes, succeeded by a sly intelligence.

"Day is nigh ter breakin'," Clarsie admonished him, as the lower rim of the moon touched the silver mists of the west. "What air ye a-wantin' of me?"

There was a short silence. Mind travels far in such intervals. Clarsie's thoughts had overtaken the scenes when she should have died that sudden terrible death: when there would be no one left to feed the chickens; when no one would care if the pigs cried with the pangs of hunger, unless, indeed, it were time for them to be fattened before killing. The mare,—how often would she be taken from the plow, and shut up for the night in her shanty without a drop of water, after her hard day's work! Who would churn, or spin, or weave? Clarsie could not understand how the machinery of the universe could go on without her. And Towse, poor Towse! He was a useless cumberer of the ground, and it was hardly to be supposed that after his protector was gone he would be spared a blow or a bullet, to hasten his lagging death. But Clarsie still stood in the road, and watched the face of the ghost, as he, with his eager, starting eyes, scanned her open, ingenuous countenance.

"Ye do ez ye air bid, or it'll be the worse for ye," said the "harnt," in the same quivering, shrill tone. "Thar's hunger in the nex' worl' ez well ez in this, an' ye bring me some vittles hyar this time ter-morrer, an' don't ye tell nobody ye hev seen me, nuther, or it'll be the worse for ye."

There was a threat in his eyes as he disappeared in the laurel, and left the girl standing in the last rays of moonlight.

A curious doubt was stirring in Clarsie's mind when she reached home, in the early dawn, and heard her father talking about the sheriff and his posse, who had stopped at the house in the night, and roused its inmates, to know if they had seen a man pass that way.

"Clarsie never hearn none o' the noise, I'll be bound, 'kase she always sleeps like a log," said Mrs. Giles, as her daughter came in with the pail, after milking the cow. "Tell her 'bout'n it."

"They kem a-bustin' along hyar a while afore day-break, a-runnin' arter the man," drawled Mr. Giles, dramatically. "An' they knocked me up, ter know ef ennybody hed passed. An' one o' them men—I never seen none of 'em afore; they's all valley folks, I'm a-thinkin'—an' one of 'em bruk his saddle-girt a good piece down the road, an' he kem back ter borry mine; an' ez we war a-fixin' of it, he tole me what they war all arter. He said that word war tuk ter the sheriff down yander in the valley—'pears ter me them town-folks don't think nobody in the mountings hev got good sense—word war tuk ter the sheriff 'bout this one-armed harnt that walks Chilhowee; an' he sot it down that Reuben Crabb war n't dead at all, an' Joel jes' pertended ter hev buried him, an' it air Reuben hisself that walks Chilhowee. An' thar air two hunderd dollars blood-money reward fur ennybody ez kin ketch him. These hyar valley folks air powerful

cur'ous critters, — two hunderd dollars blood-money reward fur that thar harnt that walks Chilhowee! I jes' sot myself ter laughin' when that thar cuss tole it so solemn. I jes' 'lowed ter him ez he could n't shoot a harnt nor hang a harnt, an' Reuben Crabb hed about got done with his persecutions in this worl'. An' he said that by the time they hed scoured this mounting, like they hed laid off ter do, they would find that that thar puny little harnt war nothin' but a mortal man, an' could be kep' in a jail ez handy ez enny other flesh an' blood. He said the sheriff 'lowed ez the reason Reuben hed jes' taken ter walk Chilhowee sence Joel died is 'kase thar air nobody ter feed him, like Joel done, mebbe, in the nights; an' Reuben always war a pore, one-armed, weakly critter, what can't even kerry a gun, an' he air driv by hunger out'n the hole whar he stays, ter prow round the cornfields an' hen-coops ter steal suthin', — an' that's how he kem ter be seen frequent. The sheriff 'lowed that Reuben can't find enough roots an' yerbs ter keep him up; but law! — a harnt eatin'! It jes' sot me off ter laughin'. Reuben Crabb hev been too busy in torment fur the las' four year ter be a-studyin' 'bout eatin'; an' it air his harnt that walks Chilhowee."

The next morning, before the moon sank, Clarsie, with a tin pail in her hand, went to meet the ghost at the appointed place. She understood now why the terrible doom that falls upon those to whom a spirit may chance to speak had not descended upon her, and that fear was gone; but the secrecy of her errand weighed heavily. She had been scrupulously careful to put into the pail only such things as had fallen to her share at the table, and which she had saved from the meals of yesterday. "A gal that goes a-robbin' fur a hongry harnt," was her moral reflection, "oughter be throwed bodaciously off'n the bluff."

She found no one at the forks of the

road. In the marshy dip were only the myriads of mountain azaleas, only the masses of feathery ferns, only the constellated glories of the laurel blooms. A sea of shining white mist was in the valley, with glinting golden rays striking athwart it from the great cresset of the sinking moon; here and there the long, dark, horizontal line of a distant mountain's summit rose above the vaporous shimmer, like a dreary, sombre island in the midst of enchanted waters. Her large, dreamy eyes, so wild and yet so gentle, gazed out through the laurel leaves upon the floating gilded flakes of light, as in the deep coverts of the mountain, where the fulvous-tinted deer were lying, other eyes, as wild and as gentle, dreamily watched the vanishing moon. Overhead, the filmy, lace-like clouds, fretting the blue heavens, were tinged with a faint rose. Through the trees she caught a glimpse of the red sky of dawn, and the glister of a great lucent, tremulous star. From the ground, misty blue exhalations were rising, alternating with the long lines of golden light yet drifting through the woods. It was all very still, very peaceful, almost holy. One could hardly believe that these consecrated solitudes had once reverberated with the echoes of man's death-dealing ingenuity, and that Reuben Crabb had fallen, shot through and through, amid that wealth of flowers at the forks of the road. She heard suddenly the far-away baying of a hound. Her great eyes dilated, and she lifted her head to listen. Only the solemn silence of the woods, the slow sinking of the noiseless moon, the voiceless splendor of that eloquent day-star.

Morning was close at hand, and she was beginning to wonder that the ghost did not appear, when the leaves fell into abrupt commotion, and he was standing in the road, beside her. He did not speak, but watched her with an eager, questioning intentness, as she placed the contents of the pail upon the moss at

the roadside. "I'm a-comin' agin ter-morrer," she said, gently. He made no reply, quickly gathered the food from the ground, and disappeared in the deep shades of the woods.

She had not expected thanks, for she was accustomed only to the gratitude of dumb beasts; but she was vaguely conscious of something wanting, as she stood motionless for a moment, and watched the burnished rim of the moon slip down behind the western mountains. Then she slowly walked along her misty way in the dim light of the coming dawn. There was a footstep in the road behind her; she thought it was the ghost once more. She turned, and met Simon Burney, face to face. His rod was on his shoulder, and a string of fish was in his hand.

"Ye air a-doin' wrongful, Clarsie," he said, sternly. "It air agin the law fur folks ter feed an' shelter them ez is a-runnin' from jestic. An' ye'll git yerself inter trouble. Other folks will find ye out, besides me, an' then the sheriff'll be up hyar arter ye."

The tears rose to Clarsie's eyes. This prospect was infinitely more terrifying than the awful doom which follows the horror of a ghost's speech.

"I can't help it," she said, however, doggedly swinging the pail back and forth. "I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks, even ef they air a-hidin' an' a-runnin' from jestic."

"They mought put ye in jail, too, I dunno," suggested Simon Burney.

"I can't help that, nuther," said Clarsie, the sobs rising, and the tears falling fast. "Ef they comes an' gits me, an' puts me in the pen'tiary away down yander, somewhars in the valley, like they done Jane Simpkins, fur a-cut-tin' of her step-mother's throat with a butcher-knife, while she war asleep,—though some said Jane war crazy,—I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks."

A recollection came over Simon Bur-

ney of the simile of "hendering the sun from shining."

"She hev done sot it down in her mind," he thought, as he walked on beside her and looked at her resolute face. Still he did not relinquish his effort.

"Doin' wrong, Clarsie, ter aid folks what air a-doin' wrong, an' mebbe hev done wrong, air powerful hurtful ter everybody, an' henders the law an' jestic."

"I can't help it," said Clarsie.

"It 'pears toler'ble comical ter me," said Simon Burney, with a sudden perception of a curious fact which has proved a marvel to wiser men, "that no matter how good a woman is, she ain't got no respect fur the laws of the country, an' don't sot no store by jestic." After a momentary silence he appealed to her on another basis. "Somebody will ketch him arter a while, ez sure ez ye air born. The sheriff's a-sarchin' now, an' by the time that word gits around, all the mounting boys'll turn out, 'kase thar air two hunderd dollars blood-money fur him. An' then he'll think, when they ketches him,—an' everybody'll say so, too,—ez ye war constant in feedin' him jes' ter 'tice him ter comin' ter one place, so ez ye could tell somebody whar ter go ter ketch him, an' make them gin ye haffen the blood-money, mebbe. That's what the mounting will say, mos' likely."

"I can't help it," said Clarsie, once more.

He left her walking on toward the rising sun, and retraced his way to the forks of the road. The jubilant morning was filled with the song of birds; the sunlight flashed on the dew; all the delicate enameled bells of the pink and white azaleas were swinging tremulously in the wind; the aroma of ferns and mint rose on the delicious fresh air. Presently he checked his pace, creeping stealthily on the moss and grass beside the road rather than in the beaten path. He pulled aside the leaves of the laurel

with no more stir than the wind might have made, and stole cautiously through its dense growth, till he came suddenly upon the puny little ghost, lying in the sun at the foot of a tree. The frightened creature sprang to his feet with a wild cry of terror, but before he could move a step he was caught and held fast in the strong grip of the stalwart mountaineer beside him. "I hev kem hyar ter tell ye a word, Reuben Crabb," said Simon Burney. "I hev kem hyar ter tell ye that the whole mounting air a-goin' ter turn out ter sarch fur ye; the sheriff air a-ridin' now, an' ef ye don't come along with me they'll hev ye afore night, 'kase thar air two hundred dollars reward fur ye."

What a piteous wail went up to the smiling blue sky, seen through the dappling leaves above them! What a horror, and despair, and prescient agony were in the hunted creature's face! The ghost struggled no longer; he slipped from his feet down upon the roots of the tree, and turned that woful face, with its starting eyes and drawn muscles and quivering parted lips, up toward the unseeing sky.

"God A'mighty, man!" exclaimed Simon Burney, moved to pity. "Why n't ye quit this hyar way of livin' in the woods like ye war a wolf? Why n't ye come back an' stand yer trial? From all I've hearn tell, it 'pears ter me ez the jury air obleeged ter let ye off, an' I'll take keer of ye agin them Grims."

"I hain't got no place ter live in," cried out the ghost, with a keen despair.

Simon Burney hesitated. Reuben Crabb was possibly a murderer, — at the best could but be a burden. The burden, however, had fallen in his way, and he lifted it.

"I tell ye now, Reuben Crabb," he said, "I ain't a-goin' ter holp no man ter break the law an' hender jestic; but ef ye will go an' stand yer trial, I'll take keer of ye agin them Grims ez long ez I kin fire a rifle. An' arter the

jury hev done let ye off, ye air welcome ter live along o' me at my house till ye die. Ye air no-'count ter work, I know, but I ain't a-goin' ter grudge ye fur a livin' at my house."

And so it came to pass that the reward set upon the head of the harnt that walked Chilhowee was never claimed.

With his powerful ally, the forlorn little spectre went to stand his trial, and the jury acquitted him without leaving the box. Then he came back to the mountains to live with Simon Burney. The cruel gibes of his burly mockers that had beset his feeble life from his childhood up, the deprivation and loneliness and despair and fear that had filled those days when he walked Chilhowee, had not improved the harnt's temper. He was a helpless creature, not able to carry a gun or hold a plow, and the years that he spent smoking his cob-pipe in Simon Burney's door were idle years and unhappy. But Mrs. Giles said she thought he was "a mighty lucky little critter: fust, he hed Joel ter take keer of him an' feed him, when he tuk ter the woods ter purtend he war a harnt; an' they do say now that Clarsie Pratt, afore she war married, used ter kerry him vittles, too; an' then old Simon Burney tuk him up an' fed him ez plenty ez ef he war a good workin' hand, an' gin him clothes an' house-room, an' put up with his jawin' jes' like he never hearn a word of it. But law! some folks dunno when they air well off."

There was only a sluggish current of peasant blood in Simon Burney's veins, but a prince could not have dispensed hospitality with a more royal hand. Ungrudgingly he gave of his best; valiantly he defended his thankless guest at the risk of his life; with a moral gallantry he struggled with his sloth, and worked early and late, that there might be enough to divide. There was no possibility of a recompense for him, not

even in the encomiums of discriminating friends, nor the satisfaction of tutored feelings and a practiced spiritual discernment; for he was an uncouth creature, and densely ignorant.

The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do — the polish of a gentleman — is hardly equal to the best that Nature can do in her higher moods.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE FLANEUR.

BOSTON COMMON, DECEMBER 6, 1882.

DURING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

I LOVE all sights of earth and skies,
From flowers that glow to stars that shine;
The comet and the penny show,
All curious things, above, below,
Hold each in turn my wandering eyes:
I claim the Christian Pagan's line,
Humani nihil, — even so, —
And is not human life divine?

When soft the western breezes blow,
And strolling youths meet sauntering maids,
I love to watch the stirring trades
Beneath the Vallombrosa shades
Our much-enduring elms bestow;
The vender and his rhetoric's flow,
That lambent stream of liquid lies;
The bait he dangles from his line,
The gudgeon and his gold-washed prize.
I halt before the blazoned sign
That bids me linger to admire
The drama time can never tire,
The little hero of the hunch,
With iron arm and soul of fire
And will that works his fierce desire, —
Untamed, unscared, unconquered Punch!
My ear a pleasing torture finds
In tones the withered sibyl grinds, —
The *dame sans merci's* broken strain,
Whom I erewhile, perchance, have known,
When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne,
A siren singing by the Seine.

But most I love the tube that spies
The orbs celestial in their march;

That shows the comet as it whisks
Its tail across the planets' disks,
As if to blind their blood-shot eyes ;
Or wheels so close against the sun
We tremble at the thought of risks
Our little spinning ball may run,
To pop like corn that children parch,
From summer something overdone,
And roll, a ciuder, through the skies.

Grudge not to-day the scanty fee
To him who farms the firmament,
To whom the milky way is free ;
Who holds the wondrous crystal key,
The silent Open Sesame
That science to her sons has lent ;
Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar
That shuts the road to sun and star.
If Venus only comes to time,
(And prophets say she must and shall,)
To-day will hear the tinkling chime
Of many a ringing silver dime,
For him whose optic glass supplies
The crowd with astronomic eyes, —
The Galileo of the Mall.

Dimly the transit morning broke ;
The sun seemed doubting what to do,
As one who questions how to dress,
And takes his doublets from the press,
And halts between the old and new.
Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue,
Or don, at least, his ragged cloak,
With rents that show the azure through !

I go the patient crowd to join
That round the tube my eyes discern,
The last new-comer of the file,
And wait, and wait, a weary while,
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and smile,
(For each his place must fairly earn,
Hindmost and foremost, in his turn),
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,
I gain at last the envied place,
And pay the white exiguous coin :
The sun and I are face to face ;
He glares at me, I stare at him ;
And lo ! my straining eye has found
A little spot that, black and round,
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.

O blessed, beauteous evening star,
Well named for her whom earth adores, —
The Lady of the dove-drawn car, —
I know thee in thy white simar;
But veiled in black, a rayless spot,
Blank as a careless scribbler's blot,
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame, —
The stolen robe that Night restores
When Day has shut his golden doors, —
I see thee, yet I know thee not;
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot, — and that is all;
And such a speck our earth would be
If he who looks upon the stars
Through the red atmosphere of Mars
Could see our little creeping ball
Across the disk of crimson crawl
As I our sister planet see.

And art thou, then, a world like ours,
Flung from the orb that whirled our own
A molten pebble from its zone?
How must thy burning sands absorb
The fire-waves of the blazing orb,
Thy chain so short, thy path so near,
Thy flame-defying creatures hear
The maelstroms of the photosphere!
And is thy bosom decked with flowers
That steal their bloom from scalding showers?
And hast thou cities, domes, and towers,
And life, and love that makes it dear,
And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars
Through paths the wandering angels know;
My all-pervading thought explores
The azure ocean's lucent shores;
I leave my mortal self below,
As up the star-lit stairs I climb,
And still the widening view reveals
In endless rounds the circling wheels
That build the horologe of time.
New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam;
The voice no earth-born echo hears
Steals softly on my ravished ears:
I hear them "singing as they shine" —
— A mortal's voice dissolves my dream:
My patient neighbor, next in line,
Hints gently there are those who wait.
O guardian of the starry gate,

What coin shall pay this debt of mine?
Too slight thy claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine.
Forgive my own the small affront,
The insult of the proffered dime ;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be
A bankrupt debtor unto thee,
And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

A QUARTER of a century ago the only indication at our colleges of interest in athletics was to be found in the rough-and-tumble game of foot-ball and the annual boat-races. Athletic contests, in the narrow sense to which the phrase is technically limited, were unheard of. Systematic training at the gymnasium, for the purpose of uniform bodily development; organizations for the improvement of the various out-door games which are of interest to player and public; contests between teams or sets of players of different classes, or of different colleges; foot-races and similar exhibitions of individual prowess, — all were neglected, or were totally unknown. The admirable work done to-day at the gymnasium was then impossible, because much of the machinery now in use had not been invented. There were not sufficient numbers interested in the walking, running, and leaping contests between individual amateurs to bring forward either prizes or candidates for the annual competitions. Baseball and foot-ball as then played furnished only suggestions for the games of to-day. Lacrosse was unknown as a college game, and tennis had not become fashionable. In short, there has grown up at our colleges, during this period, a new department, which thrives

in proportion to the encouragement given by the faculties, but which thrives even where it is discouraged by official frowns. This department is almost exclusively under the charge of the students, and the first thing that strikes the attention of the investigator is its wonderful organization. Not only are the various crews, teams, and sets of players under the leadership of captains, but each game has its representative association, which in turn forms part of a comprehensive organization, whose function it is to supervise in a general way the affairs of all. This tendency is also shown in the systematic character of the gymnastic exercises, and in the wonderful contests, restrained by rule, and managed with generalship and strategy, which have crystallized out of the rude and boisterous games which boys formerly played for fun and for exercise.

These changes have been so great, the interest taken by the student and the public is so prominent, the influence exerted by them is so manifest, that the question to what extent college faculties should encourage athletic contests and intercollegiate games has become a subject for public discussion. Many participate in this discussion who know but little of the actual condition of athletics in our colleges, but who predicate their

opinions upon college life as they formerly knew it; theorizing upon the effects which they believe to have been wrought by these changes. Possibly a more complete knowledge of the subject would not alter the preconceived notions of such disputants, but the attention given by the press to the games and the thousands who flock to see them testify to a public interest in the matter, which will welcome any contribution to the knowledge of these affairs. The gymnasium, with its ladders, bars, and swinging rings, its rowing, fencing, and sparring rooms, and perhaps also its bowling alleys, is today an essential part of a thoroughly equipped college. In charge of it is placed an educated man, — a member, perhaps, of the faculty, — whose duty it is to examine physically any student who may submit himself for the purpose, and to prescribe the amount and character of exercise desirable for the person thus examined. To accomplish the uniform development of all the muscles of the body, to counteract cases of abnormal development, and to overcome cases of abnormal weakness, movements of weights of various sizes, in every conceivable direction and from all sorts of attitudes, are prescribed.

The contestants in the various races and games find in the gymnasium, at all seasons of the year, the opportunity and the means to maintain the physical conditions essential for success. Here, also, the young man of sedentary habits can take the gentler exercise adapted to his condition; and here, in friendly competition, the vigorous youth, who seeks only amusement in his exercise, can vault, and leap, and test his strength with many a willing competitor. Taken in hand in this manner, the gymnasium is of the same value to all the students, whatever their physical state. Only the best of results can follow from such intelligent exercise. This is especially true in the case of those whose habits

of life are sedentary, and who are physically feeble. Encouraged and directed by competent authority, they take suitable exercise, and are restrained from competition with their more vigorous companions, which might prove equally disastrous with total neglect. If to the foregoing it be added that prizes are occasionally offered by apostles of muscular development for the student who shall show the greatest gain within a given period, it will be understood how important a position the gymnasium has assumed in the modern college.

Almost equally essential with the gymnasium is a field for games, large enough for a foot-ball, a base-ball, a lacrosse, and a cricket ground, and also for a number of lawn-tennis courts. Towards this field, each afternoon when the weather permits, the current of players will set from the college yard. Clad in the uniforms of their respective clubs, or as fancy dictates, the effect of the many-colored garments of the players upon the eye of the spectator is at once pleasing and attractive. Knickerbocker suits, bright-colored stockings, gaudy caps, white canvas shoes, and merino shirts or flannel blouses, either white or of the college colors, — such are the prevailing characteristics of the costumes of the players.

Rows of seats line the field, and so general is the interest in the contests that even when ordinary practice games are going on there is a fair sprinkling of spectators in these seats.

The most popular game, not only with the students, but also with the public, is base-ball. It of course needs no description, the game as played by the college nines being identical with that played by the professional clubs.

The intercollegiate contest which attracts the greatest attention, is the source of the greatest expense, and has been the most roundly abused, but in which, at the same time, the college pride is most conspicuously aroused, is

the annual boat-race. The details of the races have for years been telegraphed over the country, and public attention has been so thoroughly called to them that many who never saw a shell can discuss the last Oxford and Cambridge or Harvard and Yale race.

Lawn tennis, although so recent a candidate for popular favor, has already won for itself a position from which it cannot easily be dislodged. It demands little strength from the player, but calls for dexterity in serving the ball, agility in receiving it, rapid decision in determining whether the service should be returned or will defeat itself by falling outside the court, and great restraint in batting, when under the excitement of quick play, so as to avoid sending the ball beyond the limits of the court. The advantage of the game is that the small size of the courts permits great numbers of them to be laid out without interfering with the other games; and further, so few players are required for a set that games can be organized by those who are at liberty, and need the exercise, at hours when some of the members of the nines and elevens will be sure to be engaged in the recitation room.

Why lawn tennis should have slumbered so long, to be revived now with such vigor, it is difficult to say. Strutt asserts that tennis courts were common in the sixteenth century. He describes a picture of the game published in 1658, with players serving the ball over a line, and also says, "We have undoubted authority to prove that Henry VII. was a tennis player. In a manuscript register of his expenditures, made in the thirteenth year of his reign, and preserved in the remembrancer's office, this entry occurs: 'Item, for the king's loss at tennis, twelvenpence; for the loss of balls,

threepence.' Hence we may infer that the game was played abroad, for the loss of the balls would hardly have happened in a tennis court." In other words, the game was substantially the *lawn* tennis of to-day, and not the game with the covered court. The difference between the net and the rope is not essential to the game, as the rule in each case requires that the service shall be "over,"—a rule the infraction of which is inevitably disclosed by the net, but which might be avoided if a rope were used.

Lacrosse¹ as a collegiate game is yet in its youth. It is of Indian origin, and hence has the right to claim that it is distinctively American.

Between the years 1760 and 1776, Alexander Henry, a trader, was engaged in traffic and travel in Canada and in the Indian territories. He thus describes the game of "Baggatiway, called by the Canadians *le jeu de la crosse*:" "It is played with a bat and ball, the bat being about four feet in length, curved, and terminated in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground a considerable distance from each other, say a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. At the beginning the ball is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavors as well to throw the ball out of the direction of his own post as into that of the adversary." At the siege of Detroit, in May, 1763, Pontiac, according to Parkman, made use of a game of ball, "the better to cover his designs." That this game was lacrosse is evident from the account, given in a note, of a tradition that Pontiac himself gave an Ojibway girl, whom he suspected of having betrayed him, "a severe beating with a

special craze, which was to identify Indian customs with those of the ancients, devotes some pages, in his quaint and pedantic way, to prove that the game was nothing more nor less than one called by Pollux Episcyre.

¹ The game is mentioned by name in the Relation of 1636, by Father Brebeuf, and is described from time to time by the Jesuits in their Relations, and by other writers who have occasion to describe Indian habits. Laitau, in 1724, following his

species of racket such as the Indians used in ball play." Henry was at Michillimackinac on the 4th of June, 1763, when the garrison of that fort was massacred; and although he did not see the game of Bagmatiway, by means of which the Indians, under a chief named Minararana, lulled the suspicions of the soldiers and gained entrance to the fort, he gives a long account of how this was accomplished. "Nothing could be less liable," he says, "to excite premature alarm than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor that, having fallen there, it should be followed, on the instant, by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm. Nothing could be more happily devised, under the circumstances, than a stratagem like this; and this was in fact the stratagem which the Indians had employed, and by which they had obtained possession of the fort."

Jonathan Carver, "a captain of the provincial troops in America," visited the spot in 1766, and in the book of travel which he published he gives an account of the surprise of the garrison. In his description of the game he says, "It is played by large companies, that sometimes consist of more than three hundred." The posts are fixed in the ground, "about six hundred yards apart." "They" — the Indians — "are so exceedingly dexterous in this manly exercise that the ball is usually kept flying in different directions by the force of the rackets, without touching the ground during the whole contention." Notwithstanding the fact that severe accidents frequently happen, they seem never to provoke spite. "Nor," he adds, "do any disputes ever happen between the parties."

As played to-day, the number of

players on each side is limited to twelve. Crosses, similar to those described by Henry, are used for batting and throwing the ball. Two flag-staffs, six feet high and six feet apart, are planted at each end of the field, the length of which will vary with the skill of the players. The ball, which during the game cannot be touched by the hand, must be driven between these posts, in order to score a goal. The players are distributed over the field in such positions that each player is faced by an opponent. The game is opened by the ball being placed in the centre of the field, and the two men stationed there begin the struggle for its possession as soon as the game is called. The players acquire great dexterity in throwing and catching the ball with their rackets. To secure a throw during the game, when opposed by an adversary who is endeavoring by every means to dislodge the ball, requires great skill and self-control. The player must still shape the direction of its flight, even when compelled to wield his cross in a constrained or unnatural position. The way in which some players succeed in thus projecting the ball towards the desired goal, in spite of the efforts of their opponents to disturb them, is remarkable, and attracts the attention of the observer more, perhaps, than the neat way in which they catch it in their rackets, their adroit methods of picking it up with their crooks alone, or even the great distances which they are enabled to project it. Great skill is also requisite to retain the ball on the flat net of the racket, while running across the field over which the opposing force is scattered; but the capacity to do this is an element of good play. It is not improbable that this game will become popular among our collegians. It has not as yet had time to assert all its claims for approval. It is plain, however, that it calls for grace, skill, and agility in the player.

Why cricket should be so popular in

England, and prove such a failure with our young men, is inexplicable; but, notwithstanding the organization of cricket elevens, and the attempts made from time to time to create an interest in the game, we do not seem to have been able as yet to develop good cricket players. Nevertheless, cricket clubs are kept up, and a languid interest in the game is maintained, which may at some future time develop into vigorous life.

Hare and hounds associations, either independently or under the management of the athletic associations, exist at many of our colleges. Their meets furnish an interesting run for the hares and the twenty or thirty hounds who pursue them, and the send-off is a pretty sight. The hares are given a suitable start. They carry with them bags filled with small bits of paper, from which, as they run, they sprinkle their path with pieces, to give a distinct clue to the hounds. When fairly out in the country they exercise the utmost ingenuity to perplex the pursuing hounds: choosing routes which lead through brush and bog; now in at the window of some barn or out-house, and out at a hole in the side or floor; over hedge and through ditch, across brook and river, until the spot is reached where the scent bags are abandoned,—the sign to the hounds that the run is over and that they can make their best time to the goal.

The interest in this sport is maintained not only by the general competition between hares and hounds, but also by the spirit of emulation which prevails among the hounds as to the order of their arrival at goal, on their return.

Bicycle clubs are to be found at most of the colleges. The number who have the taste for this form of exercise, and who can afford to purchase the expensive machines necessary for its indulgence, is limited. In the neighborhood of our colleges, wherever the roads are level, young men will be met, bestriding their bicycles, and with easy, gentle mo-

tion traversing the highways which penetrate the surrounding country. The interest taken in the bicycle clubs is not general, but to those who are in position to join them there is much pleasure to be derived from these afternoon excursions, and much benefit to be gained from the exercise.

The game which, next to base-ball, attracts the student is foot-ball: not the game prohibited in Great Britain by edict of Edward III., nor that of which Strutt quaintly remarks, "When the exercise becomes exceeding violent, the players kick each others' shins without the least ceremony, and some of them are overthrown at the hazard of their limbs;" nor is it exactly like the game into which Tom Brown was plunged, so soon after his arrival at Rugby. Strutt would find very little kicking of shins in the game of to-day,—very little kicking, indeed, of any sort; and instead of the whole school mustering on the ground, Tom Brown would find only eleven on each side.

The game as played to-day requires generalship on the part of the captain, and discipline on the part of the team. Avoidupois and strength are at a premium for rushing, blocking, and tackling; fleetness of foot for running with the ball; and skill in kicking for sending the clumsy oval whirring through the air at the exact angle and line that shall carry it over the bar and between the posts of the adversary's goal.

As the game progresses, a wise captain can detect the weak points in the opposing team, and can utilize his own forces so as to take advantage of them. He can, for a purpose, strengthen his rushers at the expense of weakening the defenses of his goal. He can, from time to time, change the tactics of his half-backs; now urging them to run with the ball, and again, if he finds the tackling of his adversary so perfect that he can gain no ground by this, causing the ball to be punted before the kicker is men-

aced by a tackle. But while it is true that the influence of the captain in the previous training and in the management of the team during the game is necessarily great, and may be decisive, it is also true that there is no game played at the colleges which offers such opportunities for brilliant individual play as foot-ball. A successful run with the ball, a fortunate escape from an impending capture, a quick punt in the face of a threatened tackle, an adroit check of some disaster, perhaps the overthrow by a light weight of a heavy rusher, who is rapidly nearing the goal line with the ball in his arms,—all these are readily appreciated by the spectators, who watch the fluctuations of the game with as much interest as the players themselves, and who invariably greet a brilliant individual play in a match game with cheer upon cheer for the lucky player who has made it. A handsome check of an attempt to break through the line of rushers, in a scrimmage; a successful tackle in the field; a fortunate pass of the ball when running, beset by the opposing side; in short, any good play, whether by the team or by individuals in it, is recognized, and received with hearty, enthusiastic applause. Rewards of this nature make a position on the eleven desirable to the student; and were it not for the streak of brutality which has run through some of the matches, it might be doubted whether foot-ball would not usurp the present popularity of base-ball. If that element can ever be held in complete check by any system of rules, it may well be that the greater elasticity of the game, together with the chance that it affords for a display of tactics on the part of the leader, and for brilliant individual play on the part of the members of the team, will win for it the position in the affection of the students which it will then fairly deserve.

Hundreds who do not understand foot-ball flock to see the match games

in the intercollegiate contests, and easily comprehend enough of their strategy and management to derive enjoyment from them. With a knowledge of the rules of the game, with a thorough understanding of the position of affairs as it moves along, and with an appreciation of what constitutes good play comes that livelier satisfaction and keener enjoyment which inspires the student to an enthusiasm in which even the disinterested spectator must participate.

Hazlitt quotes from a letter written in March, 1560, the following sentiment, which, when applied to our college matches, is equally true to-day:—

“You may do well, if you have any idle time, to play the good fellow, and come and see our matches at foot-ball; for that and bowling will be our best entertainment.”

And so, too, in this nineteenth century, it may be well for some of the critics who denounce the policy of encouraging athletic sports in colleges; who charge to the debit of this policy many evils that fairly belong there, and some that do not; who find in these sports nothing but a wretched imitation of the habits of English collegians,—it may be well for some of them “to play the good fellow, and come and see some of our matches.” And not only the matches, but the daily outpouring of the students into the green fields, where they can breathe the pure air of outdoors, and for the moment forget their books, and with joyous excitement obtain that bodily exercise which all need, but many neglect. It would be well for those who criticise to remember that to achieve distinction in any of these sports is not consistent with a life of debauchery, or irregular habits of any sort, but that the members of teams and crews who enter upon a course of training voluntarily adopt methodical habits of life, content themselves with a simple diet, abandon all forms of indulgence which are condemned by sanitary au-

thorities, keep early hours, and in general conform their lives to just the model that would be selected for them by their well-wishers. Nor do the hours adopted for their daily exercise necessarily interfere with the maintenance of a good standard of scholarship.

The daily routine work of the gymnasium is in itself a bore, which would soon drop into desuetude were it not for the companionship of the great numbers interested in athletics, whose buoyant health and overflowing spirits relieve the hour of its tedium, and convert a task into a pleasure.

If we admit, as we must, that there are young men who overdo the thing, whose ambition does not rise beyond a place in the University crew; that the contests stimulate a tendency to back up the college by betting; that the expenses of the various teams have to be paid by somebody, and that subscription papers are passed around for the purpose of raising such funds; that the traveling about to play matches during term time interferes with the studies of those on the teams, and that the games ought to be so arranged as to prevent this,—if we admit all this, still the weight of these charges is partially offset by the stimulus which these games give to the great health-giving system of athletics, which keeps our young men boys for a year or two longer, and will lengthen the lives of many of them by a decade.

The young man whose sole ambition it is to row in the University crew, and who devotes his attention to this at the expense of his studies, would probably come to college if there were no crew, and his ambition would then be satisfied with some similar standard. If he gains nothing else, the nut-brown skin, the deep layers of muscles on chest and back and arm, are better than the pallid complexion and flaccid muscles which would come from late hours spent over the card table, in drinking and smoking.

If there are some weak enough to gamble upon the results of these matches, and to think that loyalty to their Alma Mater compels them to back up her team or crew with money, shall we charge the whole of this offense to the account of these matches? Is not some part of this evil due to the fact that public opinion itself is at fault? Look at the enormous volume of the transactions on margins and in futures in stocks, oil, cotton, tobacco, and grain at the exchanges in our cities,—transactions which are almost entirely outside the wants of legitimate trade, which are in their nature mere speculative ventures, and which are generally characterized as gambling. To judge of the effects of this upon a community, step into the narrow streets in Chicago, in the rear of the Exchange, and see the pool shops, where contingencies are sold at prices varying from ten dollars to ten cents, thus enabling even the street boot-blacks to take their little ventures. It can but be that this open defiance of the austere views upon the subject of gambling, held by a large portion of our people, must have its effect upon our collegians. If this be true, this lamentable failing on their part, which tends to bring disgrace upon intercollegiate games, should be charged, in part at least, to a debauched public sentiment. The games serve rather to disclose than to cause an evil, which, if it exists, will find indulgence even if the occasion for its display, the match game, be withdrawn. The billiard table, the private card table, and alas, too often, the public game of faro furnish constant opportunities for the gratification of this taste. The strength of mind that can resist the temptation within the college walls will not be severely tried in the open air, even under the excitement of the match game.

That young men who join the teams are sometimes put to extraordinary expenses, and that their fellows are occasionally appealed to in behalf of the

teams, is true; and probably it is true that some are weak enough to subscribe who wish they had the strength of character to say no. But after all, is there any great harm in this? One of the great lessons in life to the easy-going spirit is to learn when to say no. The very strength of this argument is its weakness. There are so many teams, there are so many occasions for subscription papers, that no young man with ordinary means can afford to put his name down to all. Therefore, all are obliged to decline some of the subscriptions, and each person can decline any that he chooses, with the certainty that he is not a special object of comment.

Even if all the charges brought against intercollegiate games are true, the fact

that they stimulate athletics in our colleges must be passed to their credit. If the evils which follow in their train are all that they are asserted to be, still the good they bring is so plain that the effort should be not to prevent the games, but to regulate them so that the attendant evils shall be avoided, and all their good influences be exerted.

Again we say to the critics, "Play the good fellow, and come and see our matches," and join with us in urging the faculties to do nothing which shall check the growing taste for athletics in our colleges, but rather to put forth their efforts in giving the intercollegiate games such tone and form as shall relieve them from complaint and free them from possible criticism.

Andrew M. F. Davis.

THE RAIN AND THE FINE WEATHER.

In looking over my year-book, I find no entry recording a holiday spoiled by the rain, while numerous instances are noted of holidays gained from that source. Wherefore "*la pluie et le beau temps*" of the sweeping Gallic phrase are in my version freely rendered as equivalents; or, at least, the rain is regarded as one phase of that fine weather which we enjoy the whole year round. How can I entirely sympathize with those who reckon their time by a sun-dial, and boast it as a virtue that they "count the bright hours only"? The sun-dial and the bright hours are well, but I should be loath to repudiate those gray and lowering hours, in which the countenance of our thoughts so easily outshines that of the weather,—some of the more radiant days being, perhaps, a trifle too vivid for our ordinary spiritual habit. If I keep a sun-dial, I have also a tower of the winds and a musical clepsydra, the

latter propelled directly by the cascade from heaven: thus I think to deal equitably by all hours and seasons.

Our roof-trees grow dense and dark above us, every year more and more shutting off the prospect skyward. Thanks to the rain that we are occasionally called out to inspect the "brave o'erhanging firmament;" for who is not concerned to watch the arrival and unlading of the great galleys which bring us our fresh and soft water supplies? Frowns and corrugations on the face of heaven shall succeed in commanding our attention, where ten days together of ethereal smiles and tenderness shall fail. There is one pleasure in the rain itself, and another in anticipating it by predictions. Distant be the day when the spectroscope, with its "rain band" indicator, shall come into general use, superseding oral prognostication. When this day arrives, it will be to the grief and confusion of those clever meteorolo-

gists who are found in every neighborhood. After all, will the gain in scientific certitude compensate for the loss of pleasure to be derived from pure speculation? Notwithstanding the superior skepticism with which we meet the dicta of our familiar weather oracle, there is commonly a kernel of natural philosophy as well as natural poetry within the absurd envelope of vulgar tradition. Most of the twelve cardinal rain signs enumerated in the *Georgics* are still in good repute. "Never hath a shower hurt any person unforeshadowed." It took me some time to probe to the probable origin of the saying with regard to the new moon and the Indian's powder-horn. Why, indeed, should that aboriginal worthy hang the powder-horn upon a dry rather than a wet moon? The mystery was cleared up for me on my hearing a hunter express his preference for wet weather, as then the leaves on the forest floor, being moist, would not rustle under foot, and betray his presence to the game. Of course, the wood-crafty Indian knew this fact, and took advantage of it; he would, therefore, have his powder-horn in use during a wet time, but in the dry would naturally suspend it on the convenient lunar peg! True, there are those who have no respect for this trite omen, having from their own experience evolved a more likely system of prognostics. I have a neighbor who asks no stronger argument in favor of rain than to see his dog eat grass. Another observer is specially in the confidence of the "line storm" agent, and has been assured that the direction of the wind during this period "pretty nearly" determines the direction in which we are to look for all the storms of the season following. Still another, unconsciously verifying the Emersonian maxim, hitches the wagon of his weather faith to a shooting star. A transcendental farmer he, whose vane is the meteor's dart shot into the teeth of the approaching but yet invi-

ble storm; where the star falls, from that quarter he anticipates the next rough weather. This is the farmer who plants his apple-trees at a slight deflection from the vertical, so that their tops shall exactly indicate the "two o'clock sun." The trees are thus, as he argues, given a westing, so that all the strong prevailing winds from that quarter can do is to lift them to a perpendicular position, by the time they are full-grown. This system of planting, though it may be good arboriculture, would go far towards doing away with the picturesque wryness of the apple orchard.

It may be questioned whether the clouds of heaven have their favorite lanes and by-ways marked out on the map of the country over which they pass, yet I frequently hear that the rain "follows the river." If this be true, the rain has a sufficiently puzzling route, as the river in question abhors a right line, and delights to double upon itself as often as it can. It is to be remarked that the Lake (Erie), but a few miles distant, is not popularly held to have such a following as is claimed for its humble tributary. No local savant can satisfactorily apologize for the slight. I am assured by one living near the river that lightning strikes in its vicinity more frequently than elsewhere; that the chestnut oftener than any other tree, except the hemlock, is the mark of the thunderbolt; and that the beech enjoys a singular immunity from danger, — so much so that my informant would not believe, on report, that a beech had been struck, but would require to see the mischief with his own eyes. It would be an entertaining, and perhaps not unprofitable, task to edit the science and pseudo-science in common circulation within the area of a single county, district, or township.

"The former and the latter rains" play the same part in the year's tillage as they did when the first furrows were drawn in the earth. The spring still

comes riding in on the moist surges of the south wind, and the departing summer, also, goes by water, embarking on the tumbling flood of the big September storm. Though one season indulges in a reckless expenditure of moisture, and another pinches us with drought, we are pretty sure that the account balances. If any region, formerly well supplied with rain, has come to suffer from aridity, it is probably because the forests, those natural well-sweeps connecting with the heavenly cisterns, have been cut down. A pity it is that their hydraulic action is not visible in some such way as the sun and his specious water-buckets, so that man should be advised by self-interest to stay his inroads upon the sylvan territory. Is the rain sent alike upon the just and the unjust? There is one class of the unjust, namely, the timber destructionists, who are likely to bring about a reversal of the old benevolent decree.

It is a little strange that the poets, while so free to praise the summer rain, should have nothing to say about rain in the winter. Have they not heard the wild hunter, who, with his rattling shot, brings down the coveys of the frost, — the headlong charioteer cracking his thousand whips in the vacant air, unintercepted by leafy branches? How his lashes score and lacerate the earth's false cuticle of ice and snow, until the quick is reached, and dormant vitality excited! In every February rain faint vernal rumors are heard, and cipher dispatches are sent to the initiated. The rain in March brings overbold declaration for spring, afterwards diplomatically offset by an occasional demonstration in honor of winter. I am sorry for those who fail to perceive the honest stuff there is in March, who can never get along with his chaff and swagger. It must be that nature relishes the extravagant impersonations of this actor, else he would not be encouraged to remain so long upon the scene, or be so

frequently recalled, — “with hey, ho, the wind and the rain!” As yet, the skies are not blue, but only blue-eyed, the azure seen in glimpses through the clouds as through rough eye-sockets. The fields present an unfamiliar topography, all depressions having been filled up by the rain. A pool thus formed is a kaleidoscope of color and motion: the wind produces on its surface a veiny arabesque, and at one side of the margin the breaking of the ocean surf is imitated. Every gust darkens it most wonderfully, as though there had been thrown into the water some instantly dissolving pigment. This sudden depth of shade is due to the bulk of the water having been swept aside, thus destroying the glaze of reflected light, and revealing the dark bottom of the pool. “The river is bluer than the sky” is good painting. Heaven, as seen in the watery mirror, is always deeper in hue than the actual sky. Whence is the mordant used to set this dye? If there be any hair-line rift in the clouds through which a blue ray can fall, trust the rain-pool to detect and report it with liberal exaggeration. One will often be baffled in his search for the zenith to match the smiling under-heaven laid open in the transient perspective glass at his feet. With no small speculative delight have I seen the village, after an abundant rain, apparently built over a celestial abyss, and threatening every moment to fall and disappear over the frail earth-verge. The more frequent the pools, the more extensive the downward aerial prospect, and the more exquisite the sense of suspension between two infinities. To my surprise, the passers-by seemed wholly oblivious to the fine peril which threatened, as they plodded their way through the unsolid streets, grumbling at the inefficiency of the road supervisor.

April comes,

“With boweriness and showeriness
And rare delights of rain.”

Mantling in the sun's warmth, and daily replenished, the pasture pools are now, at the surface, rinks for the nimble gyrations of various water-flies, while below swarm the fairy shrimps, simulating the fin-waving life of the fish. In their green translucency they look not unlike animated bits of some pulpy, aquatic plant, so that the name of the order, *phyllopoda*, is well illustrated by this species. In one season of unusual mildness, I knew these creatures to make their appearance as early as the middle of February.

Rain in April! Who knows not the capricious, partial shower that runs out in shining array, under review of the sun, advancing a furlong or so, then stopping short, as though recalled by solar command? Not a yard further will the precious moisture go, however the mouth of nature may water in expectation. I hear the ever-thirsty grass, with a slight, tremulous sigh, express its disappointment and sense of neglect. There is a copious drinker! I almost think to measure the depth of the rainfall by ascertaining the liquid contents in the brimming tube of a blade of grass. In the space between morning and evening, it has plainly lifted itself higher, and acquired a livelier color.

After a parched interval, with what alertness we look and listen for indications of rain! — not, however, forgetting to remind each other that "all signs fail in dry weather." We are fain to credit the "more wet" of the quail, the ceaseless trilling of the tree-frog, the chuckle of the cuckoo, and the shutting of various sunny eyes in the grass. We also take fresh hope when the trees that have so long stood sultrily immobile begin swaying tumultuously, uttering hoarse, delirious murmurs of anticipation. Yet we have often before seen this majestically looming cloud break and dissolve in gusty sighs, without showing any practical benevolence. We do not expect much from these sparse,

loud-clicking drops, sown broad-cast, like a handful of pluvial "small change," or beggars' pence, just to test nature's alacrity in picking up alms. Falling in the fine dust of the road, they are at once absorbed, curiously dotting or stippling the powdery surface; falling on the leaves, which the drought has rendered tense and crisp, like a sort of drum parchment, they beat a brisk, urgent tattoo; the grass blades seem to dodge the sharp fusillade. The looming cloud, for once, does not disappoint us, but ascends, and spreads rapidly a gray, uniform canopy. When the lightning flashes, it advises us there is brilliant repartee in the heavens. What a keen *jeu d'esprit* was this last! In the soul is a spark of venturous, fiery wit, which in spite of the mortal body's fear starts up to fence with the lightning, singing, as the shaft flies past, "Strike me, and I strike back!" Now comes the rain, a celestial ocean at flood-tide. It has its surges and billows, its mighty "third waves," its momentary lulls and recessions. How far is it through this liquid obscurity up to the azure and the sunbeam? We will walk abroad under the rain, like divers in the pearl gulfs; we will take a surf-bath, where nothing is lacking but the saline taste: for, if this be not a true sea in which we disport, it is at least the returning wave of sublimated lakes and rivers, the tribute of the naiads and of the earth now refunded.

Even in this temperate latitude we frequently have, at the beginning of a summer storm, an interval of elemental chaos that would do credit to a Central American *temporal*. The trees rock and bend, leaning to the leeward, with all their foliage blown out, like a garment, in one direction, revealing their lithe and robust anatomy. What admirable elasticity and dexterous trimming to the storm are seen among these hardy, long-disciplined Spartans of nature! Occasionally, a young tree, deficient in athletic training, is snapped

off at the ankle; and as though the storm carried a pruning-knife, and this were the month for pruning, numerous small branches, twigs, and single leaves are remorselessly shorn away and scattered to the winds. After a continued rain, such as in June lodges the crops, the infinite rank growth of leafage seems completely to muffle up the world.

"The boweriness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap."

The trees are heavy and torpid with moisture; there is no motion in the foliage, except as some terminal leaf twinkles in discharging a drop larger than usual. The rain trickles down the rough, swollen bark, finding its way by casual channels, as the water from a spring drips through the loose black clods of a shaded hillside. A momentary jet rises wherever a drop falls on a hard surface. Well-washed stones become dark and semi-reflective, showing, like a roiled stream, distorted and indistinct images of surrounding objects. The long undulation of meadows and grain-fields, the liquescent greens of the landscape, faintly seen through the waving veil of the rain, suggest a submarine vegetation, swept by a gale of waters. When there is no wind, the rain is of such temper that we characterize it as "gentle;" it then comes serenely down by a direct path; when set on by the wind, it drives in keen oblique splinters. Sometimes there is a crossing of lances, as though two rain armies were in the field. If the eye is rejoiced at the descending shower, the ear also has its share of pleasure. From all sides comes up the whispered acclamation of a million grateful leaves. We infer their gratitude, as, in any human crowd, we understand the drift of communication, though unable to distinguish individual voices. After listening a while to this comfortable susurrus of the leaves, we seem to hear a monotonous rhythm, to which we readily set symphonic words, or syllables, without meaning. Whatever the style of parley the

rain may hold with the sea or with the open prairie, its loquacity must always be sweetest in a wooded country. The senses of sight and hearing are not the only ones regaled at this time. Before the rain comes the breath of the rain, bringing flavorful news from all lush places in the woods and pastures. Virgil's farmer knew what it meant when he saw his cattle "snuff the air with wide-open nostrils." In the first rain of autumn, after intense summer heat, the leaves of the maple give out a subtle aroma, as if the essential principle of the sap and tissues had been volatilized; though already burnt in the summer's censer, their ashes are fragrant when put in solution by the rain.

Nature is on good terms with her children on a rainy day, seeming to treat it as a *dies non*, giving herself up to their amusement. If we are not afraid of a wetting, we may meet some very pretty gossips abroad, since we are not alone in our enjoyment of the rain and fine weather. The robin shows himself pre-eminently a rain-bird. He takes a position as nearly vertical as possible, so as to shed the water, his plumage growing darker for the drenching. He has moistened his whistle (as the flute-player moistens his flute), and is now blowing out the superfluous drops in a series of mellow dissyllabic notes, somewhat more pensive and refined than his ordinary efforts. He sings the lyric of the rain. A "sprinkle" encourages rather than interrupts the chimney-swifts in their airy pursuit of food; and the more familiar sparrows dart under the eaves, into porches, even alighting on window-sills, in quest of insects that have sought shelter in these places. In the orchard the wren is on the alert, scrambling along the leaning trunk with the dexterity of the woodpecker or the creeper, and peering into every nook and cranny of the bark. He, too, is foraging, yet — that he may not be accused of being wholly absorbed in this sordid occupa-

tion—from time to time pipes a moist and rippling stave, whose “expression mark” might be *allegretto grazioso*. There is still another creature, from which, if gifted vocally, we should probably hear some thrilling wet-weather notes. At the first report of rain, our old doorside friend, the toad, exhibits all the delight possible to an organization so cold and phlegmatic. His yellow sides and throat seem to throb with excitement, as he comes out of his hermitage in the mould of a neglected flower-pot. As soon as wet, his spotted mosaic coat becomes brighter, resembling in color and markings some freaked pebble washed up by the waves. With an eye to business (he is possibly something of a savant, and counts upon the present atmospheric condition as favorable to his fly-catching enterprise), he gathers himself up and hurries into the grass, looping himself along by his long, ridiculous legs.

While these visible rilllets of the rain are making their way, with much frothing and bubbling, to some permanent

vein of water, one imagines the streams underground rejoicing, in their own dark, voiceless way, at the reinforcement they receive. For hours afterward I taste the river of heaven in water from the well. Some time ago I made the discovery of a music-box or whispering-gallery of the rain, which I had passed a hundred times without suspecting its musical capacity. It is entirely subterranean, with a tube or shaft connecting it with the surface. Laying my ear to this, I hear a succession of delicious melodies, abounding in trills, turns, grace-notes, and broken chords, in which the last fine high note is followed by an echo. It is Nicor, chief of water-sprites, sitting in a cavern and playing liquid chimes, laughing to himself during the rests! The mason who constructed this music-box with bricks and mortar thought only to produce a cistern, not dreaming of the acoustic luxury that should result from his labors. This is the clepsydra that keeps the rainy hours, dropping the minutes and seconds in a silver or crystal coinage of sound.

Edith M. Thomas.

WILLOW.

O SLENDER willow, that beside
The meadow brooklet leanest here,
Sad, in this joy-time of the year,
Dost cast gold catkins on the tide,

As strips the widowed Hindoo bride
Her jeweled arms, with grief austere, —
O slender willow? . . .

Or makest fickle haste to hide
The pale young sunshine's gifts, once dear,
Ere beam more splendid shall appear,
To clothe thee all in verdurous pride, —
O slender willow?

C. E. Sutton.

PRESIDENT MONROE.

THE full title of Mr. Gilman's scholarly essay on James Monroe¹ hints at the grounds on which the fifth President finds a place in the careful list of American statesmen, and Monroe's own career and historic associations suggest very interesting speculations as to the future conditions of public life in America. John Quincy Adams was more distinctly trained to an administrative life; but he was also a man of more striking individuality, and the figure which he shows in our history is that of a person, rather than that of an officer. His official position served as a background upon which to write his character, and although he lived from boyhood in the atmosphere of public service, he can scarcely be called the product of that service.

The character of Monroe, on the other hand, does not indicate a power which would have made him a marked man under all conditions. The fact that he has hitherto not been the subject of a formal biography is a slight sign of the absence in him of strong lines of personality. Mr. Gilman, in accordance with the scheme of the series in which his book stands, has not attempted a life. He invites some historical student, in search of a subject, to undertake a full life of Monroe; yet it is doubtful if any student would be attracted by the personal element in the subject. The few pages which Mr. Gilman gives to this side are interesting and satisfactory; one does not care for much more. An indefinite series of anecdotes or illustrations, if they could be found, would hardly build any very picturesque figure. Monroe appears as an awkward, diffident man, slow of speech, courteous,

unimaginative, a little dull, perhaps, but uniformly unselfish, honorable, and faithful. He was, as Mr. Gilman points out, rather a man of action than of intellectual power; and his promptness and self-reliance during the second war with Great Britain certainly seem to bear out this view, and lead one to believe that Colonel Monroe, as he was commonly called, would have made a good general in the war for independence, if he had been older then, and would be an efficient railroad president, if he were in his prime now.

It is chiefly from the recollections of Judge Watson, contributed to this volume, that we get our notion of Monroe in his personal relations, and there are one or two passages which are interesting as bringing us closer to the man as he knew himself. "There was not," says Judge Watson, "the least particle of conceit in Mr. Monroe, and yet he seemed always strongly to feel that he had rendered great public service. From Washington to John Quincy Adams, he was the associate and co-laborer of the greatest and best men of his day. . . . One striking peculiarity about Mr. Monroe was his sensitiveness, his timidity in reference to public sentiment. I do not mean as it respected his past public life; as to that, he appeared to feel secure. But in retirement his great care seemed to be to do and say nothing unbecoming in an ex-President of the United States. He thought it incumbent on him to have nothing to do with party politics. This was beneath the dignity of an ex-President; and it was unjust to the people who had so highly honored him to seek to throw the weight of his name and character on either side

¹ *James Monroe in his Relations to the Public Service during Half a Century, 1776 to 1826.* By DANIEL C. GILMAN, President of the Johns Hop-

kins University, Baltimore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. [*American Statesmen Series.*]

of any contest between them. Hence, Mr. Monroe, after retiring from office, rarely, if ever, expressed his opinions of public men or measures, except confidentially."

From these and other details, it is not difficult to reconstruct Mr. Monroe as he saw himself, and one can have only respect for a man who took so serious a view of his office and its responsibilities. In a merely external view, Monroe's official honor was very great. "No one but Washington was ever reelected to the highest office in the land with so near an approach to unanimity." It is true that the calm of the political waters upon the reelection of Monroe was not very profound, but the common consent by which he was continued in office was a just tribute to the integrity and good sense of the President. One who had enjoyed this public confidence might fairly be complacent over it, but Monroe showed his fine character by respecting the public as much as the public respected him, and by using his office as the chief servant of the nation.

What impresses us most in his public life is the completeness with which he caught the sentiment of the people, and reproduced it in his official papers. The Monroe Doctrine is the completest expression of this. Mr. Gilman has shown how little that doctrine was a mere pronouncement of the President, and how gradually it was evolved as the growth of the public consciousness. In giving voice to the gathering conviction of the nation, Mr. Monroe was the spokesman of the people, and not its champion. Historical students, indeed, will be a little disappointed that Mr. Gilman has not discussed the question of the share which the Secretary of State had in the document. So little is Mr. Monroe's personal equation of force that it remained for a still later development of the popular thought to give the formal statement a fuller content; so that when we speak, to-day, of the

Monroe Doctrine it becomes necessary to discriminate between the historic expression and the convenient formula which stands now for somewhat more. The doctrine is one of the landmarks of national progress, but, like other landmarks in nature, it diminishes in apparent greatness as one comes nearer to it.

It is, however, as we have hinted, chiefly as an illustration of administrative evolution that President Monroe's career may be studied to advantage. If we were to select representatives of this evolution in the three periods of United States history, they would be Monroe, Buchanan, and Garfield. Mr. Buchanan hit himself off, when he labeled himself, like a wax figure, an Old Public Functionary. He is the Turveydrop of American statesmen, and represents a condition of public life when the highest officer of the nation was a puppet in the hands of stronger men. He was the outgrowth of an oligarchy; he had passed his life in office, learning thoroughly all parts of the mechanism; he was entirely at home in the artificial political life which was built upon the conception of the administration as a delicately adjusted machine, contrived for continuing the party in power. The administration in Buchanan's time was the government, but it pretended to be only the attorney for the government. It would, perhaps, be more exact to say that the real government was in the hands of a compact body of men, who ruled in the name of the people, and employed the administration as their agency.

Mr. Monroe, on the other hand, while he had served the same kind of apprenticeship as Mr. Buchanan, was the product of a different time. The English and colonial conception of the administration as the real government lingered for some time after the formal proclamation of democratic principles, and in the early years of the republic, when the cen-

tral organization was simple and very limited in its agencies, the government was largely aristocratic. It was under this *régime* that Monroe was trained, and he came to the top when the system was giving way before the rising tide of democracy. He inherited the ideas of the strong men who had laid the foundations of the nation, and he carried them out faithfully and with a high sense of honor. Place was a trust, and he never failed so to regard it.

In the administration which it was hoped would bear Mr. Garfield's name, the people looked with eagerness and some confidence for the realization of a public life which should make the administration, what the theory of democracy demands, a register of the best public mind. As the country grows more complex in its inter-relations, it requires that the management of its public affairs should be entrusted to men who have been trained for it, and trained in a school which recognizes one authority, — we, the people. It is for this reason that so positive an injunction has been given to rid the civil service of its oligarchic taint. No facts in our recent political history are so significant as the

decision with which this injunction has been pronounced, and the silent, unorganized combination which has used the ballot as a skillful weapon. The truth is that a century of ballot-throwing has been needed to perfect the engine; and now that it is in the possession of the people, and well adjusted to their hands, it is used with tremendous force. The individual ballot and the unpolitical office go together, and in the new era upon which we are entering this presentation of Monroe's career becomes of great value. We believe that the government is passing into the hands of the people, and we have reason to believe that an administration will result which will express that government as admirably as Monroe's expressed the aristocratic government of his day.

We ought not to leave Mr. Gilman's book without recognizing the thoroughness of its equipment. He has made a readable book for any citizen; he has also made a most serviceable hand-book for the special student; and by his relegation to an appendix of matters which constitute an index to his subject, he has served both classes, and offended neither.

MR. QUINCY'S REMINISCENCES.

It is not without a sense of its privileges that *The Atlantic Monthly* is housed in a mansion famous for the men and women who have lived in it, or been entertained at its hospitable board; thus it is with a slight sense of returning courtesies that it welcomes a book¹ which brings back so many figures once familiar in the Quincy mansion in Park Street, Boston, and not the least among

them that of the cheerful narrator of old scenes. For although Mr. Quincy writes mainly of other and often more famous men than himself, the glimpses which he gives of his own personality are delightful. He is an old man, telling mainly of scenes through which he passed in his youth; and he looks back upon the young man who figured as the annalist in his diary with a whimsical alienation, as upon a prankish colt, who amuses him greatly now. There are intimations, now and then, in his book,

¹ *Figures of the Past*, from the Leaves of Old Journals. By JOSIAH QUINCY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

that the records have been obliged to pass the scrutiny of some vigilant literary censor; and Mr. Quincy even protests, with the air of an uncle who is under some tyrannical surveillance, that he is not allowed to tell some excellent stories which he had set down. We have no doubt of it. We are sure that he might shock us, and give us a guilty sense of enjoyment, and perhaps his censor was right; but after all, we are most pleased that the garrulousness of a sunny age has not been entirely checked, for the stream of reminiscences is one which flows on with a careless ease, very delightful to the reader.

Mr. Quincy gave a happy title to his volume, for it is eminently a book which calls up the figures of the past. The writer himself was not only brought into familiar relations with notable persons, when he was a young man, but it is plain that his interest in persons has always been lively, and the frank catholicity of his temper and belief made him quick to recognize the virtue which resides in character aside from circumstance. He is a democratic gentleman, who has all the fine instincts which enable him to penetrate mere class or arbitrary distinctions. A singular illustration of this is in the admirable portrait which he has drawn of Andrew Jackson. He has not himself called our attention to his own good breeding, but the reader will scarcely fail to observe in the Governor's young aid, who did escort duty to the President when he made his tour in Massachusetts, a genuine courtesy, which was no sham official politeness. Mr. Quincy recalls with candor the prejudice which he felt toward Jackson, and gracefully acknowledges his own unconditional surrender. In doing so, he not only gives us a clear and honorable sketch of the President, but he unwittingly writes down his own generous and chivalrous nature.

"I was fairly startled," he writes, "a

few days ago, at the remark of a young friend,¹ who is something of a student of American history. 'Of course,' said he, 'General Jackson was not what you would call a gentleman!' Now, although I had only a holiday acquaintance with the general, and although a man certainly puts on his best manners when undergoing a public reception, the fact was borne in upon me that the seventh President was, in essence, a knightly personage, — prejudiced, narrow, mistaken upon many points, it might be, but vigorously a gentleman in his high sense of honor, and in the natural, straightforward courtesies which are easily to be distinguished from the veneer of policy; and I was not prepared to be favorably impressed with a man who was simply intolerable to the Brahmin caste of my native State. Had not the Jackson organs teemed with abuse of my venerated friend, John Adams? Had not the legislature of New Hampshire actually changed the name of a town from Adams to Jackson; thereby performing a contemptible act of flattery, which, to the excited imaginations of the period, seemed sufficient to discredit republican government forever after? Had not this man driven from their places the most faithful officers of government, to satisfy a spirit of persecution relentless and bitter beyond precedent?

"I did not forget these things when I received Governor Lincoln's order to act as special *aide-de-camp* to the President, during his visit to Massachusetts; and I felt somewhat out of place when I found myself advancing from one side of Pawtucket Bridge (on the morning of June 20, 1833) to meet a slender, military-looking person, who had just left the Rhode Island side of that structure. Lawyers are credited with the capacity of being equally fluent upon

¹ In our unworthy jealousy of Mr. Quincy's literary adviser, we have decided to consider him and the young friend named above as identical.

all sides of a question; and if I had suddenly received orders to express to General Jackson my detestation of his presidential policy, I think I should have been equal to the occasion. My business, however, was to deliver an address of welcome; and here was Jackson himself, advancing in solitary state to hear it. Well in the rear of the chief walked the Vice-President and heir-apparent, Martin Van Buren; and slowly following came the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Cass and Woodbury. It is awkward to make a formal speech to one man, and I missed the crowd, which the military, upon both sides of the bridge, were keeping upon *terra firma*. I seemed to be the mouth-piece of nobody but myself. The address, somehow, got delivered, the distinguished guest made his suitable reply, and then we walked together to the fine barouche-and-four, which was to take us through the State. The President and Vice-President were waved to the back of the carriage; Colonel Washburn and myself occupied the front seat; the Cabinet were accommodated with chariots, somewhat less triumphal, behind us; the artillery fired (breaking many windows in Pawtucket, for which the State paid a goodly bill), and we were off."

This was the beginning of an intercourse which has supplied Mr. Quincy with reminiscences occupying a score of pages; he has consulted his diaries and his memory, and has drawn thence a number of fresh and natural impressions regarding the President. "His conversation," he says, "was interesting, from its sincerity, decision, and point. It was easy to see that he was not a man to accept a difference of opinion with equanimity; but that was clearly because, he being honest and earnest, Heaven would not suffer his opinions to be other than *right*. Mr. Van Buren, on the other hand, might have posed for a statue of Diplomacy. He had the

softest way of uttering his cautious observations, and evidently considered the impression every word would make."

Mr. Quincy gives an amusing incident which occurred during a review of the Boston Brigade, and takes the opportunity, with a somewhat mock gravity, of exonerating himself from an imputation under which he has rested for fifty years. Mr. Van Buren and the members of the Cabinet had declined to take part in the review, but suddenly reconsidered their decision, when all the suitable horses had been otherwise engaged. "I frankly told him," says Mr. Quincy, "that I had given up the animals that had been engaged, and that the party must now take such leavings as might be had. Remembering that from a militia stand-point the trappings are about seven eighths of the horse, I at once ordered the finest military saddles, with the best quadrupeds under them that were procurable. They appeared in due time, and we mounted and proceeded to the field in good order; but the moment we reached the Common, the tremendous discharge of artillery which saluted the President scattered the Cabinet in all directions. Van Buren was a good horseman, and kept his seat, but, having neither whip nor spur, found himself completely in the power of his terrified animal, who, commencing a series of retrograde movements of a most unmilitary character, finally brought up with his tail against the fence which then separated the mall from the Common, and refused to budge another inch. In the mean time the President and his staff had galloped cheerfully round the troops, and taken up their position on the rising ground, near the foot of Joy Street, to receive the marching salute. 'Why, where's the Vice-President?' suddenly exclaimed the President, turning to me for an explanation. 'About as near on the fence as a gentleman of his positive political convictions is likely to get,'

said I, pointing him out. I felt well enough acquainted with Jackson, by this time, to venture upon a little pleasantry. 'That's very true,' said the old soldier, laughing heartily; 'and you've matched him with a horse who is even more non-committal than his rider.' Now the democrats were very sensitive about Mr. Van Buren, and among them started a report that I had provided their prince imperial with this preposterous horse, in order to put him in a ridiculous position. I was much annoyed by this story, and although it may be thought a little late to give it a formal contradiction through the press, I feel constrained to do so. It was the Vice-President's own fault, and no neglect on the part of the managing aide-de-camp, that placed him in a position to which his party so reasonably objected."

The President certainly made a convert of the young officer who was so near to him in those days, — a convert, not to his political doctrines, but to a belief in the chief's integrity and true nobility. Mr. Quincy bears testimony to the indomitable will by which Jackson triumphed over the frailties of his physical nature: "An immaterial something flashed through his eye, as he greeted us in the breakfast room, and it was evident that the faltering body was again held in subjection." He relates how the general was compelled, at a public reception in Cambridge, to abandon handshaking, but that he made an exception in favor of two pretty children. "He took the hands of these little maidens, and then lifted them up and kissed them. It was a pleasant sight, one not to be omitted when the events of the day were put upon paper. This rough soldier, exposed all his life to those temptations which have conquered public men whom we still call good, could kiss little children with lips as pure as their own."

There is a delightful air of gallantry about these reminiscences. To the

young Mr. Quincy, jotting down his day's experience in his diary, the maidens with whom he danced and rode were wonderfully lovely and witty; to the old Mr. Quincy, turning over the leaves of his diary, and piecing out the records with his memory, the loveliness and wit are just as real and lasting. A sigh escapes him, now and then, over the lost fragrance of the bouquet, and the feminine figures of the past move across the stage in the somewhat attenuated form of Miss A. and Miss B.; but we are spared those hypocritical ejaculations of the vanity of life, which blooming youth sometimes brings to the lips of trembling age. On the contrary, there is a heartiness of enjoyment in the recollection of mirth, which gives one a sense of the generous nature of the fine old gentleman who reviews his past. Sometimes, indeed, he tells frankly whom he admired, and we cannot do better than reproduce a couple of pages of his book, which have the vigor of honest admiration, and conclude with a redoubtable caution: "Wednesday, March 8 [1826], spent the evening at Mrs. Bozeley's ball [in Baltimore], where I was greatly struck by the beauty of the ladies. The principal belles were Miss Clapham, Miss Gallatin, and Miss Johnson. This last lady has one of the most striking faces I ever saw. It is perfectly Grecian. And this, added to her fine figure and graceful movement, presented a *tout ensemble* from which I could not keep my eyes. I was introduced to her, and found her manners as bewitching as her person. She was all life and spirit. After finishing the first dance, I discovered a corner, where we sat for nearly an hour, keeping up an easy, laughing sort of conversation. This would have occasioned observation elsewhere; but here no one seemed to notice it, except the gentleman who wished to dance with her, so I had a very comfortable time. When we were obliged to separate, I tried to dance with Miss Clapham, but

found she was engaged. I could only represent to her partner that I should never have another opportunity of dancing with this lady, whereas he would have many others; but he was inexorable, and refused to give her up; so I did the next best thing in standing by her and talking to her during all the intervals of the dance. After it was over, I retired, well satisfied that the reputation of Baltimore for the gayety and beauty of its ladies was fully deserved.

"There is no use in multiplying extracts like this," continues Mr. Quincy, philosophically. "It is the old, old story of maidenly fascinations upon a young man. Let me hope that the intuitive sympathy of a few youthful readers will give piquancy to the foolish words which chronicle experiences once so vivid. At yet another ball, my journal tells how I was introduced to Miss —, 'the great belle of the city,' and testifies that I found her 'pretty, agreeable, and sensible.' And then there is written some idle gossip of the young fellows of Baltimore about this fair lady. The question with them was, Why did not Miss — marry? She was nearly as old as the century, and had had annual crops of eligible offers, from her youth up. There must be some explanation; and then excellent and apparently conclusive reasons why the lady had not married, and never would marry, were alleged, and these were duly confided to the guardianship of my journal. It is apropos to this lady that I shall be generous enough to relate a subsequent awkwardness of my own; for it enforces what may be called a social moral, which it is useful to remember. A few years after this (that is, they *seemed* very few years to me), a gentleman from Baltimore was dining at my house. During one of the pauses of conversation, it occurred to me to inquire after the former belle of his city, about whom I had heard so much speculation. Expecting an immediate acquiescence in the nega-

tive, I carelessly threw out the remark, 'Miss —, of Baltimore, I believe, was never married.' No sooner were the words uttered than I saw that something was wrong. My guest changed color, and was silent for some moments. At length came the overwhelming reply: 'Sir, I *hope* she was married. *She is my mother.*' And so the moral is that we cannot be too cautious in our inquiries concerning the life, health, or circumstances of any mortal known in other years, and bounded by another horizon."

Mr. Quincy's reminiscences are made to revolve around certain important centres. He gives a few chapters to student life at Harvard sixty years ago, and calls up with mingled respect and entertainment the figure of Professor Popkin, whose name raises expectations which will not be disappointed. John Adams makes another centre, and so does Daniel Webster and Lafayette. It seems impossible for the old to communicate to the young the enthusiasm which Lafayette inspired when he returned to this country. They look back upon the days of that great triumphal reception with a half-puzzled air, and try in vain to record the immense excitement which pervaded the thinly settled country. "To me," says Mr. Quincy, "his last words were, 'Remember, we must meet again in France!' and so saying, he kissed me upon both cheeks. 'If Lafayette had kissed *me*,' said an enthusiastic lady of my acquaintance, 'depend upon it, I would never have washed my face as long as I lived!'" The remark may be taken as fairly marking the point which the flood-tide of affectionate admiration reached in those days."

Of all the figures in the book, however, Joseph Smith, the Mormon, comes forward with perhaps the most distinctness and freshness. It is worth while to get the impressions of such a man upon the mind of so honest a gentleman

and good observer as Mr. Quincy; and we value the impressions the more that Mr. Quincy makes so little attempt to construct a theory about the prophet. He does better than that: he gives us a series of instantaneous photographs. In fine, the whole volume is a most agreeable addition to the scanty memoirs of our social life in the early part of the century; and since we have not reached the somewhat scornful height of Mr. Wendell Phillips's depreciation of diaries, we are well content to applaud Mr. Quincy's half-serious, half-whimsical defense of himself for these trifles: "Ah, Mr. Phillips, let us not altogether despise the poor fribbles who keep journals. They do manage to keep a few myths out of history, after all. . . . 'You can count on the fingers of your two hands all the robust minds that have kept journals,' says my eminent friend. Well, perhaps you can; but I think it

might require all the hands of Briareus to number the robust minds that have lamented that they took no written note of the scenes and persons among which they passed. Most pathetic in its regret was the language I have heard from Judge Story, and other first-class men, respecting this omission. It has rung in my ears when, tired and full of business, I was disposed to shirk the task. So let us possess our souls in patience, even if our 'sixpenny neighbor' is keeping a journal. . . . It is Arthur Helps who says that poor 'sixpenny' Pepys has given us 'the truest book that ever was written;' no slight praise this, as it seems to me. But let not the reader fear that any chronicles of mine shall be catalogued among the diaries and journals from which Mr. Phillips would deliver us. I have taken stringent measures to secure him and his posterity from so great a calamity."

WOODBERRY'S HISTORY OF WOOD-ENGRAVING.

MR. WOODBERRY makes generous acknowledgment to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, without whose aid and counsel he declares that his book¹ could not have been written; but it should not be inferred from this that there is, in his treatment of the history of wood-engraving, any lack of individuality and independence. Far from that, a principal charm of this volume lies in the fact that it is characterized by a clear sight, and a comprehensiveness not thwarted by undue bias in favor of one theory or one master, although we feel the personality of the author in his writing, and are agreeably aware of his preferences. Only at one or two points

is he pursued, and to some extent ensnared, by the old, haunting idea which takes possession of so many persons, that limits must be set, beyond which no achievement, however skillful and refined, however artistic or gratifying to the eye, can be reckoned as legitimate. It may be admitted that Holbein made his work with the graver the highest exemplar of what may be wisely attempted on the original basis of wood-engraving; but it does not follow that there should be no new departures, no variations or adventurings in new paths. Mr. Woodberry says of Holbein, "He perceived more clearly than Dürer the essential conditions under which wood-engraving must be practiced. . . . If he had needed cross-hatching, fine and delicate lines, har-

¹ *A History of Wood-Engraving.* By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

monies of tone, and soft transitions of light, he would have had recourse to copperplate; but not finding them necessary, he contented himself with the bold outlines, easily cut and easily printed, which were the peculiar province of wood-engraving." Now, when the province of an art is spoken of, critics are too ready to forget that this may include several departments; or that the province may annex to itself other territories, and become a kingdom or a republic, having various sovereignties within itself. There are those who insist that the methods of Jean-François Millet in painting are unjustifiable, and would like to carry all painting back to the careful definition of detail in Veronese; people who admire some accessory, put in by an apprentice, perhaps, in the picture of a great Italian, more than the best work of a modern master, equally devout and equally truthful, but approaching things from a point of view wholly different. Victor Hugo was for a long time denounced as not writing French, simply because he gave a new direction to the language in its use for fiction; and it is but a little while since Richard Wagner was bitterly opposed by a large class, for his abandonment of melody. In the same way, Mr. Woodberry speaks with dissatisfaction of the recent tendency of engraving towards "refining or abandoning line." It is true, as was said in our notice of Mr. Linton's *History of Wood-Engraving in America*, that lines are to the engraver what words are to the poet; but the question whether he has put meaning into them can be decided only by a broad and sympathetic mode of interpretation, and not by a single rigid canon. The engraver must be granted a fair choice of ways in which he shall impart significance, like that which the poet enjoys. It is hypercritical to condemn him for employing the same texture on different surfaces in one composition, so long as he

does not vitiate the truthfulness of his effect by so doing; and if he wishes occasionally to mimic the brush-marks of the designer, there seems to be no sound artistic principle forbidding him thus to attest the fact which we all know, that he is reproducing a picture. The engraver is not really enslaved to the draughtsman by the new system, for he is often called upon to interpret passages in his own way. Still, on the whole, he is subordinate, and occupies the relation of the musical virtuoso to the composer. But it is difficult to maintain that there should not be a body of reproducing engravers, and that they may not have as distinct an artistic value as the originators, like Holbein and William Blake and Mr. Linton; a value as proper to wood-engraving, too, though it may not be as high. Nor can we see how even an originator, if he chose to adopt the modern style, would prove himself false to the true aims of the art. In the new movement, however, we must expect many extravagances and weaknesses, along with the good attained. Our illustrated magazines furnish multitudinous examples of manifestly absurd choice of texture, obscuration of form, useless blindness, and flatness of effect; and Mr. Woodberry must be thanked for protesting against these, notwithstanding that he is somewhat affected by a conservatism which, if obeyed, might hold wood-engraving in a state of stagnation. In a work of this kind it is impossible to do justice to individuals by the selection of specimens of their work; but it strikes us as unfortunate for the completeness of the last chapter that there should be no example given of Mr. Anthony, Mr. Henry Marsh, or Mr. Linton, who are appreciatively mentioned. A more serious omission, perhaps, is the failure to include even a solitary cut of the modern French engravers. Taken altogether, nevertheless, the illustrations afford much reason for satisfaction. They constitute an

abundant, progressive, and useful series. In his text, Mr. Woodberry groups the divisions of the subject with excellent judgment. There is first a chapter on the origin of the art and the "holy prints;" then the block-books, and early printed books at the North, and early Italian engraving on wood are surveyed. The history is carried on swiftly, but without any slurring, through the period of Dürer and Holbein to the rapid decline and extinction of the art, after scarcely three centuries of growth; and finally the revival, which in England was led by Bewick, towards the end of the last century, and the recent development in America are chronicled. Generally Mr. Woodberry's style is at-

tractive, and contributes much to the charm of his exposition: he is suave and observes a becoming leisure; yet he wastes no time, and he is both forcible and eloquent when he is bestowing admiration, or has a lesson to inculcate. The purpose of arranging that which is essential to a just knowledge of the subject in a popular form, but with all the virtue of a ripe cultivation, is eminently well carried out, and is assisted by a list of the chief works on wood-engraving, at the end. Its temperate, discriminating tone, and the thoroughness of the review it gives from the earliest to the latest moment of the art, make the volume a very useful addition to one important alcove of literature.

SYMONDS'S RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

In these two volumes¹ the author presents his study of the Italian literature of the Renaissance, to which his previous works on the political history and the fine arts of the same period were preliminary. Even here, in preface to his immediate subject, he has found it necessary to occupy a considerable space with an account of the earlier literature that furnished the material and suggested the artistic methods of the later writers. He marks three periods of literary development: the mediæval, ending with the death of Boccaccio (1375), during which Italian literature was formed; the humanistic, ending with the birth of Lorenzo de' Medici (1448), during which scholars reverted to the Latin culture, at the expense of the vulgar tongue; the renescent, ending with the death of Ariosto (1533), during which the divided currents of

the modern and Latin spirit merged in the golden age of letters. Incidentally, he discusses such familiar topics of subsidiary interest as the history of the popular legends that gave the theme for imagination, and the blight that fell on the miracle plays before they could result in drama. But the most important portion of his work is a biographical and critical account of the authors of the romantic epics, burlesque tales, novels, and idyls of the final period, accompanied by a running comment in reply to the repeated and significant question, Why did Italy produce no Shakespeare, Molière, or Calderon, — more than all, why had she no Juvenal?

The traditional romance that hangs about Italy has fostered a popular misapprehension of nearly all things Italian. As the mother of Christian art and the Catholic church, the land is supposed to be religious; as the long-enslaved and last-freed of the nations of Europe, the race is believed to be de-

¹ *Renaissance in Italy*. Italian Literature. In Two Parts. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.

ficient in political sagacity. Yet it requires but little reflection, hardly more than a thought of the Reformation, to prevent surprise at the fact that the Italians were at heart the most irreligious of Christian peoples, and that the church, viewed by them always as a secular institution, is a monument of their genius applied to practical affairs. Italian art, too, as an expression of national life, must be ascribed less to piety than to the native bent of mind, the inbred race disposition, which seeks to bring all spiritual things within the perception of the senses; indeed, the course of development in Italian art lies principally in the gradual substitution of an æsthetic aim for a devout motive as the source of inspiration. No people is less dreamy, in the Northern sense; the genius of the race is positive, definite, objective, practical, circumscribed in the tangible and visible facts of experience. Between Italian intellect and Italian feeling there seems to be no border-land. Ecstasy may fall from heaven and kindle masses of men into passion, as in the case of the Flagellanti, but it is a malady of emotion only; the madness passes, the mind remains untouched. In Dante's poem, as has been often pointed out, these race qualities are clearly apparent: the journey is mapped out as on a chart; the hours are duly reckoned; the world beyond is laid open to accurate observation; the dark places of his Vision are not dark with the spirit's excess of light, but with mediæval metaphysics. In later authors, however different the subject, the temper of mind is the same. The grasp on reality is no less tenacious, the attention to detail no less careful; the incidents of the adventure, the look of the landscape, the physiognomy of the characters, no less plainly defined as phenomena ocularly seen.

In the tales of chivalry, whether romantic, heroic, or burlesque, which seem to us to possess the characteristics of later Italian literature in most variety,

this realism is veiled by the apparent unreality of the fable. Arthur and Roland belong to the North; and to the Northern mind itself, although they have the substance of ideals, they are very remote. But the Arthur of Italian nobles, the Roland of the Italian people, are the thinnest of shades; nor were they less insubstantial to most of the poets of the golden age than to us. The people gave the Carolingian myth to them as the burden of their stories; but, leaving Boiardo out of the account, they could not accept the conditions of that imaginative world and believe in it; nor could Boiardo, who had without doubt a real enthusiasm for chivalry, believe with Spenser's faith. Italy had no feudal past; how could the *bourgeois* Pulci feel any living sympathy with feudal ideals? The myth was emptied of its moral contents; how could Ariosto be earnest as Tennyson is? In dealing with deeds of knight-errantry, adventures in the lists and the forest, wizard springs and invincible armor, all the poets were conscious of something quixotic; to Ariosto it was the main element. He could not be serious; the mock gravity of irony was the most he could compass. This sense of unreality in the legend was not all that led especially the last poets of the age to play with their art. A more powerful reason was the hopelessness of society in their age, deep as that which in earlier times fell on their ancestors, who witnessed the barbarian incursions on Roman soil. Politically, morally, and religiously, society was breaking up. What was there to be serious about? All that gives meaning to life was gone: the ties of family, country, and God were snapped. What better thing was there to do than to retire to the country, and let the world go "the primrose way"? The striking thing in all this is that the sense of the pleasure to be derived from the refinements of culture excluded from the minds of nearly

all the most gifted Italians that gloom which would have wrapped a Northern nation, at the sight of an anarchy which, if less terrible with blood than the French Revolution, was more appalling to the spirit. The Italians, however, went to their villas, to hear Bandello tell stories and Berni read verses. The City of the Plague, from which Boccaccio's garden party fled, is the permanent background of this golden age.

Life was something left behind, but art remained; and for the purposes of art, whose function was entertainment, the adventures of Orlando and his like were sufficiently serviceable. Such myths afforded opportunity for inexhaustible invention of incident, for the play of fancy and the exhibition of the courtesies and humors of life; and should there be a lapse into seriousness, there was room for satire on the clergy and for sentiments of the Reformation. These tales, it is true, were products of culture separated from the realities of society, and neglectful of them; but they were not, as might have been anticipated, expressive of individual rather than national temperament. They are prominently characterized by the Italian love of incident, pictures, and fun. The incidents are invented for their own sake, not to develop character or exhibit it in action; they are only adventures, happenings, skillfully interwoven and rapidly passed; but amid them the conduct of the personages is true Italian, realistic. In presenting these incidents and the scenes in which they take place, the poets, as Lessing complained, adopt pictorial methods: they describe the ladies piecemeal, the landscapes leaf by leaf. Possibly, as Mr. Symonds suggests, the habitual sight of pictures enables the Italian to succeed where the German fails; to harmonize the colors on the canvas and build up the fragments into a proportioned statue, and thus obtain a single mental impression. Whether this be so

or not, the pictorial quality is a tribute exacted from literature by the ruling art, and illustrates the Italian proclivity to identify the mind's eye with the body's, to turn the things of the intellect into objects of sense. This realism, too, is shown as continuously in the frequent lapsing of Pulci's story, for example, into undisguised burlesque, low comedy, and broad fun; and more subtly in the prevailing irony of Ariosto, — in the tolerance yielded by him, to use the author's simile, with the elderly acquiescence in a story told to children. The poems thus constructed were an acceptable, usually a high, mode of amusement; they interested the fancy, delighted the senses, and stirred laughter. The Italians of the Renaissance asked no more.

In the *novellæ*, of which so large a number were written on the model of Boccaccio, the absorption of interest in simple incident is more plain, and the presence of contemporary manners more manifest. Various as they are, including every rank of life in their characters and every phase of action in their events, they all bear a family resemblance. They are for the most part comedies of intrigue, arresting attention by romantic or piquant situations; usually immoral, not infrequently obscene. The crafty seducer is the text, the fool of a husband the comment; and when the gloss is read, afforded by the lives of the cardinals and the wit of the *capitoli*, no ground remains for doubting that they hold the mirror up to society as it then was. If they have any other than a humorous or romantic interest, it is the interest of the tragedy of physical horror, as in our English Titus Andronicus. Of course there are many *novellæ* to which this broad and rapid generalization would not apply, — tales wholly innocent, or harmless at least, full of movement, fancy, and action, graceful and charming with the art of story-telling at its Italian best; but, as

a whole, they must be described as exhibiting a masque of sin. They are bourgeoisie in taste and temper; the corruption they set forth is not of the court or the *curia* only, but of the citizens; the laugh with which they conclude is an echo from the lips of the trades-people. Their principal value now is historic; they are the clear record of that social decay which condemned Italy to centuries of degradation. To ask why they did not generate the novel or suggest the drama is to state a literary puzzle; but the hundred considerations which have been put forth to explain the abortive issue of the miracle plays apply here also. It would seem as if the laws of spiritual development were unperceived; as if the knowledge of right and wrong as indestructible agencies to build or shatter character did not exist; as if the spirit had stiffened into that senseless stupor in which evil is no longer recognized for itself. It was left for the dramatists of the Globe Theatre to take these external incidents and show the meaning they had for humanity; to transfer the interest from the momentary and outer act, and centre it upon the living soul within. The Italians could not work the mines they owned; the pure gold of poetry that the novellæ held in amalgamation was to be the treasure of England. The novellæ of the last years do not differ from the original of Boccaccio except for the worse; his successors never equaled their master, nor have their works obtained currency, like his, among men, as a part of the general literature of the cultivated world.

As the novelists make more prominent the realistic element of the narrative poems, the idyllic writers develop more plainly the pure poetic quality; in reading them one willingly assents to the enthusiasm which names their works the literature of the golden age. More than the epic of the novella, the idyl influenced the future. Arcadia is a well-

known region in every great literature of Europe, and its atmosphere still hangs over the opera. The creator of this pastoral myth was the father of much beauty. Something was borrowed from the Garden of Eden, from the Virgilian fields, and from the Earthly Paradise; the religious, classical, and mediæval moods united in it; but essentially it was pure Italian, — Arcadia was an idealized Italy. The scene presented was the same country life that forms the background of all contemporary literature, but charmed, ennobled, and bathed in a softer than Italian air. There was little left in that age of ruin but delight in the natural beauty that was darkened by no shadow of humanity. The villa, the cultivated fields, the still, calm morning sky, were probably never more dear to the Italian heart than then, and it was this unsophisticated and keenly felt delight in nature that flowered in the idyl. To Northern nations Arcadia must always be a dream; to the Italians, then, at least, it was only the refinement of what was most real to them. It was because the idyl was so deeply rooted in a genuine emotion that it outlived the other modes of literature contemporary with it, and developed its final perfection only in the next age of the counter reformation, in the art of Tasso and Guarini. But even in its earlier history the idyl shares with the best narrative poems that beauty of form which has conferred on both an immortality denied to the novellæ. The poets were all literary artists: they polished their verses with assiduous care; they expended many years in correction, elaboration, and adjustment; and they obtained that exquisite finish which, surface-like as it may seem, is adamant to the tooth of time. They achieved beauty, and won the delight that comes from its creation and contemplation; humor, too, they made their own, and gave it universal interest; they illustrated in practice the theory of art for

art's sake; yet, after all, what is the judgment of posterity, we will not say on the men who were never suspected of being heroes, but on their works? They have left a literature, not of intellectual or moral weight, but of recreation; one that does not reveal, but amuses, — does not enlighten, inform, or guide life, but solaces and helps to while it away. This literature enriched the Northern minds by making them more sensitive to beauty, and by sharpening their perception of artistic refinements; it has left no other mark on civilization. The interest which the golden age excites in cultivated minds seldom loses its *dilettante* character; the really serious interest is in the Italy of Dante and Giotto, or in the genius of isolated men who stand apart, like Michel Angelo.

In a brief and rapid review of so wide a field as is opened in these two volumes, much must necessarily be neglected which would afford that limitation of general statements which can be given only by details; but the best of the literature described by Mr. Symonds is broadly featured as has been indicated. Some works detach themselves from any classification here possible, and are of a nobler kind, such as Alberti's, Castiglione's, and especially Macchiavelli's and Campanella's; but they are more affected by individuality of temperament. Mr. Symonds's characterization of each author separately is very full, and if sometimes novel, as is the

case with his praise of Poliziano, — “of this Italy (of the Renaissance) Poliziano was the representative hero, the protagonist, the intellectual dictator,” — or if sometimes less favorable than late criticism has adopted, as in the case of Macchiavelli, it is always scholarly and deserving of thoughtful consideration. Yet in his work as a whole, including the previous volumes, it seems to us that the point of view chosen is not the best, if the Renaissance was to be presented in the most powerful way. The literature of the golden age, which he has made the culmination of his work, is not the centre of interest in the period under review. The Renaissance was a movement of civilization not less important than the Reformation or the Revolution, and to Italy, as its source, the debt of the world is great. But the Renaissance was not conveyed to Europe by the literature of its corruption; it was conveyed in far different ways. To fasten attention on this literature, as the conclusion of the whole matter, is to mislead the mind and obscure the facts. It follows from this that we regard the earlier or introductory volumes as the most valuable to those who would learn what the Renaissance really was; this literature serves as an illustration, but it is not the heart of the matter. Within their own limits, however, it needs to be said, these two volumes are the best, the only adequate, account of their subject in English.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

THE discovery of Europe by Americans is making good headway, and we have to chronicle three books which, in their separate spheres, illustrate very well the enterprise of Americans, and the facility with which our countrymen

possess themselves of the country. It can no longer be said that our explorers have only coasted along the shores and held parley with the natives: they have pushed into the interior, and traced some streams to near their source; they have

discovered some ruins, and have begun to speculate a little upon the origin of the native races, and to describe their manners and customs in detail. For the better acquaintance and more scientific study of life, colonies have been formed, and some adventurous students have adopted the mode, and to a certain extent become naturalized in the land. It is none the less true, and a fact not to be regretted, that in literature as in society men change the sky they live under, but not the natures which they carry.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, by virtue of a patient endurance of England, has given us not only a novel¹ wholly English in its circumstance, but one which deals with a historic England. He has chosen the period of the first quarter of the present century, and by so doing has rid himself quite completely of all temptation to insert any Americanism. The England of that day and the United States were farther apart in their mutual influence than they had been before or have been since. There is nothing, therefore, in the form of the book to give the slightest hint of any other than an English nativity; and yet one may amuse himself by detecting, now and then, a note which suggests that the writer is viewing England, and is not himself of the soil. To be sure, the very attitude of a historical romancer is necessarily a little outside of his subject; and perhaps this helps to confirm the illusion we are entertaining, — that the American, however long he may remain away from his native soil, never quite loses the native accent.

Be this as it may, we doubt if an Englishman would detect the subtle presence of America in the book any more readily than an American. Mr. Hawthorne has the artist's rather than the historical student's faculty, and he has helped himself to the tone and color

of the life which he depicts with a quickness of perception and a deftness of touch which make mere historical treatment seem lumbering and ineffective. He has not, it would appear, given himself the trouble which Thackeray took to preserve the *vraisemblance* of an earlier period, but he has not been betrayed into too great anxiety for historical effect. He has allowed his story to move on its way unencumbered by an excess of antiquarian baggage, and the result is a freedom which constantly makes the reader forget that he is reading a story, and persuades him that he is listening to a veritable narrative.

It certainly is an admirable art which does this, and Mr. Hawthorne has secured his success by asking the reader's interest in the persons of his drama, and not in the stage properties among which they move. The principal characters are not many, and they are all involved in the plot of the story. A young man, who figures as a very self-conscious and self-analytic poet; an old man of singularly marked features, who yet moves about apparently unrecognized in a circle to which he returns, after a sudden disappearance under a cloud a score of years or more before; a rascally banker; a cold-blooded solicitor; a young woman of a somewhat heavy cast, but very vigorous in nature; a young woman of brilliant parts and passionate caprice, — these are not singularly new to fiction, and when one reviews the story he almost fails to discover why he became so much interested in the movement of these characters.

Yet interested most will become, and it is this vitality in the book which is a mark of strength in the author. He tells his story with a will, and one is carried along by the very force of the action. This is the more noticeable that the resolution of the author is expended upon a fictitious moral. The *motif* of the book is self-sacrifice, and by a careful concealment of the nature of this

¹ *Dust*. A Novel. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

sacrifice until the story is nearly completed, the author succeeds in developing the plot without injury. It is as if a series of business transactions were to be conducted upon the basis of counterfeit money. As long as everybody concerned believes the money to be genuine, all seems to go well; but when any one outside discovers the metal to be base, he may look with some interest upon the business, but he will not himself engage in it.

Mr. Hawthorne would have us believe that Sir Francis Bendibow, the rascally banker, and Mr. Charles Grantley, the old man of marked features, were associated in business when young men; that Mr. Grantley discovered Sir Francis to be a gambler of the deepest dye, who had misappropriated the funds of the bank; that, in order to shield Sir Francis, Charles Grantley placed all his money in his partner's hands to make good the loss of the bank, left his wife and young daughter in the gambler's care, and fled to India, to begin life over again, — his expectation being that his own name would thus be stained, and his partner's cleared. His return fills Sir Francis with dismay. The wife of Grantley had died. The daughter had been married to a French marquis, and had now come back a widow, bent on making mischief generally. She is Perdita, the young woman of brilliant parts, and no actual recognition ever takes place between her and her father, who continues his course of generosity by leaving all his fortune to the other young woman, if she will accept it, and as an alternative, if she refuse, to his daughter. He is killed by Sir Francis, who fears that he will divulge the secret which he carries; and it is in the Dust which all these and more events raise that his actions smell sweet and blossom.

Where the plot is so intricate as it is in this book, it is not easy to make a brief statement serve as explanation, nor is it quite fair to attempt this; but the point

we would emphasize is the nonsensical nature of the self-sacrifice which Mr. Grantley makes, and upon which the whole development of the novel turns. Self-sacrifice is a fine thing, but it must be allowed a justifiable motive. To shield a villain, when every indication points to the villainy being ingrained, one does not part with his good name, and at the same time bestow upon his daughter the inheritance of felony. He does not leave his daughter to be piously brought up by the villain who has wronged him, and go off to India to make his fortune, and bring it back for the benefit of another young woman, his landlady's daughter.

There comes, through this misapplication of morality, to be a certain air of unreality about the monetary transactions of the book. This great banking house, a rival of Childs', is built on the bottomless pit of a gambling hell; the poet receives a check for eleven hundred and fifty pounds — which we hope, in passing, was not drawn on Bendibow Brothers — ten days after his great Southeyan poem of *Iduna* is published. Nothing in the book is more unreal than these eleven hundred and fifty pounds: an English publisher makes his accounts more exact than that; there should be some odd shillings, pence, and half-pence. The twenty thousand pounds which Mr. Grantley leaves dance about from hand to hand, with the alacrity of counterfeit coin; and finally, when the hero has got into a pecuniary scrape, where his own and his wife's integrity have placed him, he is pulled out by a lucky five thousand pounds, left him by a nebulous ducal uncle. Money, indeed, in this book, has an air of legerdemain about it, which makes it curiously volatile. We begin to want a little of it.

In one respect we may commend the author, that he has shown a reserve in using his heroine's capacity for second sight. She employs it twice quite effectively, but we are very glad she does

not use it again. As a delicate piece of machinery in a novel, such a contrivance may work well, but only when carefully handled. In spite of the central fault of the book, there is so much cleverness about it, so much good writing, and so many skillful touches that one cannot help admiring the author's faculty. No one who throws so much vitality into his work can be blamed for writing novels as often as he wants to.

Mr. James, as is well known, is the most brilliant of the discoverers of Europe, yet he has been quite as much interested in watching the movements of his fellow explorers. Indeed, his close familiarity with them and the Europeans among whom they pass has made him at times a little negligent of his country, and too much disposed, perhaps, to confine his portrayal of the American type to those varieties which have been seen in Europe. Thus, in his narrative of the Siege of London¹ by a persistent and victorious young Western woman, he has fallen a little into that vague and indolent geographical spirit which so amusingly characterizes the English people whom he banters. Mrs. Headway, who constituted the entire force which laid siege to London, was an indefinitely married lady of the Southwest. There is something rather fine in the largeness of Mrs. Headway's previous district. "I'm very well known in the West," she says, when making an attack upon one of the outposts, "I'm known from Chicago to San Francisco, if not personally (in all cases), at least by reputation." San Diego was the scene of her latest movements. It was there that Mr. Littlemore, the American gentleman, who presents the most formidable obstacle to her successful siege, knew her, when he was himself looking after his silver mine. "She thought it a disadvantage, of old," Mr. James tells his

readers, "to live in Arizona, in Dakota, in the newly admitted States;" and the severe and virtuous American, who has not been abroad and even doubts if Europe be quite proper, is strongly moved to ask geographical questions of Mr. James.

It is, however, no very difficult task to bound Mrs. Headway. On the contrary, although Mr. James is reticent as to her exact history, and there is a somewhat legendary air about her early exploits, he manages to impress the reader with her limitations, and to indicate very shrewdly the limitations, in another way, of the young English baronet who is the citadel which she has made up her mind to capture, and finally does capture by strategy. The story, as we have intimated, is of an American adventuress who, in her excessive power of adaptation, reaches an admirably simulated respectability, and, having fascinated Sir Arthur Demesne, finally turns his defences against himself. As a piece of warfare, Mrs. Headway's siege is conducted with admirable address. The reader is puzzled to know how a young woman, whose reported conversation, though entertaining, is undeniably the expression of a hard, vulgar person, will succeed in making capture of the Englishman, who, if slow-witted, has at any rate the sensibilities of a gentleman. Time, of so much consequence in most sieges, seems here a dangerous element, and one would suspect that Sir Arthur's wits would catch up at last with his instincts. So they would, but Mrs. Headway uses against him the very weapons upon which Sir Arthur must rely. He has an honor which has been wrought out of somewhat poor material in a long series of generations, until now it has a nobility of temper, and thus far Sir Arthur Demesne has used it effectively. At the critical moment Mrs. Headway deftly wrests it from him, and points its blade another way.

It is hardly worth while to look for

¹ *The Siege of London, The Pension Beaurepas, and The Point of View.* By HENRY JAMES, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

any very deep meaning in this brilliant little story. As a sketch of superficial manners it is vivacious and very intelligible. The humor in the study of the young diplomatist is capital, and one may take a grim satisfaction in seeing the very cautious Mr. Littlemore defeated by his own caution, and left to all the dissatisfaction which a too tardy resolution must have brought him.

In the Pension Beaurepas, already known to the readers of *The Atlantic*, Mr. James has made us acquainted with two foreign Americans, who enable us to enter a little more easily into the perplexities of native Europeans, when they try to form their impressions of Americans from the specimens thrown up on their shores. Mrs. Church, the American mother, who has tried to efface her nationality with a wash of European culture of a severe order, and Miss Aurora Church, her daughter, who attempts a feeble revolt into the condition of free-born American girls, are individuals, but scarcely types. They amuse us as much as they must puzzle our European inquirers, and belong in the international museum of literature as examples of climatic and other effects upon the American genus, when undergoing voluntary or involuntary exile. The shade of distinction between Miss Ruck, the genuine American girl, and Miss Church, who makes desperate efforts at recovering her nationality, is a very nice one, and, with the help of a pretty vigorous treatment of Miss Ruck, is made clear and decisive.

Miss Church reappears as one of the half dozen people who cross to America and make report in *The Point of View* of the impression created upon them by American life. Mr. James's subtlety never appeared to better advantage than in this clever bundle of letters. When one considers that he has undertaken to make Americans, who have been Europeanized, return to America and report on the country, either to Europeans or

to those of their own special kind, one sees what a feat is accomplished. These letters are so agile, so true to every wind of doctrine that blows, so prospective, retrospective, and introspective, that the reader is lost in admiration. They are instantaneous mental photographs, and among the freshest of Mr. James's witty decisions upon his country men and women. He even abandons himself, in *Marcellus Cockerel*, to a certain luxury of praise of things American, which has hardly a trace of irony, and shows, better than anything in the book, Mr. James's power of dramatic assumption. One generally feels that, however elaborately the various characters are dressed, the voice is always the voice of Mr. James, and that the blessing intended for the character falls upon the head of the spirited wit who has planned the disguise; but there is a downright quality about Mr. Cockerel's speech, a vehemence of American assertion, which invests him with a singular individuality. We do not recall another instance where Mr. James has so entirely withdrawn himself from view.

Mr. James has in various instances made such good occupation of French territory that one is a little surprised to find an American author, hitherto unknown in polite literature, who has been also very much at home in France, and yet appears not to have made the acquaintance of his compatriot. Indeed, the American colony is conspicuously absent from the circle into which Mr. Hardy introduces us in his novel, *But Yet a Woman*.¹ None the less, it is clear that Mr. Hardy also has made his voyage of discovery, and has penetrated the interior. So completely has he adopted the French life that one might almost fancy one was reading in this book the translation of a report, made by a Frenchman himself, of the society in which he lived. This is, however, but a momentary

¹ *But Yet a Woman*. By ARTHUR S. HARDY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

fancy, due to the confidence with which Mr. Hardy moves among scenes wholly foreign from America. When one comes to look at the book more closely, one recognizes qualities which one would fain believe to be of home origin. In a negative way, the book is free from anything like a posture. The absence of attitudinizing is in itself a sign of quiet power, and the reader has not gone far into the narrative before he commits himself with confidence to a master who, he perceives, has entered the heart, and not merely the manners, of his characters.

The story of the book, in its main outline, is the gradual supremacy which love asserts over the heart of a woman. The incidents, which are not various, are selected from those which pertain to the life of a French maiden, living with a bookish uncle, and looking forward to conventual vows, who is thrown into the society of a young physician, the son of her uncle's friend, and through the relation is turned aside from her first purpose. The woman in her asserts itself, not in violent or conflicting emotions, but attains to a domination, as the sun rises above the mists. There is no struggle between a human love and a divine call, but there is an expansion and elevation of the human love; so that, in the transfiguration of the woman, the religious purpose remains as a constituent part of the nature.

It is here that we think Mr. Hardy has shown a temper alien from French thought and more akin to American. There is a freedom and breadth in the treatment of *Rénée* which removes the question involved from the region of conventional morality, and gives one the sense that a higher court is appealed to. With equal power, a subtle change is made to go on in the young physician, Roger, by which a nature, whose tendency rather than determination is toward a merely physical apprehension of life, becomes enriched and idealized in *Rénée's* love. It must not be sup-

posed from this that the reader is invited to a theological discussion, or presented with a disguised tract. No: Mr. Hardy is an artist, and he has treated his theme in an artistic manner; but he is also an artist who recognizes the play of deep and moving passions in human society, which are not based on merely physical laws. The attraction of *Rénée* and Roger to each other is the attraction of natures which, in their separate movements, are capable of high thought, and act upon each other not in the ignorance, but in the activity, of these thoughts. There is an imagination which pictures scenes, outward show, appearances, and confesses only so much of cause as lies immediately behind the changes produced; and there is an imagination of a more penetrative kind, which is constantly opening to the reader glimpses of a deeper life, and suggesting that the actions of men and women have a more substantial base than the conventions of society.

To the calm, fine nature of *Rénée*, which opens as a flower opens, there is opposed the more striking and masterly character of *Stéphanie*, a woman of restless nature, of large ambition, and yet capable of being dominated by the highest qualities of womanhood. If *Rénée* was yet a woman, when all was told, and could lay aside the *religieuse* as one lays aside a garment no longer needed, *Stéphanie* was yet a woman also in the expression of the highest power of self-sacrifice. She might have had the love of Roger, or, more exactly, she might have robbed *Rénée* of that love; and in the exercise of her restraint there is the expression of a truly great character. It is long since we have seen the finer qualities of womanhood so generously and so subtly displayed as in these two figures, each needed to complement the other. It is possible to be said that Mr. Hardy has rather the light than the fire of love in his novel, but at least this result is not reached by the use of a

cold analysis ; it is rather the outcome of thoughtfulness in the artist, who feels deeply the life of his creations, and is perhaps less concerned with the effect which they may produce upon others than with the working out of their several destinies.

It is true also that Mr. Hardy's hand is not wholly that of a practiced artist. He has told a story, he has put into action well-distinguished characters, and he has inspired his work with a fine motive, but he has written rather cautiously than in the confidence of one who knows his instruments thoroughly. The evil genius of the book, for example, though studied with care, does not always seem to move of his own accord. One feels the author give him a little push, now and then. The hold which he has upon *Stéphanie* is not very clearly explained ; the mystery is more annoying than moving, and one begins to suspect that the author had not quite made up his mind what the influence was, or that he feared, by making it plain, to throw *Stéphanie's* fine nature off the track.

The incidents of the book, the story of *Stéphanie's* dealings with the Comte de Chambord and the journey in Spain, with the graphic sketch of Antonio,

are all necessary to the elaboration of the plot, and add positively to its richness. The minor characters are delicately touched, especially Father Le Blanc, and the flavor of the story given by the reflection and comment is always fine and gracious. It is a positive pleasure to take up a book so penetrated as this is by pure and noble thought, and marked by so high a respect of the author for his work. Mr. Hardy has, as it were, gone to France as artists of the brush have gone. Like them, he has studied with French masters, and his first work, like theirs, is of French subjects. But, not always like them, he carried a nature which has not been translated into the French idiom ; and it is fair to believe, it certainly is reasonable to hope, that this success, for it is a success, may be followed by the treatment of subjects nearer home. We do not complain, however, of the foreign air ; there is no doubt that a work of imagination gains by the distance thus given ; but we have a little regret that Mr. Hardy will miss an audience which turns more easily to scenes where it can supply the lower standards of familiarity, and we have a strong regret that a large audience may thus miss a noble pleasure.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

PARIS has been persistently inhospitable towards Wagner the artist, and yet, during more than half his life, Paris appeared to him as the Mecca of art. His first visit to Paris was made in 1841. Wagner was then twenty-eight years of age : he had written two operas, — the *Three Fairies*, and the *Novice of Palermo*, or the *Defense of Love*, taken from *Measure for Measure* ; he had married his first wife, a Magdeburg

actress, Wilhelmina Planer ; he had been successively bandmaster in the theatres of Magdeburg, Koenigsberg, Dresden, and Riga ; but hitherto fortune had not smiled upon the young musician. Paris ! Why not try Paris ? Every year, how many young musicians come to Paris, in the hazardous quest of glory and wealth, and how very few achieve either !

Accompanied by his wife and a big dog, Wagner arrived at Boulogne from

Riga, by way of London, in the beginning of 1841. At Boulogne he had the good fortune to meet Meyerbeer, his compatriot, who gave him letters of introduction to Léon Pillet, the manager of the Opéra; Anténor Joly, the manager of the Renaissance theatre; and Schlesinger, the music publisher. Wagner had played to Meyerbeer the first two acts of *Rienzi*, a new opera which he had begun to write; he had developed to the famous composer his own ideas and projects with juvenile and communicative enthusiasm. Meyerbeer had listened with interest, and so Wagner arrived at Paris full of faith and hope. Meyerbeer had indeed told him that he would probably meet with great difficulties; he had even significantly asked him if he had means to enable him to live and wait for ten years; but Wagner was confident in his future, and probably attached more importance to Meyerbeer's letters of recommendation than Meyerbeer himself did. Thanks to these letters, Wagner found himself well received, it is true; but, in spite of his German density, he soon came to comprehend the superficiality of French politeness, — thanks to many months of cruel experience, during which he and his wife and his dog lived in a single miserably furnished room in the old Rue de la Tonnellerie. And the daily bread? It was earned with pain by reading proofs for Brandus, by arranging scores for the piano and for the flute and cornet-à-piston, by writing frenetic galops. The current piano scores of *La Favorite*, of the *Reine de Chypre*, of the *Guittarrero*, are by Wagner; by him, too, is the music of Heine's *Two Grenadiers*. Wagner also wrote at this time some romances to the words of Ronsard's *Mignonne* and Victor Hugo's *Dors mon Enfant*, and he was even reduced to writing the music for the couplets of Dumanoir's vaudeville *La Descente de la Courtille*, most of which the leader of the orchestra of the Variétés declared to be inex-

ecutable. One of the songs of this vaudeville, *Allons à la Courtille*, had, it appears, its hour of celebrity. We may imagine what a humiliation it must have been for Wagner to have recourse to such means of bread-winning, which barely left him time at night to work at his *Rienzi* and his *Phantom Ship*. At this time Wagner began his career as a writer, and contributed several articles to Schlesinger's *Gazette Musicale*, in which he constantly speaks of the superiority of the French over the German school. His opinions on this point were destined to change radically. Meanwhile, times became so hard that Wagner resorted to a strange means of raising the wind. He hired some rooms, and, after living in them a week or two, he sublet them, hired others, and sublet them, and so on. Finally, his creditors became so ferocious that he had to take refuge at an inn in the wood of Meudon, where he began to write his *Tannhäuser*. To add to the gloom of the situation, *Rienzi* was refused at the Opéra, and the manager of the Renaissance, who had accepted it, failed before the rehearsals had begun. But a singer of talent and heart, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, touched by Wagner's incessant misfortunes, undertook to get the work played at Dresden. She attained her object: the opera was a great success, and Wagner was immediately appointed *Capellmeister* to the King of Saxony. This was in 1842. Dawn had at length broken.

During this first visit, Wagner succeeded in getting only one of his pieces played, the overture of *Christopher Columbus*; and that, too, in an obscure concert given by the *Gazette Musicale* to its subscribers. The Opéra also paid him five hundred francs for his libretto of the *Phantom Ship*, but refused his music. M. Dietsch wrote some music for this libretto, which was produced unsuccessfully at the Opéra in 1842, but without Wagner's name.

Wagner returned to Paris for a few days in 1848. The musician, although Capellmeister of the king, had declared himself an ardent revolutionary; he had fought behind the barricades of Dresden, and had been obliged to fly. Finally, he settled at Zurich, where he published his pamphlet on Art and Revolution, in which he distinctly took up a position as the reformer of the modern lyric stage. Ten years later, in 1859, Wagner was living in grand style in an elegant villa in the Rue Newton, at Paris. At his Wednesday receptions we find Berlioz, Emile Perrin, Emile Ollivier, Carvalho, etc. There is a Wagnerian *cénacle*, with Champfleury, Baudelaire, and Courbet at the head. Wagner is even powerfully protected at court by the Austrian ambassadress, Madame de Metternich. What a difference between 1841 and 1859! The fact is that in the mean time Wagner had grown famous. Lohengrin and Tannhäuser had been performed all over Germany; the music of Wagner had been presented by himself and by the critics as essentially revolutionary; Liszt had become the Calvin of the reform of which Wagner was the Luther; the music of the future had provoked fierce debates. Tannhäuser, too, had been played before the two emperors, on the occasion of their interview at Stuttgart in 1857; and the French journalists, the historiographers of the imperial journey, had spoken in detail of the great German musical reform. Some fragments of Wagner had even been played at concerts in Paris, before the master's arrival in 1859.

The incidents of Wagner's attempt to conquer the Parisians during his second residence in Paris are curiously illustrative of the national character. He gave a concert at the Théâtre des Italiens on January 25, 1860. The programme comprised fragments from the Phantom Ship, Tannhäuser, Tristan and Isault, and Lohengrin. The concert ended in almost a riot, and the press was

nearly unanimous in condemning the music of Wagner. On March 13, 1861, Tannhäuser was performed at the Grand Opéra by Mesdames Tedesco, Marie Sass, and Reboux, and Messieurs Morelli and Niemann. It was hissed and whistled down, and was withdrawn after the third night. The piece had not been heard, but the press nevertheless declared with unanimity that a trial had been given, and that now "the music of the future was dead and buried." What is the explanation of this senseless opposition? As regards the representation of Tannhäuser, there is a secret history, of which something will be said shortly. But the opposition to the concert in 1860, — what was the cause of that? We might ask, in the same way, What was the cause of the hostility to the Romanticists of 1830? In all countries, innovators of genius encounter at first an instinctive hatred on the part of the public, a certain ordinary and fatal resistance. In France they encounter more than this. The French temperament — so smart, so mobile, so predisposed to mockery and ridicule — lacks, precisely on account of these characteristics, one quality which is indispensable for the comprehension of masterpieces: I mean artlessness, simplicity, or what the French call *naïveté*. The French have a tendency to discover the ridiculous side of grandeur of sentiments, of sublimity, of noble or terrible passions. The French temperament naturally sees the great figures of mythology through the spectacles of Offenbach. What pleases the French particularly is agreeable, witty, and slightly sentimental art, fine observation, and ingenious satire. And so no nation equals them in comic opera, vaudeville, and comedy of manners. For them art is, above all things, an amusement, a distraction, and not a study. They are readily bored by anything serious, and when by chance they do admit a masterpiece on one of their stages it is only by way of a curiosity.

You do not find Calderon, Goethe, or Shakespeare played on the Parisian stage. Even Victor Hugo, a native genius, has been unable to overcome the antipathy of his countrymen for serious works. Why should we expect the seductions of music to accomplish this miracle? Wagner, too, had against him his nationality and the zeal of his apostles; and so the French wits did not spare the music of the future and its Teuton Messiah, who laid himself open to the shafts of satire by his excessive vanity and pretensions. At the concert the public howled, and almost came to blows with the few who ventured to protest. In the press the critics were all against the intruder. Even Hector Berlioz wrote, in the *Journal des Débats*, that he could not agree with those who declare "that the ear ought to become accustomed to everything, — to series of diminished sevenths ascending and descending, to triple dissonances without preparation or resolution, to atrocious modulations." The Italian Fiorentino, the shining critical light of the *Constitutionnel*, fell foul of the composer's personal appearance. "M. Wagner," he wrote, "looks like a notary in the execution of his functions. His physiognomy is intelligent, his air stiff and starchy. He has a fine, noble, and high forehead; the lower part of the face is crushed and vulgar. One might imagine that two fairies had presided over his birth: the one angry, the other kind and affectionate. The fairy of harmony caressed and beautified the brow, from which so many bold conceptions and strong thoughts were to issue; the fairy of melody, foreseeing the harm this child was destined to do her, sat on his face and flattened his nose." The next day Fiorentino's *mot* went the round of Paris, and Wagner was judged!

The failure of this concert was, however, only negative; it attracted everybody's attention to Wagner, and he was veritably the lion of the season. Wag-

ner had, too, the good or the ill fortune to be protected by Madame de Metternich, who was then all-powerful at the Tuileries; and it was through her influence that *Tannhäuser* was performed at the Grand Opéra in 1861, "by order of the emperor." The anecdotic history of the time says that this imperial order was not issued out of pure love of art, or even out of simple curiosity. The story runs that they were playing a game of forfeits, one night, at the Tuileries; the emperor lost, and Madame de Metternich decided that the penalty should be the production of *Tannhäuser*. Wagner's other lady protectress, the Countess von Schelnitz, was less fortunate in her instances with the Emperor of Germany to obtain for Wagner the title of general director of German music, as the final and official consecration of his career. The emperor recognized the genius of Wagner the musician, but he never forgot that Wagner the revolutionary of 1848 had fired upon his soldiers from behind the barricades of Dresden.

However, *Tannhäuser* was performed in the presence of the emperor and of all the celebrities of Paris. It was hissed, as we have already seen. In her anger, Madame de Metternich flung an ultra-Parisian epithet in the face of the audience, and broke her fan — a lovely fan, painted by Watteau — on the edge of her box. In Jules Janin's article on the performance, the phrase "*O le bel éventail brisé!*" returned like a eulogic refrain. For Janin the failure of *Tannhäuser* was unimportant; the evil was not irreparable; but that fan that Watteau had painted, — who could replace it? "*O le bel éventail brisé!*"

The enigma of the scandal of the fall of *Tannhäuser* has several solutions. First of all, *Tannhäuser* had the disadvantage of being a serious work, requiring continuous attention on the part of the auditors. Then there was a political solution. The empire was becoming un-

popular; the spirit of opposition was beginning to take a definite form, and the malcontents, the jealous, and the gapers and *badauds* thought they were manifesting their independence by barking in unison against the favorite of the Tuilleries, the German composer, who got his works played "by imperial order." Furthermore, a recent decree had restored certain liberties of speech and of the press, and the long-restrained torrent dashed upon the first victim that presented itself. This victim, this scapegoat, happened to be Wagner. Add to these circumstances the fact that the piece was badly put upon the stage, poorly interpreted, and wretchedly played by an orchestra whom Wagner's natural irritability had ill disposed during the rehearsals. Then, again, there was the question of the ballet, — a question which was hotly discussed for months before the opera was produced. "An opera without a ballet? What did that mean?" asked the gentlemen of the Jockey Club, the pillars of the Opéra. "Take care!" said the minister to Wagner; and Wagner made concessions after the first night, only to find himself furiously blamed for having abandoned his principles. And the strident symphony continued, and the latch-keys of the Jockey Club triumphed. These gentlemen were in the right. If they had not protested, Tannhäuser would have been imposed upon them for at least a month, and their amiable friends of the *corps du ballet* would have languished for want of occupation. Wagner's music was evidently noise and verbiage; the gentlemen of the Jockey Club required melody and legs. So Tannhäuser was withdrawn, and there remained in souvenir thereof a verb of the first conjugation, *tannhäuser*, the meaning of which was, during the brief period of its vogue, to bore with useless talk and fuss without arriving at any practical conclusion.

Wagner received, in compensation for

this painful scandal, the news that his exile was at an end. He returned to Germany, and achieved those triumphs that are familiar to all. The French Wagnerians held together bravely, with M. Pardeloup at their head. From time to time M. Pardeloup would introduce a fragment of Lohengrin into the programme of his popular concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver, and the public would hiss and howl instinctively. In 1868 M. Pardeloup, being then lessee of the Théâtre Lyrique, completed his ruin by mounting Wagner's *Rienzi*, which failed most completely. Just after the war Wagner grossly offended the Parisians by writing a ridiculous and stupid "comedy in the antique manner," in which he scoffed at the sufferings of the Parisians during the siege. This insult the Parisians have never forgotten. Finally, in 1881, the Parisians, for some inexplicable reason, or rather, perhaps, caprice, consented to make a distinction between Wagner the man and Wagner the musician. The Wagner concerts at the Château d'Eau theatre had great success. Wagnerism became a fashionable musical tenet, and that year every Parisian who respected himself was bound to have heard the first act of Lohengrin and *Quès aco?* the delicious Parisienne sung by Madame Judic in Lili, at the Variétés.

At the present moment Paris counts a goodly number of Wagnerians, mitigated Wagnerians, who endure fragments, but who certainly would not endure Wagner on the French stage. Indeed, the feeling against Wagner is still so strong that many years must elapse before any attempt can be made in that direction, — a fact which was sufficiently proved two years ago, when M. Angelo Neumann announced his intention of playing Lohengrin at the Théâtre du Nations. The simple announcement raised such a tempest in the press that M. Neumann very prudently vanished into the background, and abandoned a

considerable sum of money, which he had paid as a deposit for the theatre.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to see what was Wagner's own feeling about his reception in France. An eminent French critic, M. Fourcaud, has recorded the master's own words in an account of an interview he had with him at Bayreuth, at the time of the *Parsifal* performances.

"Pardeloup," said Wagner, "does all he can to acclimatize me in France, and I am very grateful to him. But I shall never be understood in concerts. I am a theatrical man, and I need not only actors, but also scenery and complicated *mise-en-scène*. In a dramatic work, everything holds together, and the conditions of its execution cannot be changed with impunity. For that matter, I shall never be played commonly in France. My music is too German. I try to be of my country as profoundly as I can. It is dangerous to sing me without my verses: they are the indispensable complement of my melodic declamations. . . . I know that I am not played, for certain sad and paltry reasons. . . . But let us say no more about that affair. It is a thing of the past. People think I guard rancor. Rancor? And why? Because Tannhäuser was hissed? But was Tannhäuser heard, even? No, the moment for sincere music has not yet come. As for the press, I have not had to complain so much as people think. I did not pay visits to the journalists, as Meyerbeer did; but Baudelaire, Champfleury, and Schuré, nevertheless, wrote the finest things that have been written about me. You see I have no reason to be as dissatisfied as I am said to be; and I am not dissatisfied, either."

— One evening, not long ago, I was sitting before the library fire in a certain house in Boston, and some one went to the piano and began to play a piece of music which was entirely unfamiliar to me. I quickly went off into a delightful unconsciousness of outward things,

and instead of following the notes, and being aware of the mechanical part of the harmony, I found myself remembering the days I had spent in Norway some time before. I looked up again at the seven mountains that tower above the old city of Bergen. I saw the shining waters of the fiord, and the quaint prows, and heavy square sails of the Norland ships coming solemnly up the long harbor, as if they were manned by crews of Norsemen, who had been bewitched and delayed by some enchantment, and had reached their port many centuries too late. I saw the old wooden houses of the town, and the clean-swept paving-stones of the wide *torvets*, or public squares; and I heard the strange-sounding chatter at the fish-market, where the buyers stood on shore and bargained for the fish that were eagerly held up in the crowded boats of the sellers. And I looked in at the windows of the fur shops and silver shops, as I went along the narrow streets. I could see the dried-up old men and women, who sat in the streets to sell their strange fruits and wooden shoes, and the bright colors and curious white caps of the peasant women's costumes. Then I remembered one cloudy morning, when, through the quickly falling, warm summer showers, I drove to a black little lake lying between two high mountains, which made for it most bleak and barren shores. A lonely sea-bird fluttered to and fro, as if it were under some spell, and were imprisoned there for its sins. The water seemed like that in some subterranean cavern which had been suddenly unroofed and opened to the dim light of that dark day. It was like a vision of a lake in Hades.

As we drove down the steep roads back to the city, the sun blazed out suddenly and the trees glistened, and the rosy-faced children called to each other, and ran about clacking their wooden shoes on the pavement and looking at us curiously. "Now we will have just

time to go to see the Griegs," said my friend; "they are not far away;" and presently we stopped before a high wooden house, and were again lucky enough to have a sight of the charming face of the Norwegian composer. It was a great satisfaction and pleasure (having scarcely done more than look at him before) to see him quietly in his own house; to see his own old-fashioned piano, and to hear him talk in delightful fragments of English; to watch his delicate pale face and slender figure become alert and quick with enthusiasm, and his eyes flash with fun. One could only regret that so fine a genius as Edward Grieg's had not a stronger body for its servant. His wife, a most accomplished and interesting woman, with her bright, sweet face, and curly hair, that waved about as she moved, and curved back from her forehead thick and soft, like a bird's winter feathers, seemed as merry and busy as possible. They had lately come from Germany, and now were going down to the Hardangerfjord for some holidays; and Mrs. Grieg (or Fru Grieg, as one would say in Norway) told us that she had been packing and unpacking their traveling boxes all the morning, making ready for a start. "Were we going to leave Norway without seeing the Hardanger? That was a great pity! Why could we not come with them? It could not always rain; it would be bright weather soon; it was pleasant in the Hardanger even if it did rain." . . . The composer's wife is a rare musician, also; we were told that there is nothing more charming than to hear her sing to her husband's playing. But for us this pleasure was put off until we should see them again, which, unfortunately, never happened. My own interest in them was entirely personal; for, not being possessed of any right to be called musical, I had little knowledge of either the great man or his works. I had been very glad to go and see Grieg with my friend, who was an

old friend of his, and who parted from him sorrowfully because he looked so far from strong, and as if some gentler climate than Norway's ought to be giving him its protection. He and his wife stood together in the doorway to watch us go away, and I shall long remember their faces, spirited and delicate, and full of the signs of rare power and promise. They seemed very merry with each other, and glad to be together, these dear people. I hope some other day I shall hear them play and sing.

These were some of the things I dreamed about as the music went on; I even said to myself that it was a great pity I did not know by heart a great deal of Grieg's music, for I was sure that I would like it.

Then the sound of the piano ceased, and everybody stirred a little in the usual fashion, and said, "Oh, lovely!" And one listener asked, "What is that? It is something new." To which the fair musician answered, "It is something I have just been learning of Grieg's."

—Having occasion, lately, to look into a volume of essays which I had not opened since student days, and which had then been a source of high inspiration, I found myself curiously moved. As I turned the leaves, I was conscious that they still retained a divine warmth and glow. Something of the ability claimed by the trance-reader seemed mine. I needed not to follow the print; electric memory served me instead of literal sight. I had forgotten neither page nor place on the page occupied by those maxims and "jewels five-words-long," which I had been wont to transfer to my note-book; coining, and adding thereto, other maxims and jewels, whose stolen sheen I could not then detect. For me, now, the margins of that friendly text are significantly illuminated, stamped with the bright vagaries and ambitious heraldic devices of fire-new youthful imagination. I per-

ceive that, although our souls may have grown cold through long hardening and prosaic years, a cited or remembered sentence from some inspired writ of our early acceptation restores, for the time, the same clear-sighted, imponderous frame that was ours at the first reading. Talk of personal magnetism! The magnetism impersonal of some books is quite as remarkable. We are taken captive and carried whither they will, into strange, outlying regions of which our mental topography hitherto has taken no account. *Æneas*, enveloped in a kindly mist, breathed from Paphos, and so withdrawn from the sight and power of his enemies, was not luckier than are we, when some mighty vanisher, dwelling between covers, reaches forth, conceals, and spirits us away, just as the superior numbers of the worldly, the trivial, and the commonplace are like to prove too much for our valor and resistance. Some books meet us at the drift period of our history, and reorganize and solidify our distracted and floating elements; others dislodge our false foundations, leaving us to ascertain for ourselves on what plan it were best to rebuild. Tyndall, with his treasured, stall-worn copy of Emerson, dating a new starting-point from the moment of purchase, strikes us as a notable illustration of the reproductive virtue to be found in certain books. But what shall be said of the following case? My friend tells me he is thinking of dropping the company of a particular author, inasmuch as the latter is always markedly rebuking him, always whipping the world over his shoulders! "Stand and receive," would seem to be the best counsel in this instance. We can afford to endure uncomplainingly whatever chastisement our keen understanders see fit to administer. If it hurts, there is proof that we are not incorrigible. The choice observation, the apt characterization, the right-naming faculty, when we come upon them

in a book, pique and quicken such as we possess of the same power. Our imagination begins to show unwonted mettle, and is impatient at having any Pegasus ahead of it on the road. How can we rest unaffected by that which, in a quicker and finer spirit, excites awe, transport, sacred delight? In some way we must manage to put ourselves into the state in which these high effects are receivable and communicable.

There are the books which, from the earliest times, have served as touchstones for testing intellectual and spiritual quality. One, a considerable epic poem, carried by Alexander in a choice casket through all his Asiatic campaigns, has come safely down to us, despite the wear and tear of ages. Its casket, the perpetual suffrage of youth and poetry, has preserved it. Said disillusioned Middle Age to Boyhood, come exultant from the battles of the *Iliad* and the marvelous voyages of the *Odyssey*, "You act as though you thought Master Homer had never been read until you took him in hand, and as though he is beholden to you for recognition!" Perhaps the satiric commentator spoke wiser than he knew. Who does not remember what a night's reading of Chapman's Homer did for a young English poet, the ancient vintage working upon his fancy, and causing it to throw off, by next morning, the sonnet for which alone he deserved to wake and find himself famous!

A few books out of all the centuries may be likened to vast Atlantic continents, presenting a diverse coast of discovery to each adventurer from beyond the seas. Each, on landing, plants a standard, and claims a new world for that Castile and Leon from which he happens to have sailed. The mainlands which many unlike crafts visit are usually those of the richest and most varied endowment. The "poet's poet," surely Spenser; the poet's encyclopædist, Burton, with his huge *Anatomy*;

the poet's ancient historian, Herodotus; the poet's story-teller, Boccaccio; the poet's mediæval chronicler, Froissart; and others, lesser and greater, are entitled to all the complimentary additions we can give them, for the munificent invitation they hold out to "free plunder." They say, in effect, "Come, take from me what you will; it shall not be charged against you." Montaigne everywhere boasts of his profitable borrowings from the ancient philosophers. He even enters upon a defense of Seneca and Plutarch, on the ground that it becomes him to stand up for their honor, since his own works are "entirely built up" of what he has taken

from them. The books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been found (by Thoreau) to suggest "a certain fertility, an Ohio soil, as if they were making a humus for new literature to spring in." Who can say that any book of enduring memory has yet been explored to its very centre; that it has not warming and illuminating resources, packed away in its understrata for the use of future discoverers? On the bulletin-board of the ages is a standing advertisement calling for inspired readers. Occasionally, a situation is filled, whereat the unquiet names of some inspired writer is soothed and placated.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. The fourth of Mr. Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects (Scribners) closes the series. It is devoted to a half dozen essays, chiefly biographical and historical, including one of special interest on the Oxford Counter-Reformation, in which he goes over the ground of Thomas Mozley's recent volumes, and treats the subject from a different point of view. Each writer complements the other. Mr. Froude's spirit in the volume is one of despair tempered by philosophy. — The first volume of Jowett's Thucydides has been reissued in an American edition (Lothrop) under the care of Professor A. P. Peabody. The accompanying volume of essays and criticisms has not been reprinted, and this work appears as a complete one. It is, in fact, the translation only, with its marginal notes, and for the full worth the reader must still go to the English edition. It will be much, however, if American students are led to read this fine translation of a great work. — *Leading Men of Japan*, with an historical summary of the empire by Charles Lanman (Lothrop), is a composite work; the former half being devoted to a collection of biographical sketches of Japanese men of affairs, and the latter to a description of the country and its recent development. The work gives in a half-journalistic manner a readable statement of Japan. — *Life of Lord Lawrence*, by R. Bosworth Smith, in two volumes (Scribners), is a full, detailed biography of a man great in character, in opportunity, and achievement; and since Lawrence was identified with the British empire in India during its most critical period, the reader has abundant opportunity for acquainting himself

with the history of administration there. A single chapter only is required to describe the last ten years of Lord Lawrence's life, spent in England. The work is well furnished with maps. — A new and notable claimant for historical honors comes in the person of John Bach McMaster, a professor, we believe, in Princeton, who has published the first of five volumes, to contain *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War*. (Appleton.) The volume before us, a comely octavo, carries the narrative into Jackson's administration; but the reader will find that administrations are rather landmarks than stopping-places in this history, and that he is invited to get abreast of a great and growing mass of people, to hear what they were doing in their homes when the great men were imagining that they themselves were governing at Philadelphia and Washington. It must not be supposed, however, that the great subjects of history are overlooked; they are treated, but rather from the illustrative side of manners. We are much mistaken if this work does not spring at once into a deserved popularity. — Mr. Parke Godwin has given to the world the biography of William Cullen Bryant (Appleton), which has been looked for with interest. It is in two octavo volumes, with portraits of the early and the later face. As the first full biography of the greater men of letters in America, after Irving, it will have a special value. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have begun a series of *Famous Women*, of which George Eliot, by Mathilde Blind, is the first volume. The sketch is mingled biography of the woman and criticism of her writings. — *The Autobiography of James*

Nasmyth, engineer, edited by Samuel Smiles, is published in the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.)—The lovers of Shelley will be glad to get in so compact a shape a selection of his letters, with an introduction by Mr. Richard Garnett. (Appleton.) The volume is neatly printed, and very prettily bound in vellum.

Apologetics and Homiletics. Professor Frederic Huidekoper, of Meadville, reissues in two volumes (David G. Francis, New York) his important treatises, *Judaism at Rome, B. C. 76 to A. D. 140, Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels, Acts of Pilate, and The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Under-World.* Professor Huidekoper's learning is well fortified by copious citation and reference, and his work will have a special value for students whose own libraries are meagre, since they will find here a thesaurus of historical learning.—The Yale Lectures on Preaching, which have already drawn out some admirable books by Drs. Storrs, Brooks, and others, appear this year in the course given by President Robinson, of Brown University. (Holt.) The treatment is interesting to others than preachers, for it covers the relation of the pulpit to modern society.—*Principles of Agnosticism Applied to Evidences of Christianity* is a volume of nine sermons, to which a tenth is added, on the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, by John Andrews Harris. (Whittaker.) Mr. Harris grapples with his subject manfully, employing, it may be, somewhat old-fashioned methods to meet the latest skepticism, and we are not quite sure that he has measured his antagonist.—*Lectures on The Calling of a Christian Woman, and her Training to Fulfill it*, by Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York (Appleton), is a little volume which raised a deal of dust about the author, when it was in the form of newspaper reports. Since much of current comment is based on hearsay, the critics of Dr. Dix would do well to read his work as he puts it forth, before they turn their backs on him. Dr. Dix may need to be scolded, but the present aspect of woman-kind in America does not seem to render pulpit exercises uncalled for.—*The Relations of the Church to the Colored Race* is a speech delivered by Rev. J. L. Tucker, D.D., of Jackson, Miss., before the Richmond Church Congress (Charles Winkley, Jackson) and is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the question of christianizing the freedmen. Dr. Tucker brings to the discussion an exceptional experience with the colored race, and his earnest appeal has practical direction and force.

Literature. The *Epic of Kings* is the title which Miss Helen Zimmern gives to her very interesting and valuable rendition of stories from the Persian poet Firdusi. Miss Zimmern has done her work, not from the original Persian, but from the French translation by Jules Mohl. This is, however, of little consequence, since Mohl's translation is faithful and her work is reconstructive. It is interesting to see how the great national works are becoming the inheritance and furnishing of other and remote nations. It is through such literature that a true and generous breadth

of vision is secured.—Four more volumes of the *Riverside Hawthorne* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have been published.—*The Scarlet Letter* and the *Blithedale Romance*, *The Marble Faun*, *Our Old Home*, and *English Note-Books*. The etchings which front these books are especially to be commended; indeed, all the parts of the volumes as examples of book-making are well studied.

Fiction. Mr. Black's *Shandon Bells* (Harpers) employs the figure of the journalist and author to give a peculiarly present tense to the story. Somehow, this character, in a novel, has a painfully self-conscious attitude; the novelist who includes a writer among his *dramatis personæ* appears to be mixing subject and object in a perplexing fashion.—*L'Évangéliste*, a Parisian novel, by Alphonse Daudet, is translated by Mary Neal Sherwood (Petersons), and may possibly convey to American readers phases of Parisian life for which they have standards of comparison in their own experience.—The author of *Miss Molly* appears in a new story, *Geraldine Hawthorne*, which is published in the *Leisure Hour* series. (Holt.) It is a curious book. The author has laid the scenes during our war for independence in a nebulous America. It would be impossible, one would think, to be more timid than she has been in her historical romance. The words *Boston* and *Ticonderoga* and *General Washington* come out on the page occasionally in a half-frightened manner, but it is plain that the author does not intend to be caught in any anachronism, if she can help it, and so she studiously avoids dates and places and facts.—*The Gentle Savage*, by Edward King (Osgood), is a contribution to international literature, and introduces an old friend in the nearly extinct Yankee, and a new one in the Indian of the future. With these and a Nihilist and Europeans of different degrees of civilization, and foot-notes which interpret the foreign phrases, one feels as if he had traveled very much by the time he has finished the novel.—*An Honorable Surrender*, by Mary Adams (Scribners), is a novel of the order which has become somewhat plentiful, wherein a girl of twenty shows the advantages and disadvantages of a sharp intellect,—so sharp as to be forever dividing and whittling.—*Tontine*, by Matilda J. Barnett (F. Pitman, London) is a preposterous novel. We do not remember ever before to have come across a case of a heroine named after an insurance company.—In the *No Name* series (Roberts) a new volume is *A Daughter of the Philistines*, which deals with American life in some of its expansive activities.—*Angus Graeme, Gamekeeper*, is a two-volume novel (Alexander Gardner, London), of Scottish life, in which lowly devotion gets its deserts.—In Harper's Franklin Square Library, the latest numbers are *My Connaught Cousins*, *Bid me Discourse*, by Mary Cecil Hay, and *Unspotted from the World*, by Mrs. G. W. Godfrey.—*The War of the Bachelors* is a story of the Crescent City at the period of the Franco-German war. It is by "Orleanian," and is printed for the author. It can be had of George F. Wharton in New Orleans. We doubt if it be worth sending for.—Mr. Howells's farce of *The Sleeping Car* (Osgood), comes very near being

the most delightful thing he has written. The humor and ingenuity of this little piece are rare both in kind and degree.

Science and Empirical Philosophy. Physiognomy is further described as a manual of instruction in the knowledge of the human physiognomy and organism, considered chemically, architecturally, and mathematically; embracing the discoveries of located traits, with their relative organs and signs of character, together with the three grand natural divisions of the human face. The author is Mary Olmstead Stanton, who issues the book herself in San Francisco. No one who had not previously seen a human face would be likely to recognize it in the extraordinary collection of faces which illustrate the volume. Indeed, the general analysis of the human being leaves one a little in doubt whether he ever saw a man or woman. — *The Gallop*, by Edward L. Anderson (David Douglas, Edinburgh), is an interesting piece of criticism, illustrated by photographs and diagrams of Governor Stanford's book. Mr. Anderson seeks to discriminate the gallop from the fast pace, and to correct what he regards as false impressions created by Mr. Muybridge's photographs. — *Animal Intelligence*, by George J. Romanes, is one of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is concerned chiefly with a collection of pertinent facts in the whole range of the animal kingdom from mollusks to monkeys. The author reserves for another volume the consideration of these facts in their relation to the theory of descent. This work, thus, is not a mere collection, but has a definite intention. The unscientific reader will find it very entertaining; the scientific reader a contribution also to comparative psychology. — *Postal Telegraphy*, an address before the Board of Trade of Scranton, Pa., by J. A. Price, is a plea for governmental occupation of the telegraph system. (M. R. Walter, Scranton.)

Poetry and Anthologies. The Lowell Birthday Book (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is upon the plan of the previous Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier birthday books of the same house, and is happy in its selections from a writer who is eminently quotable. — *Poems and Essays* is the title of a volume by Gideon Dickinson (A. Williams), and the title-page obligingly informs us, further, that the book includes *The Fallen Chief*, *The Minstrel's Curse*, *Kenilworth*, *Tributes to Holmes and Longfellow*, *Booth as Hamlet*, *The Wizard's Grave*; also, early and juvenile poems, and translation, from the German, with some account of minstrels and minstrelsy of the Middle Ages, and early ballad-poetry of different nations. Mr. Dickinson is certainly liberal in his bill of fare. He thinks, in his prefatory poem, that scorn and hatred will be hurled at the book. — *Songs of Humanity and Progress*, by John T. Markley (H. Holloway, Eastbourne, Eng.), is a collection by the author of his rather violent and beefy lyrics. — *Angeline*, by George H. Calvert, is a poem of forty-six nine-line stanzas. — *Songs and Song-Legends of Dahkotch Land*, by Edward L. Fales (The Highland Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn.), is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, having partly to do with Dakota, but chiefly with the author's own sentiments.

Theology and Philosophy. *Dermer on the Future State* (Scribners) is a translation of so much of that author's system of Christian doctrine as relates to the doctrine of the last things. It is introduced and annotated by Newman Smyth, who offers it as his contribution to the discussion which is raging, and will some day be noted as one sign of the current renaissance of theology. — *The Religions of the Ancient World*, by George Rawlinson (Scribners), is a small volume by an historical student, who could not well treat of Oriental monarchies without some special reference to their religious systems, and in this work has given a sketch of the religions of Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Etruria, Greece, and Rome. — *Final Causes*, by Paul Janet (Scribners), is a reprint of an English translation from the French by William Affleck, with a preface by Robert Flint, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Flint regards it as the most comprehensive work which has been written on the subject, although it confessedly omits the treatment of final causes in the regions of intellect and emotion, morality and history. — *The Relations of Christianity to Civil Society* (Whittaker) is a volume of Bohlen Lectures of uncommon vigor. Bishop Harris, of Michigan, the author of the work, has treated his subject in a broad, positive manner; and even if one should question some of his premises and assumptions, as, for example, the identification of the Church and Christianity, he cannot fail to admire the virility of the treatment and the frankness with which Bishop Harris has made his applications. There is one conclusion which he does not state, and yet seems to us unavoidable, and that is that all the churches in Bishop Harris's diocese ought to be taxed.

Politics and Economy. The Science of Politics is the forty-third volume in the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is by Sheldon Amos, well known by his former work on the science of law. The subject of politics was once before treated in this series in the volume of Physics and Politics by Mr. Bagehot; Mr. Amos has had a somewhat different task in his effort to apply scientific methods to politics, and he has certainly succeeded in producing a most interesting work, and one which fully recognizes the ethical properties of politics as predominating over the merely conventional. — *The Works of James Abram Garfield*, in two octavo volumes, edited by B. A. Hinsdale (Osgood), comprise the record of President Garfield's public life from the time of his entrance into Congress until his death, as contained in his speeches and addresses. Mr. Hinsdale has prefaced the volumes with a vigorous and clear analysis and statement of President Garfield's intellectual nature, and by the thoroughness of his work has justified his selection as editor. So far as these speeches required introduction and comment, Mr. Hinsdale has given them, and the volumes will prove a storehouse for students of our history during the period of the war and reconstruction. The versatility, the energy, and the unflagging industry of the President are well shown, and both the native power and the

power of circumstance render him an admirable expositor of the great historic problems which have vexed the country for the past quarter century. — The Rev. Richard Hibbs sends us a vigorous brochure, entitled *Prussia and the Poor*, or observations upon the systematized relief of the poor at Elberfeld in contrast with that of England. (Frederic Morgate, London). The book is founded upon a visit and personal inquiry, but chiefly upon an acquaintance with the depths of English misery, and a fiery indignation at his countrymen's cant. We recommend the author to read Bishop Harris's Bohnen Lectures, to which we refer elsewhere. They will give direction to his thought. — *Wealth Creation*, by Augustus Mongredien, with an introduction by Simon Sterne (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.), is the work of a merchant, who carries into his studies of political economy the experience of practical management of affairs. Mr. Sterne thinks that "it is unrivaled in demonstrating that all trade is barter, and that the intervention of money is a mere lubricant to facilitate barter." — The eighth of the *Economic Tracts*, published by the Society for Political Education in New York, is the *Caucus System*, by Frederic W. Whitridge, which is a historical review and criticism.

Literary Criticism and History. *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, by Thomas Sergeant Perry (Harpers), is in substance a course of lectures upon the subject, and has the mode of direct address; for this reason, also, in part, the book is not a history of the literature of that century, but an essay upon the laws governing it, with illustrations drawn from well-known examples. These illustrations are abundant and give a half-anecdotal character to the work. — *Landmarks of English Literature*, by Henry J. Nicoll (Appleton), undertakes to deal solely with the very greatest names in the several departments of English literature. Mr. Nicoll takes a sensible and somewhat rough-and-ready survey of literature, but he is rather a descriptive than philosophic guide. He deals chiefly with the plainer, more obvious aspects of his subject. — *Emerson as a Poet*, by Joel Benton (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York), is an interesting and thoughtful little essay, very attractively and modestly printed, which collectors of Emersoniana ought not to overlook. The book, besides, has Mr. Kennedy's useful brief concordance. It is a pleasure to find this independent contribution to literary criticism. The frontispiece is especially desirable as one of the best likenesses of Emerson.

Fine Arts. The third volume of Audsley's *Popular Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts* (Putnams) carries the work through the letter B. Like the previous volumes, it is rather an encyclopædia than a dictionary; for while some of the terms are briefly described, others are treated as articles, — the title *Basilica*, for example, covering more than sixty of the large octavo pages. The illustrations are strictly descriptive and definitive, and are judiciously employed. — Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co., of Paris, send the fifteenth part

of A. Racinet's *Le Costume Historique*, this part consisting wholly of very delicate lithographs of costume. — *Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome*, by James E. Freeman (Roberts Bros.), follows a previous volume with the same title, and like that is an agreeable series of notes and recollections by a kind and companionable artist, who has long lived amongst the scenes which he depicts. It is the artist quality of the sketches which leads us to place the book in this division. — *Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Louvre Gallery at Paris and in the Brera Gallery at Milan*, by Charles L. Eastlake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), serves the traveler well by selecting for him out of a great number of paintings those on which he would most wish to spend his time. The notes are brief, but pointed, and free from critical rubbish. There are many diagrams, also, which will serve to identify the pictures; but we commiserate the student of the fine arts who innocently attempts to build an idea of the paintings upon them.

Travel and Chorography. *On the Desert*, with a brief review of recent events in Egypt, by Henry M. Field (Scribners), is a volume formed upon notes of travel through the Sinai peninsula. It is the work of a journalist and experienced traveler rather than of a man of artistic sense and literary power. It should be added that Dr. Field's tone is throughout one of Christian interest in the great historic scenes enacted in the desert. — *On the Wing* is the title of a volume of rambling notes of a trip to the Pacific by Mary E. Blake. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Blake is an agreeable companion on the trip, and one comes to accept cordially all the good words which she has for the business company which managed her traveling affairs.

Health and Medicine. *Hygiene for Girls*, by Irenæus P. Davis, M. D. (Appleton), is frank and plain spoken. It is in the main sensible, yet it strikes us as rather a book to be read by those who have the care of girls than by girls themselves. — *Early Aid in Injuries and Accidents*, by Dr. Friedrich Esmarch (H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Philadelphia), is translated from the German by H. R. H. Princess Christian, who was very wisely occupied when she was placing these simple and intelligible instructions within the reach of her countrywomen. The book, both in its original form and as translated, is part of a very general movement to render people less helpless in emergencies.

Books for Young People. *Old Ocean*, by Ernest Ingersoll (Lothrop), is a collection of papers devoted to the surface of the ocean and somewhat also to its depths. It tells of the commerce which is carried on across the waters, of pirates and explorers, and it tells also of sea animals, of light-houses, of ship and sea-weed. It is an entertaining medley, and may be commended as a readable book, which will both stimulate and satisfy a healthy curiosity. — *Tim and Tip, or the Adventures of a Boy and a Dog*, by James Otis (Harpers), is a lively narrative of the experience of a little runaway, who was quite justified in his successive escapes. There is, however, too much brutality in the book.